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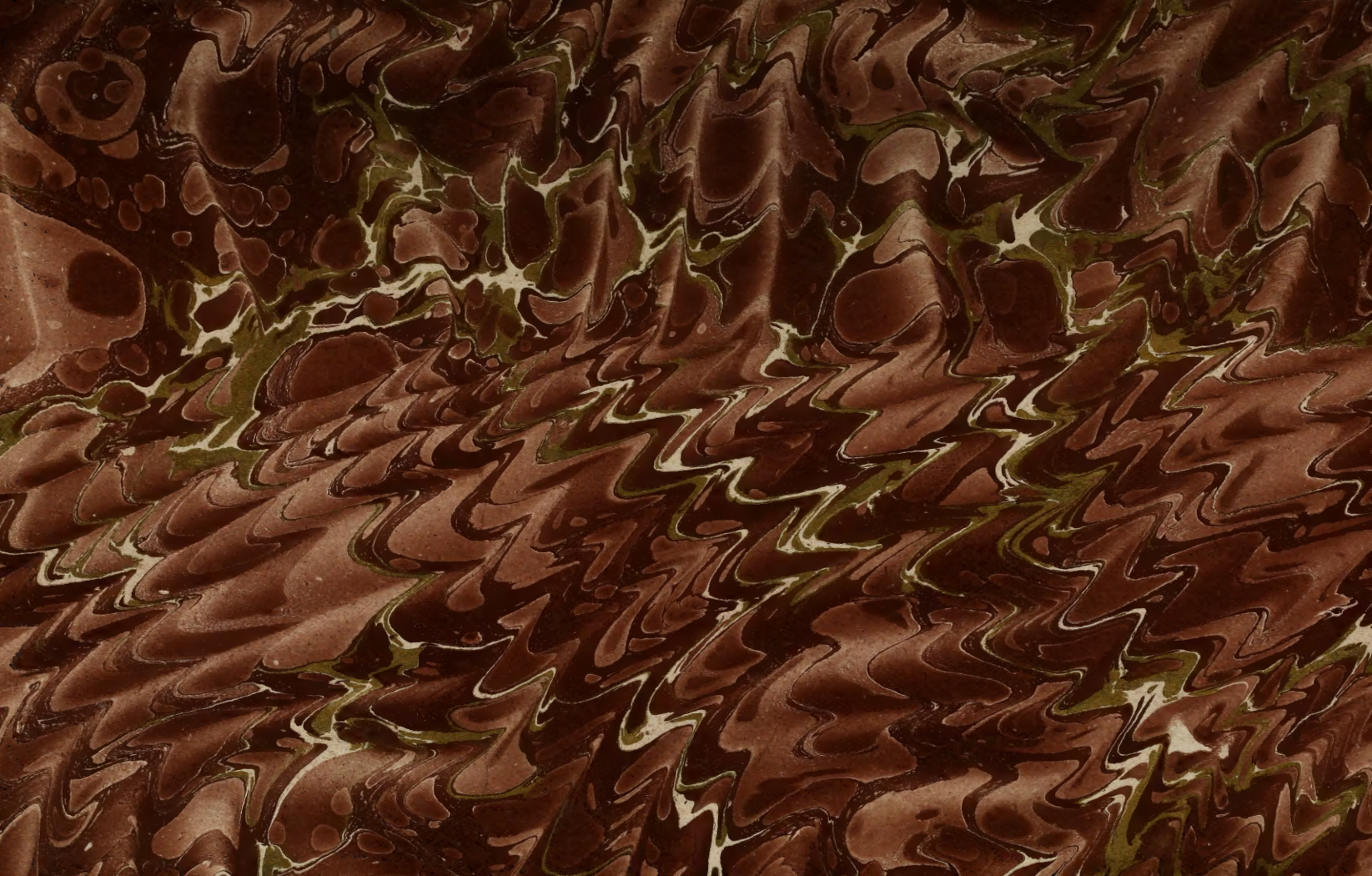

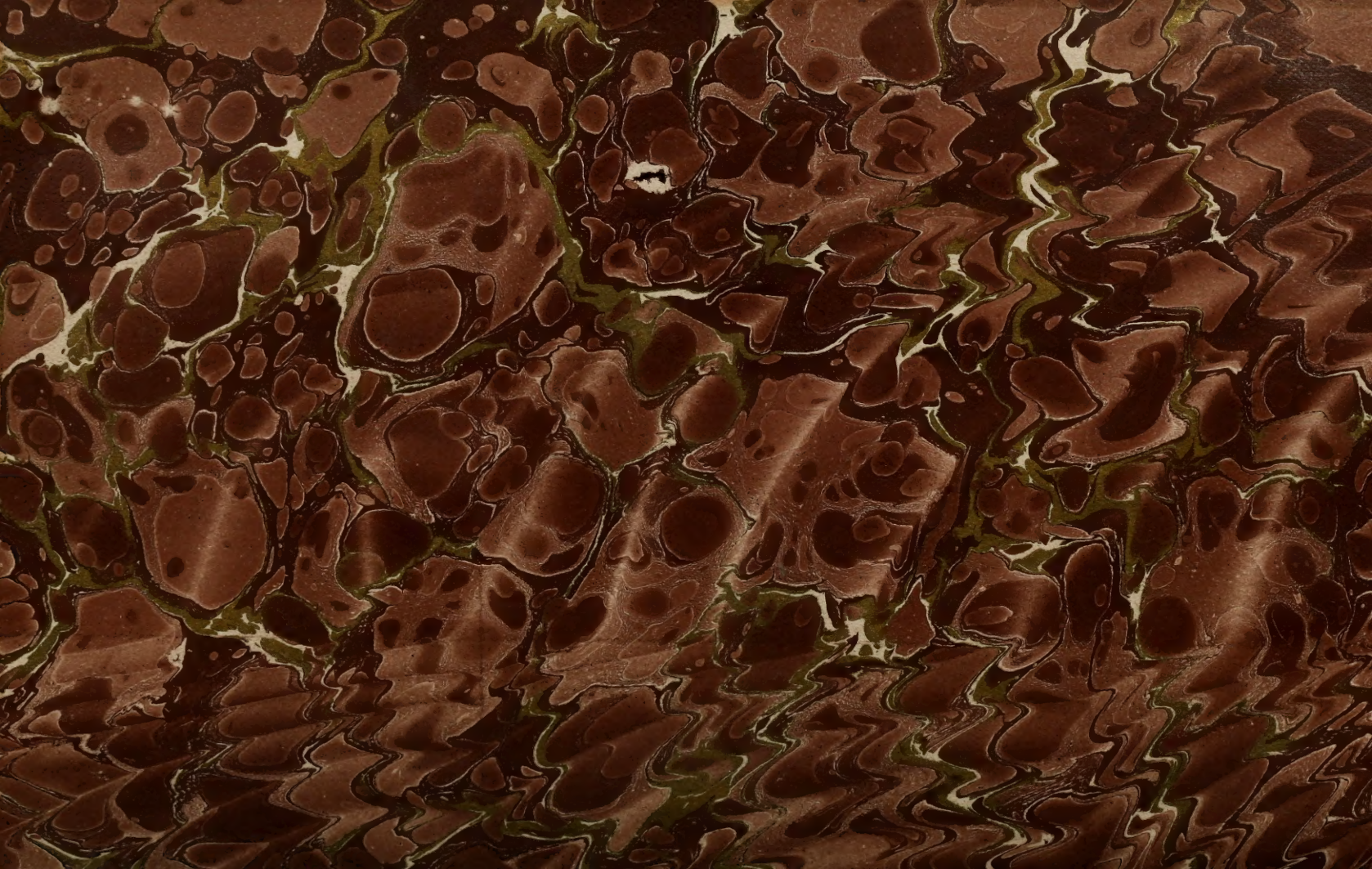

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EDITED BY

R. D. ARCHER-HIND, M.A. AND R. D. HICKS, M.A.

FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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PREFACE.

The editors gratefully acknowledge their obligations to all who have placed at their disposal materials for this volume. In the selection, as it is designed to meet the practical needs of schoolmasters and to provide an advanced course of composition, preference has been given to short and simple passages for translation, showing considerable variety of style and subject, yet at the same time some affinity to the classical models. Longer poems, extracts suited for translation in the less familiar metres and dialects, abstruse or intractable specimens of English prose have been sparingly introduced. The fair copies, now for the first time published, have been carefully revised with the general aim of ensuring correctness; but in regard to orthography no rigid uniformity has been enforced.

Finally the editors desire to express their thanks to those authors who have courteously permitted them to reprint passages from their own works, namely, to Mr Andrew Lang, the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., Dr James Martineau, Mr A. C. Swinburne, and Mr William Watson: also to the following gentlemen acting

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CORRIGENDA.

P. 57, line 17, *for* coenosa *read* caenosa
,, 373, ,, 20, *dele* ζώσας ἐλὼν
,, 373, ,, 33, *for* ἔχοι *read* σχοίη
,, 445, ,, 20, *for* ἀποχρώμενας *read* ἀποχρωμένας
,, 479, ,, 5, *for* κληρόνομοι *read* κληρονόμοι

TRANSLATIONS

INTO LATIN VERSE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Scene ii.

IMMODICUM solis fuge formidare calorem
nec faciat brumae vis furibunda metum:
omne peregisti pensum mortale larique
reddita mercedem sedulitatis habes.
aureus ipse puer, par a fuligine furvis,
et virgo fati foedere pulvis erit.
triste supercilium fuge formidare potentum,
in te praeventast plaga minacis eri.
desine vestitum curare et desine victum,
robur harundinibus iam tibi praestat idem.
hanc sceptrum doctrina viam medicina sequentur
omniaque haec certo foedere pulvis erunt.
fulgura cum telo fuge formidare trisulco,
cuius ad horrisonas cor pavet omne minas;
nil hominum linguas, temeraria probra timeto,
quod placeat superest displiceatve nihil.
consignabit amans pariter tibi floridus omnis,
omnis amans certo foedere pulvis erit.
nulla tuos ausit mala saga lacessere manes,
nemo veneficiis illaqueare velit,
impacata vagis simulacra meatibus a te
abstineant, a te sit procul omne malum.
tranquilla sic pace tibi requiescere detur
et detur tumulo nomen habere tuo.

H. A. J. M.

OTHERS, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:
As when Alcides, from Œchalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, II. 539.

TO my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.

MACAULAY. *Epitaph on a Jacobite.*

PARS alia immanes rabieque Typhoide saevi
iam scopulos rapere et colles, ferrique per auras
turbine; bacchantum furias vix Tartara claudunt:
qualis ab Oechalia victrici fronde decorus
Alcides rediens fertur sensisse veneno
imbutam vestem, et pinus angore coactus
Thessalicas volsisse, Oetaeque a vertice in aequor
Euboicum iniecisse Lichan. pars mitior illis
quaesivere locos tacitos vallemque reductam,
caelestique sono (nec fila canentibus absunt)
se dextra illustres memorant, Martisque sinistro
lapsos arbitrio; plorantque per invida Fata
virtutem indomitam seu vi seu forte domari.
laus fit iniqua sui; sed vox numerosa canentum
(concentus quid enim credas non posse deorum?)
corripit intentum volgus: stupor occupat Orcum.

C. W. M.

FORTEM animum et regi fidum sine crimine gessi,
vana tamen virtus vana erat illa fides;
sic et opes et fama et agri cessere paterni,
et, misero pluris qui stetit unus, amor.
sic mihi canities iuvenilibus ingruit annis
dum longo infelix maceror exilio.
in somnis trepido patriae se semper imago
obtulit, at lacrimas rettulit orta dies:
donec adhuc iuveni nimium miserata laborem
optatos precibus fata dedere rogos.

C. E. H.

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

VESPERE ceu navi navis vicina quiescit,
flamine vix lentos sollicitante sinus;
quae tamen, alta procul rediens ubi vela nitere
sol videt, immensis dissociantur aquis;
maior enim veniens, umbris venientibus, aura
iuvit adurgentes per freta noctis iter,
scilicet haud dubias eadem quin semper ararent
aequora, communem perficerentque viam:
sic, modo quae refero sit fas aperire, sodales
longa dies aequo viderat ire gradu;
in breve digressi tempus, stupuere reversi;
non hodie est animis copula, qualis heri.
nocte super media gaudens utriusque magister
vela dabat zephyro, iam tumefacta, ratis;
neuter id optarat quod primum aurora retexit;
neve sit hic fraudis, neve sit ille reus.
quid trepidare valet? fortes o pergite nautae,
pergite, securi lux sit an umbra comes;
sidus idem vobis dux est per flabra, per aestus;
huic eat et menti fidus uterque suae.
sin cursum in liquidis iterum coniungere campis
iam nequeant, postquam dissiluere semel,
ut tamen extremo coeant sub fine laborum
da mare, da vasti mobilis aura maris!
credo equidem, quacunque vagi regione ferantur,
spes eadem, portus unius urget amor;
o mare da rapidum, da flaminis ala marini,
ultima divisas coniuget hora vias!

R. C. J.

SO threatened he: but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, replied:
"Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub! but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven star-paved."
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed, nor wanted in his grasp
What seemed both spear and shield.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, IV. 968.

SIC ait ore minans; sed nec cura ulla minarum
Encelado, contraque iris ardentior infit.
'capto, claustrorum qui iactas munera, capto
uincla crepa; prius at multo grauiora reuictum
spera te nostrae sensurum pondera dextrae,
regem ipsum superum quamuis tua uexerit ala
tuque tuique simul passi iuga nota trahatis
per cliuum aethereum substrata per astra triumphos.'
sic fanti superum candens rubor igneus agmen
mutat, et extenuans lunata cornua fronte
paulatim erectis hinc atque hinc circuit hastis.
non tam densa Ceres messi matura per agros
fluctuat incerta quo flectunt flamina silua,
hirta comis; haeret curis suspensus arator,
ne sibi culmorum spes area prodat inanes.
at contra trepidi et conlecto robore uasti
Enceladi adsurgens et nota maior imago,
qualis Atlans uel quale Aetnes immobile saxum,
uertice tangebat caelum: formidinis alis
horret apex: hastae et clipei dextra quatit umbram.

J. P. P.

FOR that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare;
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the chrystal vault appear'd the standing hail.

DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite.*

OFT let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

TICKELL. *On the death of Addison.*

FRIGIDA nam regio haec olim gratissima sedes
Mavorti fuit, hic aedes regnumque locavit
armipotens. silvis late locus undique vastis
horrebat, quas non hominesve feraeve frequentant;
ipsae etiam volucres ubi tristem naribus auram
accipiunt, longe confinia frigida vitant,
ingentesque secant summa inter nubila gyros.
at concreta iacet scabra robigine tellus
nec fetus patitur laetis consurgere ramis
arboreos, tantum spinoso stipite trunci,
et deforme nemus nodis et cortice crudo
annosas stirpes et trunca cacumina tollit
foedam oculis speciem. ramorum bracchia perflans
tempestas foliis viduarat turbine saevo,
et caeli partem deflexerat omnia in unam.
friget triste super caelum, nubesque rigescunt,
stantque polo in medio glaciatae grandine massae.

R. B.

SOLUS saepe vagans penetrem sublustria templi,
(sive ea tristitia est seu volgo ignota voluptas,)
qua per tot muros vocalia marmora narrant
ut pia subter humus clarorum e pulvere constet:—
hunc populos moderatum, illustri nomine regem;
artibus hunc nituisse; illum victricibus armis;
aut dux vulneribusque decens fusoque cruore,
aut memoratur atrox libertatisque verendae
vindex et patriae; iustive, aequalia iura
qui dederint; sanctive, novae post funera vitae
qui scirent monstrare viam ac praecedere vellent.
has, reor, ad portas, magnorum ad strata virorum,
ex quo condita sunt, non dignior adfuit hospes;
nullaque secessus unquam est invecta beatos
pulchrior hac anima aut sociis acceptior Umbris.

C. W. M.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge: as the low bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven
Each to his home retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd—
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping: while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

THOMSON.

CONTINUO indutus tenebras pater ipse procellae
prodiit; obscuro primum illaetabilis imber
turbine corripuit tetrisque vaporibus axem,
inque iugi frontem invehitur, subterque frementes
exagitat silvas: mox furva, inamabile, campi
diluvie stagnant, dum fontes fontibus addunt
nubila prona cadentia, inexpletoque recursant
impete, et in noctem penitus densata venustum
obduxere diem. caelo vaga saecla volucrum
quaeque lares repetunt, nisi si cui forte voluptas
aere turbato colludere, sive paludem
imbribus horrentem trepidanti radere gyro.
illibata boves linquentes pascua, notum
murmure facundo poscunt praesepe; sub umbris
ni qua vacca procul revocatam ruminat herbam.
huc quoque turba domi, plebes pennata cohortis,
agmine femineo insignem comitata maritum,
maesta madens coiit; dum garrulus ipse bubulcus
ignibus incubuit calidis, et frivola narrat
multiloquus, ridens, hiemis securus iniquae
quanta foris strepitet tugurique in tecta resultet.

A. W. S.

Here drawn in fair array
The faithful vassals of my master's house,
Their javelins sparkling to the morning sun,
Spread their triumphant banners; high-plumed helms
Rose o'er the martial ranks, and prancing steeds
Made answer to the trumpet's stirring voice;
While yonder towers shook the dull silence off
Which long to their deserted walls had clung,
And with redoubling echoes swelled the shout
That hailed victorious Roderick. Louder rose
The acclamation when the dust was seen
Rising beneath his chariot wheels far off;
But nearer as the youthful hero came
All sounds of all the multitude were hushed,
And from the thousands and ten thousands here
Whom Cordoba and Hispalis sent forth—
Yea whom all Baetica all Spain poured out
To greet his triumph—not a whisper rose
To Heaven, such awe and reverence mastered them,
Such expectation held them motionless.

R. Southey. *Roderick.*

HUC modo victrices et ovantia signa ferentis
et matutino pila effulgentia Phoebo
regis amor iusto perduxerat ordine coetus;
tollunt se cristis galeae, sonituque tubarum
concitus hinnitu sonipes et crure superbit:
illae etiam torporem et longa silentia passae
voce repercussa turres et sola sonare
moenia; victorem vox ingeminata salutat.
verum ubi se pulvis currus procul orbibus actus
ostendit, maius toto ingruit agmine murmur;
mox iuvene adventante silet sonus omnis, et urguet
omnes una quies: cumque huc tot milia adessent
Corduba quos dederat, quos miserat Hispalis, et quos
Baeticaque et tellus Hispana effuderat omnis
gratatura viro, nullus tamen inde susurrus
surgit: eo defixa metu venerantibus illis
presserat ora quies expectantisque tenebat.

W. E. H.

YET I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;
Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves
In heaven's defiance, mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at King Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest
Are held, with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.

MILTON. *At a vacation exercise.*

AT libeat, tanti fuerit si oblata facultas,
auspiciis, patriae, vestris maiora, Camenae,
condere: mens lymphata novis conatibus erret
volventis super alta poli; panduntur Olympi
ecce! fores; divi apparent coetusque cubantum
ante Iovis sedem fetasque tonitrubus arces.
alta domus caeli tacet, at crinitus Apollo
aureis proludit fidibus, summoque ministrat
Hebe pocla patri et divinos nectaris haustus.
inde globos lustrem, pascit quos pervigil ignis,
protinus aerios, fluitantia nubila, tractus,
fulmina qua glomerata tacent, montesque nivales.
denique Neptunus dicatur ut agmen aquosum
colligat, assurgens glaucus, caeloque minetur.
deinde vices rerum arcanas, genitalia mundi
tempora, et antiquae memorem incunabula matris.
tum demum heroas, regumque ex sanguine reges,
qualia Demodocus docto dedit ore profatus
carmina ad Alcinoi mensas: miratur et ipse
flens Laertiades, volgus miratur, et omnes
se subdunt numeris; animi docet arte magister
gratum ferre iugum et Musarum haud aspera vincla.

S. H. B.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own:
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.*

NEC nos nascendo nisi somnum et pocula Lethes
ducimus; ille animus qui se nascentibus astrum
extulit, ex obitu longinqua a sede profectus
hic iterum exoritur; non funditus illius aevi
gens oblita adeo, non denudata venimus;
nubila nam trahimus longe splendentia, Patrem
linquentesque domum: caeli circumvolat annos
lux teneros; puero mox carceris ingruit horror
crescenti, tamen is lucemque agnoscit et unde
derivatur, ovans. iuvenis, qui longius oris
exsulat eois, Naturae arcana sacerdos
spectat adhuc; rerum species comitatur euntem
lucida, dum paullatim oculis vanescat adulti
atque hebes his nostris demum se misceat auris.

Ipsa quidem e gremio tellus terrena ministrat
munera, mortali capitur mortalis amore;
materno omniparens studio exercetur, alumnum
simpliciter fingens nutrix; non illa futurum
invidet imperium; tantum si pectore possit,
dum licet, amovisse viri quae viderit olim,
augustamque domum et ductos divinitus ortus.

S. H. B.

LAST, as by some one death-bed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or death-like swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for the whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell: but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale king glanced across the field
Of battle; but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shivered brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

TENNYSON. *The Passing of Arthur.*

THERE in a secret olive-glade I saw
Pallas Athene climbing from the bath
In anger; yet one glittering foot disturb'd
The lucid well; one snowy knee was prest
Against the margin flowers; a dreadful light
Came from her golden hair, her golden helm
And all her golden armour on the grass,
And from her virgin breast, and virgin eyes
Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark
For ever, and I heard a voice that said
'Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much,
And speak the truth that no man may believe.'

TENNYSON. *Tiresias.*

DENIQUE ceu, leto iam iam propiore, iacenti
exarsit dolor in gemitum, ac sic deinde quietem
aut mors aut morti sopor ille simillimus adfert;
sic, vada ni fervent atque aestuat unda susurrans,
litora sic, quam longa, silent; iamque ingruit horror
lugubri vergente die; tum frigore clarus
aera decurrens Aquilo dimovit, et aestus
cum vento intumuit: campos rex Marte recentes
pallidus ut lustrat, iam desolata per arva
non ullos videt ire viros, vox nulla suorum,
barbara nulla sonat: liventia lividus ora
fluctus obit, versatque manus et inertia bello
brachia, et exanimum galeas disiectat inanes,
fractaque iam, telis olim obvia tela Latinis.
it quoque ferales vox ingeminata per oras,
praeteriti memor illa, futuri praescia saecli.

S. H. B.

HIC in oliveti latebris mortalis Athenen
iratam vidi, dum ripam ascendere ab unda
lota parat: vitreos latices namque unus euntis
pes agitabat adhuc radians, niveoque premebat
uno innixa genu flores Dea fontis in ora.
lux simul ex aureis missa est horrenda capillis,
ex galeae ex armorum auro, quot strata per herbam;
necnon virgineo de pectore virgineisque
luminibus, quorum obtutu iam nostra perenni
nocte nigrescebant, et vox audita loquentis
'cassus abhinc visu, nimium qui videris, esto:
esto et veridicus, cui non credatur ab ullo.'

C. W. M.

HE spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:—
Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.
I am no girl to be made pale by words.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

M. ARNOLD. *Sohrab and Rustum.*

DEATH closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

TENNYSON. *Ulysses.*

DIXERAT, ille autem exsiliens haec reddidit ore;
tune ferox iactare minas? nil talia terrent.
i cane virginibus dicto pallescere suetis;
Martem ego te posco, terrore et viribus impar
(credo equidem), atque aetate rudis, tu cognitus armis;
at suspensa Iovis volitat victoria nutu.
armorum tibi certa fides, pugnaeque secundum
praecipis eventum, at fallit spes certa futuri.
vivimus ut medio nantes in gurgite: cuncti
fatorum immensa librati sistimur unda,
quae iam iamque cadens anceps in utrumque dehiscit;
haec nos eiciatne ferens in litoris oras,
an rapiat procul in pelagus, pelagique remensas
det superare vias ad hiantem fluctibus Orcum,
hoc latet, has frustra rimamur mente latebras;
haec tantum volvenda dies arcana resolvet.

S. H. B.

OMNIA mors finit, sed non et fine sub ipso
nil temptare licet: locus est ingentibus ausis,
non nostro indignis inlato in numina Marte.
ecce! tremunt per saxa faces; languetque moratus
Sol, Phoebeque poli molitur in ardua currum,
et pelagus circum vocalibus ingemit undis.
quare, agite, o socii, vel adhuc exquirere terras
restat inexpertas fessis; iam solvite funem;
remorum ordinibus sulcos torquete sonantes.
namque vias placitum est solis superare cadentis,
sideraque Hesperiis properant qua tingier undis,
deinde extrema pati. forsan nos gurgite pontus
hauserit absumptos, forsan pia litora detur
fortunatorum sedes adnare carinis,
fors et magnanimum coram agnoscamus Achillem.

S. H. B.

LORENZO. JESSICA.

Lor. THE moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*, Act v. Sc. 1.

IDYLLION. IESSICA, *sive* NOCTES.

LAURENTIUS. IESSICA.

Laur. O lunae liquidos splendores! hac erat olim
nox facie, foliisque adeo dabat oscula ventus
leniter, ut ferret tacitum, sic tempora, credo,
se dederant, cum summa tulit se ad moenia Troiae
Troilus, ut versus Graios dominaeque cubile
nocturnum tendens animo spiraret amorem.
Iess. talis et illa fuit nox ut vestigia Thisbe
vix posuit trepidans in roribus, atque leonem
fugit iners, umbram quod viderat ante leonis.
Laur. talis et illa fuit, cum vasta ad litora ponti
saepe manu salicem stabat motante, suum si
forte domum in Tyriam Teucrum revocaret Elissa.
Iess. noctis erat species, quae nunc est, callida quando
artifices herbas operae Medea legebat,
viribus unde senex rursus revalesceret Aeson.
Laur. noctis erat species, quae nunc est, Iessica quando
clam patre dite virum comitatast non bene ditem
longum iter imprudens Veneto a Lare Callicolonen.
Iess. atque isti similis fuit et qua nocte puellae
verba dedit, re nil dederat Laurentius, ipsam
heu sibi subripiens, in inani multus amore.
Laur. atque isti similis fuit et qua Iessica nocte,
qualist nequitia, male dixit pulcra puella
de iuvene indigno, sed ut hic ignosceret illi.
Iess. nocte tuas noctes vicissem ego, si procul esset
qui tibi iam, sonitus si quid crepat ille, propinquat.

A. W. V.

Hobbinoll.

COLIN, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight then larke in Sommer dayes,
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groves to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring[1]
Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe theire cheereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy sweete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yvory Luyts and Tamburins forgoe.
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy silver sound;
But when they came where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see them in theyr arte outgoe.

Colin.

Of Muses, Hobbinoll, I conne no skill,
For they bene daughters of the highest Jove
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill.
For sith I heard that Pan with Phoebus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger drove,
I never list presume to Parnasse hyll,
But, pyping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest.
With Shepheard sittes not followe flying fame,
But feede his flocke in fields where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough and rudely drest:
The fytter they my carefull case to frame.
Enough is me to paint out my unrest
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

SPENSER. *The Shepheards Calender.*

[1] copse.

DAMON. MICON.

Damon.

LAETA quidem aestivos soles agnoscit hirundo,
sed mihi grata magis, solis in collibus olim
quae tu, docte Micon, modulato nectere versu
carmina consuesti; dulces vicina canores
silva refert resonatque; illis edocta volantum
turba, quibus frondes sub opaci tegmine luci
excludunt solis radios, sua murmura curat
ad numeros aptare tuos, vel—tanta venustas
illa tui cantus—silet ut confusa pudore.
Calliopen quondam vidi iunctasque sorores,
ista simul sonitus effundere coepit avena,
tympana proiectasque lyras et eburnea plectra
deserere et nota prope fontem sede relicta
argutam cursu vocem properare secutas;
at cum iam venere ubi tu miracula cantus
tot profers, gressum tristes vertere, pudetque
arte sua victas pastori cedere divas.

Micon.

Pieridum, Damon, non nobis contigit artes
noscere: nam summo natis Iove rustica sordet
fistula pastoris: Pan ipse—audivimus olim—
voce ausus contra Phoebum contendere magnum
opprobrium tulit et vix dira pericula fugit.
quare nulla mihi Parnassum scandere cura,
voce sed exigua nemoris modulatus in umbra
secreti mihi grata, licet mala, carmina pango.
nil animo moveor, quisnam haec damnetve probetve,
nec famam sequor aut alios superare laboro.
non pastoris enim captare fugacia laudis
gaudia, sed gregibus laetissima quaerere prata.
aspera—nec me ipsum fallit—neque culta camena
nostra, sed hoc poterit mentis memorare dolores
aptius; hac nobis sat erit, quae pectora curae
discrucient, narrare et tristes ducere questus.

G. A. D.

BUT in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, Kenneth, son of Eracht, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birth-right. Barter it neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone-roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down—on the rock or in the valley, in abundance or in famine—in the leafy summer, and in the days of the iron winter—Son of the Mist, be free as thy forefathers. Own no lord; receive no law; take no hire; give no stipend; build no hut; enclose no pasture; sow no grain; let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds; if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors..... Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a MacIan shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his hand, shelter him though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for in Glencoe and Ardnamurchan we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Legend of Montrose,* XXII.

HERE sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer;
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
And when ye're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

From the Churchyard at Winchester.

AT seu te procul in silvis seu nubilus abdes
montibus, Iracida, o, sic a me patre memento
te tibi legatum, domino ut sis sanctus ab omni.
hoc ne vendideris: vestis, laquearia, mensae
ne tibi sint tanti, ne sint mollissima lecto
vellera. cum summis mutaveris ima locorum,
res inopes opibus, frondosis ferrea brumae
solstitia, usque tamen liber tu, nubigena, esto
more patrum. ne servitium, neve accipe iura;
ne conducta locata, nec aedes, pascua nullo
limite habe, sata nulla; vagis vescare ferisque
pro grege et armento; si deerunt, ipse superbit,
quae praedere, bonis victor. sed munera, nobis
quae bene quis fecit, solvas memor, ipse rependas
sanguine, si sit opus. quotiens petet advena natus
ex Iamo, excipias, vel si caput ille recisum
regalis tulerit pueri, si mille sequentur
ultores missu regis: prior illa colonos
nos Iami sedes tulerat cum pace perenni
Coëos in tutis convallibus atque Ardethmi.

A. W. V.

HIC Matho de sexta placide legione quiescit,
cui calido morti frigida posca fuit.
hoc monitus fato, sudans a puluere miles,
aut nihil aut calidum tu bibe, caute, merum.

J. P. P.

WHOM thus the meagre shadow answered soon:
Go, whither fate and inclination strong
Lead thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of death from all things there that live;
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl through many a league remote
Against the day of battel to a field,
Where armies lie encamped, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcases designed
For death the following day in bloody fight:
So scented the grim feature and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, x. 264.

CUI cito respondet tenuati corporis umbra:
Perge modo, et fatum quo te trahat atque cupido
acris, eas; equidem non respiciendus in ipsa
te praeeunte sequar vestigia; tanta ego sensu
caedis et innumerae duco praesagia praedae,
totaque olet tellus et olent animantia mortem:
et quaecunque animo volvis tu coepta vicissim
ipse secundabo non auxiliantibus impar.
dixerat et multum ducebat laetus odorem
mortalis vitio mundi: velutique remoto
longius a tractu volucrum se colligit agmen
spe dapis ad campos, si qua iam castra propinquant
commissurae acies, motumque cadavere vivo[1]
aethera praesentit, multo quos sanguine leto
crastina pugna dabit; sic ille obscenus ad aethram
naribus obscuram patulis se vertit acuto
ore sagax epulasque procul praeceperat auris.

A. W. V.

[1] Lucan, *Phars.* VII. 830.

SO having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. He wondered, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more.
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant but in vain; a greater power
Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,
According to his doom. He would have spoke
But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue
To forked tongue: for now were all transformed
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, x. 504.

DESIERAT, stabatque loco capturus ut aure
clamores procerum unanimos plaususque probantum;
at subito tristis spem decipit undique obortus
sibilus et populi vox inridentis acerba.
obstipuit sonitu, sed nil mirarier oti
iam superest; propiora sui miracula casus.
voltus invito tenuari sentit acutos,
brachia adhaeserunt lateri, concrescere nexu
crura videt, falluntque pedes, pronusque volutus
concidit in ventrem et vasto iacet agmine serpens.
nititur ille quidem contra, sed vana furentem
vis cohibet maior, praescriptaque fata reposcunt
pendere sub quali peccavit imagine poenas.
promere verba parat, sed sibila mutua reddit,
linguaque responsat linguis fissa ipsa bisulcis.
conscia nempe cohors turbanti inmania regi
in similem mutati omnes abiere figuram.
funditur infandus stridor; densa anguibus aula
aestuat implicitis: miscetur vertice cauda.

W. W.

BUT loud they shouted, swaying to and fro,
And mocked at him, and cried aloud to know
If in his hand Jove's thunderbolt he had
Or Mars' red sword that makes the eagles glad;
But Phineus, raging, cried, 'Take him alive,
That we for many an hour the wretch may drive
With thongs and clubs until he longs to die!'
Then all set on him with a mighty cry,
But, with a shout that thrilled high over theirs,
He drew the head out by the snaky hairs,
And turned on them the baleful glassy eyes;
Then sank to silence all that storm of cries
And clashing arms; the tossing points that shone
In the last sunbeams, went out one by one
As the sun left them, for each man there died,
E'en as the shepherd on the bare hill side,
Smitten amid the grinding of the storm,
When, while the hare lies flat in her wet form,
E'en strong men quake for fear in houses strong,
And nigh the ground the lightning runs along.

W. MORRIS. *The Doom of King Acrisius.*

EXCIPIT haec fremitus, fluitatque huc coetus et illuc,
ludibrioque virum et magno clamore lacessunt,
num Iovis adportet fulmen, vel caede rubentem
gaudia quem facturum aquilis Mars expedit ensem.
sed Phineus irae impatiens, quin adripite istum
vivom, ait, ut multas clava loroque per horas,
verbere defessus dum mortem exoptet, agamus.
continuo ingenti fremitu turba inruit omnis,
clarior at Persei vox eminet alta, comisque
proripit anguiferis caput, atque instantibus offert
fixam oculorum aciem et letalia lumina monstri.
tum vero cecidit vocum furor ille quietus,
armorumque fragor; sol quae vibrantia pronus
spicula signarat flamma, iam lentus oberrans
linquit et extinguit; mors una oppresserat omnes,
haud secus ac pastor clivo si prensus aperto
fulmine percutitur subito, dum missilis alte
tundit hiemps; premit umentes lepus imbre latebras
stratus humi, et validis vir fortis in aedibus ultro
intremuit iuxtaque solum vaga fulgura currunt.

W. W.

AS when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:—
As that poor bird flies home nor knows his loss—
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

M. ARNOLD. *Sohrab and Rustum.*

NON secus atque, palus ubi montibus abditur atris,
aspera inaccessas scopulis supereminet undas
insula, securos aquila hic posuitque penates
et pullos fovet; hanc oculis venator iniquis
cernit et alato surgentem corripit ictu:
illa ruit; procul insequitur reperire iacentem:
vix abeunt cum venatu satur ipse revertens
accedit valido coniunx sua tecta volatu
desertosque humili fetus formidine longe
conspicit horrentes: sistit medio aere pennam
abruptosque trahens gyros super increpat illam
absentem valeat si qua revocare querellis;
quae procul aspectu saxosa in valle sagitta
fixa latus moritur: plumas ciet aura; nec unquam
illius aut rapidam puro levis aequore formam
unda repercutientve madentibus ardua saxis
culmina raucisonas voces geminantia euntis:
non secus atque malorum improvidus ille revertit,
sic nato imprudens morienti Rustumus adstat.

F. J. H. J.

OCEAN itself no longer can resist
The binding fury. Miserable they
Who here entangled in the gathering ice
Take their last look of the descending sun,
While full of death and fierce with tenfold frost
The long long Night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate sealed, he with his hapless crew
(Each full exerted at his several task)
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

THOMSON.

NON ipse ulterius frigus pestemque tenacem
sustinet Oceanus. miseri quibus atra mali uis
mole hic implicitis gelida glacieque coorta
extremum extremoque iubar demittit Olympo;
dum fera fata ferens et frigore plurima acerbo
perpetuis super impendet nox longa tenebris,
et ruit. haec passus classis dux ille Britannae,
dum prora ignota (quid enim fugere Britanni?)
caecum temptat iter primus, quod cetera uirtus
ex illo explorat nequiquam, aditusque latentis,
inuidia naturae aeternoque obice clausos.
his deprensam oris, Arzinae in finibus ipsis,
nauem undis subito rigidis adfixit inertem
acris hiemps. dux ipse simul miserique sodales
intentique tori conisaque corpora frustra
marmorei steterunt; ad stuppea uincula nautae
haeserunt; claui riget in moderamine rector.

J. P. P.

UPON the battle's fevered eve
I lay within my tent and slept:
Strange visions did my spirit grieve,
And wings and voices round me swept;
'Osric, this fight is not for thee:
The good, the faithful follow me!'

* * * * *

I started up, I called my squires;
We rode away with echoing tramp
Where through the night shone ruddy fires
From out the holy Christian camp.
We passed within the sacred bourn,
Our mail aflame with lights of morn.

Scarce the sky broke when heathen foes
Came down the distant hills and seemed
To pour from night; they still arose;
On all the plain their armour gleamed.
Then swept o'er all a rushing blight
And they were hidden from our sight.

T. G. HAKE. *Ortrud's Vision.*

The Eagle.

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

TENNYSON.

CRASTINA suspensos intra tentoria somnos
pugna dabat posito; mira aegram insomnia mentem
sollicitant sonitu uocum alarumque tremore,
perque auris uox uisa rapi: 'non haec tibi, Perseu,
pugna datur; mea signa pii sanctique secuntur.'
exilui stratis, sociam ad noua iussa cateruam
uoce uoco, resonosque procul tulit ungula cursus,
per tenebras qua Graia pio castra igne rubebant.
inuectis uallo tela irradiabat Eous.
uix caelum redit, et colles procul inpius hostis
descendit serie, ceu nox effunderet arma,
innumera, totumque aequor tenuere corusci.
dein ruit atra lues prospectumque abstulit omnem.

J. P. P.

Rex auium.

SOLE qua fulgent propiore terrae
alta desertae, digitis reduncis
haeret ad rupem, mediumque cingunt
caerula caeli.
desuper rugas simulante lapsu
ire Neptunum specula superbus
respicit summa; ruit inde praeceps
fulminis instar.

J. P. P.

O SONS of Trojan Brutus, clothed in war,
Whose voices are the thunder of the field,
Rolling dark clouds o'er France, muffling the sun
In sickly darkness like a dim eclipse,
Threatening as the red brow of storms, as fire
Burning up nations in your wrath and fury!

Your ancestors came from the fires of Troy,
(Like lions roused by lightning from their dens,
Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires),
Heated with war, filled with the blood of Greeks,
With helmets hewn, and shields covered with gore,
In navies black, broken with wind and tide:

They landed in firm array upon the rocks
Of Albion; they kissed the rocky shore;
'Be thou our mother and our nurse,' they said;
'Our children's mother, and thou shalt be our grave,
The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence
Shall rise cities, and thrones, and arms, and awful powers.'

BLAKE.

TROIUGENAE Bruti suboles indutaque martem
pectora, quorum instar tonitrus uox agmina late
perculit, et Gallis uoluentes nubila terris
obscura sol ipse fugit ferrugine languens,
quis atrae frons rubra hiemis leuiora minatur,
atque exest late populos, ut Sirius ardor,
ira furens: uestros Troianus sedibus ignis
mouit auos, qualis antro exciuere leones
fulmina, fulmineis accensos lumina flammis.
bello illi ardentes, impleti sanguine Graium,
abscisi cristas, ingesto in scuta cruore,
classibus huc atris, quas fregerat aestus et auster,
adpellunt, scopulosque acie tenuere Britannos
egressi firma, et durae dant oscula terrae:
'tu nutrix, tu mater eris,' sic ore locuti,
'nobis tu genetrix natorum, eademque sepulcrum,
Ilion antiquam quae condes, unde resurgant
urbesque regesque atque arma horrendaque uirtus.'

J. P. P.

THEN Brutus spoke, inspired; our fathers sit
Attentive on the melancholy shore:
Hear ye the voice of Brutus—'The flowing waves
Of time come rolling o'er my breast,' he said;
'And my heart labours with futurity.
Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea.

'Their mighty wings shall stretch from east to west.
Their nest is in the sea, but they shall roam
Like eagles for the prey; nor shall the young
Crave or be heard; for plenty shall bring forth,
Cities shall sing, and vales in rich array
Shall laugh, whose fruitful laps bend down with fulness.

'Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,
Each one buckling on his armour; Morning
Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,
And Evening hear their song of victory:
Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,
Their daughters shall sing, surrounded with shining spears.'

BLAKE.

ILLE deo plenus consessum inamabilis orae
arrectos sermone Patres affarier infit.
discite dicta viri,—'quantis' ait 'obruor undis
praecipitique feror volvendi temporis aestu;
et iam mole tument trepidantia corda futuri.
oceano noster sanguis dominabitur olim,
invictas quatient pennas orientis ab oris
solis ad occasum; mediis in fluctibus ollis
urbs erit, at praedam late super aequora quaerent
ceu Iovis armigerae volucres; non improba victum
exposcet suboles, nam largo copia fundet
dona sinu, medias incedet Musa per urbes,
et speciem valles ridebunt usque recentem
indutae, gremio Cereris bona plena ferentes.
protinus e soliis nostrum genus emicat ardens,
aptantque arma viri; surgentia lumina solis
praecipiunt enses stricto mucrone corusci,
vesper et exacto resonat paeana triumpho.
impositae scopulis surgunt sublimibus arces,
hastarumque canunt cinctae fulgore puellae.'

H. C. G.

ROMAN Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;
Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;
Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;
Poet of the happy Tityrus
piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;
Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea.

SALVE, Romani decus ingens nominis, alta
qui canis Iliacis flammantia culmina templis
Troiaeque occasus Romaeque orientia fata
proeliaque atque heroa pium flammasque rogales
Didonis miserae. formosi ruris amator,
ore potens quantum poterat non ille, labores
qui cecinit propriosque dies, quo non tibi versu
lectae mentis opes atque aurea dicta renident?
dum segetes silvasque canis, dum carmine vites,
arva, favos, armenta, genusque exponis equorum,
quam tibi saepe solet vocem efflorescere in unam
cunctarum Aonidum gratissima quaeque venustas!
nunc sub faginea calamo tibi Tityrus umbra
laeta sonat: ridens nunc florea vincula pastor
vati indit Satyro: nunc carmine fingis ovanti
aurea in insontes redeuntia saecula terras,
nullus ubi aestiva lateat malus anguis in herba,
non mare remigium poscat, non terra laborem.

Thou that seëst Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the dreadful doom of human kind;
Light among the vanished ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;
Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Caesar's dome—
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound for ever of Imperial Rome—
Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island
sunder'd once from all the human race,
I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

TENNYSON.

tu, qui cernis uti cunctas res spiritus idem
intus alat totamque agitet mens unica molem;
qui caecos hominum casus incertaque fati
grandior incedens miserare; evanida post tot
saecula adhuc ceu stella micans tu lumine inauras
nostrum hoc, quod falsae fugit instar imaginis, aevum;
praeteritosque inter reges redituraque nunquam
regna nites ramus velut aureus ille per umbras.
en strepitus silet ille fori; iam Caesaris aula
purpurei cuiusque iacet; sed vox tua, quales
oceani vasto volvuntur murmure fluctus,
aeternum resonat Romae dominantis honores.
en ego (iam populus perrupit vincula liber)
hospes ab Arctois longinqua voce Britannis
toto olim penitus divisis orbe saluto,
inclute, te, genuit quem felix Mantua; nam te
usque ego dilexi primis veneratus ab annis,
dum quales non lingua alias humana creavit
maiestate graves numeros agis ore canoro.

T. G. T.

A MAN must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skilled to forge or find a fault;
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 't will seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.
And shall we own such judgement? no—as soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore.

BYRON.

LIFE is a city full of streets:
Death is the mercat that all men meets:
If life were a thing that money could buy,
The poor could not live and the rich would not die.

Epitaph in Elgin Churchyard.

EST, puto, quisque sua tiro exercendus in arte,
nascuntur critici, nec habet censura magistrum.
principio veteris ioca compilanda Menandri,
nec tamen ediscenda, ut sit quod claudicet illis.
acer odoreris mendas, et fingere sollers;
duplice nec pudeat verborum illudere sensu,
atticus inveniere. exim pater ipse petendus
rexque gregis; taciturnus adi cum mente sagaci;
pagina bis quinos solidos non nulla parabit.
mentirine lubet? veterator habebere et audax.
idem salsus eris superos si dente lacesses.
nec vetet officium ringi petulanter, ut exstes
quis nisi Aristarchus, populus quem palpat et odit?
mene audire istos? i Saturnalibus ipsis
crede rosas nasci, mediave aestate pruinas.
siste leves Zephyros, paleas terat area inanes,
femineae vel crede fide, tituloque sepulchri,
et si quid toto mendacius exstitit orbe,—
tum critico credes doluit cui verbere tergum.

H. C. G.

VRBS est vita hominum: stat plurimus undique vicus:
est ubi conveniat tota caterva forum:
mors cluet. at si vitam emeres, neque vivere posset
servolus, et dominus nollet obire diem.

J. A.

BUT what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
Who with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified except her rage.
So much the Fury still outran the Wit,
The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dare be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? Death! and Equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
And Temple rise, then fall again to dust.

POPE.

QUID tamen ad magnae mentem sunt haec Tanaquilis,
vix semel in propria quae pelle fit ordine totum
femineum ipsa genus? quae secum aliisve perenne
usque gerit bellum a cunis, vivitque gerendo?
detegit illa malos, stultos notat illa, nitetque
hac opera: et tamen est, quodcumque et ridet et odit.
cogitat? id nihilum procedit: vortice circum
versatur cerebri, et rursum summergitur. usque
ad senium illaudatum acta sine amore iuventa
nullis exsaturata cupidinibus nisi saevo
forte odio; nam quo furor antevolabat acumen,
orba voluptatis stabatque obnoxia culpae.
quamque vicem violenter agit: qui foedera rumpit
cum Tanaquile, orco Furias arcessit: at hercle
is magis est audax, potuit quicumque placere.
oderit an sit grata, perinde est turbida; nam illuc
affectus abeunt citius seu serius omnes:
cedit amori aliquid? mox detestari eadem lex
coget. maiorem si quem memoravimus, 'ohe
enecor!' aequales, 'quae pestis,' at inferiorem
nec tamen addictum nexumque, ea perditior res.
laeseris, illa nequit veniam dare: iuveris, at te
viventem osurast: morere, et deus (haud mora) fies:
tum statuae, templa exsurgunt: mox lapsa putrescunt.

A. J. M.

Apollo and Mnemosyne.

THUS with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said:
'How camest thou over the unfooted sea?
Or hath that antique mien and robed form
Moved in these vales invisible till now?
Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er
The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
In cool mid forest. Surely I have traced
The rustle of those ample skirts about
These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd.
Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dreamed.'

KEATS. *Hyperion*, Book III. 44.

On a certain Lady at Court.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humour
And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults then,' (Envy says) 'Sir?'
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

POPE.

SIC stanti prope clausa deo suffuderat umor
lumina: vicinis ramorum egressa latebris
interea Phoebo sese tulit obvia virgo
augusta incessuque patens dea: cernit Apollo
fatidicam faciem, dubiumque in voltibus omen
scrutatur, dulcemque simul vocem edidit ultro:
'quo te ferre modo poteras super avia ponti?
hactenus intereras nostris vetus incola lucis,
et formam antiquam vestesque remota tegebas?
scilicet in silvis verrentem hanc marcida pallam
audivi folia, ut secreta solus in umbra
frigora quaesieram: vacuis, nisi fallor, in herbis
iamdudum videor mihi grande volumen amictus
vestigasse tui, et flores spectasse reflexos
sese attollentes iam praetereunte susurro.
istos nempe oculos, ubi pax tranquilla perennat,
o dea, et omne tui voltus decus, aut prius olim
vidimus, aut somni nos vana illusit imago.'

E. E. S.

QUOD unicum sit paene quodque inauditum,
audi repertum, Livor, et fave lingua.
reperta nobis una mulier est sana,
quae, pulchra cum sit et faceta, non odit.
mens aegra torquet ceteras; tremunt famam;
rident ineptae; fastus ora contristat;
urbana nostra est, eadem amabili sensu
demissa; suavi iusta temperamento.
'quid? vacua plane' (Livor occupat) 'culpis?'
imo arguas unius; hanc habet sane:
cum tota nostrae Roma concinit laudes,
fit illa (mirum) surda; nescit audire.

C. W. M.

AND from the dark flocked up the shadowy tribes;—
And as the swallows crowd the bulrush-beds
Of some clear river, issuing from a lake,
On autumn days, before they cross the sea;
And to each bulrush-crest a swallow hangs
Swinging, and others skim the river-streams,
And their quick twittering fills the banks and shores;—
So around Hermod swarmed the twittering ghosts.
Women, and infants, and young men who died
Too soon for fame, with white ungraven shields;
And old men known to glory, but their star
Betrayed them, and of wasting age they died,
Not wounds, yet, dying, they their armour wore,
And now have chief regard in Hela's realm.
Behind flocked wrangling up a piteous crew,
Greeted of none, disfeatured and forlorn,—
Cowards, who were in sloughs interred alive;
And round them still the wattled hurdles hung,
Wherewith they stamped them down and trod them deep,
To hide their shameful memory from men.

M. Arnold.

PROTINUS umbrarum evadit caligine coetus;
ac velut auctumno volucres carecta frequentant,
qua demittit aquas fluvio lacus, agmine longo
trans mare cessurae, cannaeque cacumine ab omni
suspensae trepidant, aut flumina summa pererrant,
argutoque replent ripas et litora cantu;
haud minus argutis glomerant se vocibus umbrae,
adventante viro, matres mixtique puellis
infantes iuvenesque albis sine imagine parmis,
nomine praerepto, et famae iam nota senectus;
his optata tamen fallax fortuna negavit
volnera confectis senio; subiere sed ipsam
armati mortem et summos nunc Orcus honores
his tribuit. sequitur visu miserabile volgus
rixaturque simul, quos nemo appellat euntes
solos, deformes; dedit hos ignavia leto,
vivaque coenosa fuerant demersa palude
corpora; necdum etiam contexto vimine crates
exciderant membris quas sontibus addere durus
mos erat et presso pede proculcare sepultos,
postera ne tantum spectaret dedecus aetas.

F. J. H. J.

THEN Enid pondered in her heart, and said:
'I will go back again unto my lord,
And I will tell him all their caitiff talk;
For, be he wroth even to slaying me,
Far liefer by his dear hand had I die,
Than that my lord should suffer loss or shame.'
Then she went back some paces of return,
Met his full frown timidly firm, and said:
'My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock
Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast
That they would slay you, and possess your horse
And armour, and your damsel should be theirs.'
He made a wrathful answer: 'Did I wish
Your warning or your silence? one command
I laid upon you, not to speak to me.'

TENNYSON.

AH! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, and the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.
Still, still, the sons of summer greet
The mountain-grave of Helikê,
And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more,
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat:
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

A. LANG.

VOLVERAT haec animo regina et talia secum
dicta facit: 'regredi certumst dominoque sequenti
insidias horum et voces aperire latronum;
nam licet ille in me fatali saeviat ira
narrantem, carae patiar succumbere dextrae,
dum damni nihil accipiat neu dedecus ille.'
iamque retro tulerat gressum, et torvae obvia fronti
regis constiterat, formidine fortis in ipsa;
'tris ego' dicebat 'vidi sub rupe latrones,
excepique minas, te se, si accesseris, ipso
percusso, morientis equoque armisque potitos,
quam comitem ducas, rapturos esse puellam.'
his ille iratus respondit: 'nonne tacere
te volui? quid mi ventura pericula monstras?
hoc unum monui ut coram me rege taceres.'

J. D. D.

FUMUM et opes Romae quaeso strepitumque relinquas
quaeque colit celebres impigra turba vias.
litore nunc etiam Siculae telluris, ut olim
suave Camenarum murmur in aure sonat:
nunc etiam donis videas aestatis alumnum
montanos Helices accumulare rogos,
nec solitum pastor carmen renovare negabit
caerula qua Siculi frangitur unda maris.
quid si iam prisci cessit reverentia Panis,
nec pastoralem servat ut ante casam?
multa tamen garrire iubet prudentia ruris
stringere dum spicas cernitur aura Noti,
dum teneri balant agni cantatque cicada,
obstrepere et pinu dum cyparissus amat,
ruricolasque iuvat fluctus numerare morantes
caerula qua Siculi frangitur unda maris.

J. S. R.

LIGHT words they were, and lightly, falsely said:
She heard them, and she started,—and she rose
As in the act to speak; the sudden thought
And unconsidered impulse led her on.
In act to speak she rose, but with the sense
Of all the eyes of that great company
Now suddenly turned upon her, some with age
Hardened and dulled, some cold and critical,
All too untuned for all she thought to say—
With such a thought the mantling blood to her cheek
Flushed-up, and o'erflushed itself, blank night her soul
Made dark, and in her all her purpose swooned.
She stood as if for sinking. Yet anon
With recollections clear, august, sublime,
Of God's great truth, and right immutable,
She queened it o'er her weakness. So as she stood
She spoke. God in her spoke and made her heard.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ON a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Africa careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

G. MEREDITH.

ILLA simul ludo temere effutita protervo
auribus accepit, subito se concita motu
tollebat iam certa loqui, tulit impetus ardens
praecipitem, fandique parum consulta cupido.
sic se tollebat, vastaeque intenta coronae
protinus in sese sensit convertier ora,—
torpentes alios senioque hebetante retusos,
ast alios facili pensantes omnia fastu,
non monitori aptos tali, nec vocibus illis.
quae simul agnoscit, sanguis collectus in ora
confluit, exsuperatque modum; premit horrida sensus
nox caligantes; neque iam meminisse prioris
propositi valet exanimis similisque labanti.
occurrunt sed enim, monitu certissima divom,
aeternum ius fasque animo, seque ipsa paventem
colligit, imperitatque sibi; atque ita voce profata
sicut erat, tenuit praesenti numine mentes.

H. C. G.

REX Erebi exsurgit: nox sidere daedala crebro
evocat et subeunt tenebrosae taedia sedis.
aere libratur volvendoque imminet orbi:
pars nebula latet, et falsae simulacra quietis
turba nocens amplexa iacet. sed praeda tumenti
displicuit vilis. pressa iam innititur ala
Hesperius, Libyae vergens iam mole minatur,
mox Arctos niveas labens niger aethere obumbrat.
tentantem spatia ampla magis rediviva cicatrix
admonet officii spreti fastusque rebellis,
iamque arces tenuit medias atque arduus astra
(conscia mens illic caeli) conspexit et alte
decidit. antiquos agitat denso ordine gyros
tota phalanx, mundique aeterna lege tenetur.

W. W.

THE gift to king Amphion
That walled a city with its melody
Was for belief no dream:—thy skill, Arion,
Could humanise the creatures of the sea
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chant;—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Self cast, as with a desperate course,
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud one, docile as a managed horse,
And singing while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand
And he with his preserver shine star-bright
In memory through silent night.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode on the Power of Sound.*

NON vana finxit somnia, qui tua,
Thebane, fretum te cithara, urbibus
narravit admovisse muros
munere caelicolum potentem;

nec tu marinas non poteras tuo,
sollers Arion, carmine beluas
mulcere, 'supremum petenti
hanc veniam mihi,' saeviores

monstris sodales inter ait, 'date,
cantare sumpta pauca lyra,' maris
exundat attentum per aequor
dulce melos, glomerantque circum

phocae audientes, mira cohors, bibens
gratos canores. ille velut metu
demens ad immanem catervam
desilit, at docilis magistri

parere frenis instar equi parat
dorsum cadenti, et dum citharam regit
cantatque, tranquillum per aequor
vexit, onus geniale, delphin.

sic tandem amici litoris hospitam
continget oram, et sideribus pio
cum pisce in aeternum receptus
per tacitas radiabit horas.

R. B.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa;
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, Jeanie, for their sake, O, marry me!

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair: my mother didna speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

CUM stabulisque boves clausumque resedit ovili
iam pecus, ac terras occupat una quies,
tum, iuxta vigilem somnos carpente marito,
depluit ex animo fusus in ora dolor.
me puer ardebat Corydon; sed sponsa negabar,
praeter enim drachmas nil habet ille decem;
hae tamen ut centum fiant puer aequora temptat
nauta, mihi drachmas pollicitusque minam.
ast ubi dimidio non plus hinc mense mearat,
bos nostra amota est ulnaque fracta patri.
languescit mater; mihi distinet aequor amantem;
iamque senex Aegon coepit adire procus.
non pater arva valet versare aut stamina mater;
quodque operans lucror nocte dieque, parum est.
hos alit ille duos, lacrimisque adfatur obortis:
'per te hos obtestor, nube age, Phylli, mihi.'
mens mea, nam reducem spero Corydona, recusat;
sed saevit Boreas, mersa carina perit;
illa carina perit: cur non et perdit amantem?
aut ego cur vivo quae mea fata querar?
instat voce pater: genetrix me muta tuetur;
quae talem obtutum filia salva ferat?
ergo, quod possunt, nam mens migrarat ad aequor,
corpus despondent, et senis uxor eram.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he—
Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away:
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain,
Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.
When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name,
For whare'er he distant roves
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

BURNS.

ast ubi mense brevi non plus me duxerat Aegon,
porta dum sedeo fulta vicesque gemo,
en pueri adstiterant manes! nec suspicor ipsum,
donec 'te ductum, nostra, revertor' ait.
fundimus heu nimios fletus et mille loquellas;
iuncta semel premimus labra; abeatque rogo.
esse sepulta velim! sed vivax, Phylli, videris,
nata, reor, sortem quae quererere tuam.
nunc velut umbra vagor, neglecto stamine; nec te
mente, puer, revoco nupta, vetante Deo.
at pro parte mea sum permansura marito
(nam bonus est) coniunx officiosa seni.

C. W. M.

OSCULA discedens Damon libavit amatae
canaque longinquom per iuga carpsit iter:
quo sine, iam fructu careo dulcedinis omni,
pectore concipiens nil nisi amaritiem.
parce meo iuveni, pater Aeole, flamine saevo,
quique iacis, Boreas, nubila mixta gelu,
vosque nives plumae ritu per summa volantes
terrarum, glacie saepe premente solum.
sic marcente die, tenebris ubi vesper obumbrat
ora relucentis tam speciosa dei,
intactus curis altum trahat ille soporem
et nova desurgens gaudia percipiat.
vivet dilectae non immemor ipse puellae,
saepe ciens blanda nomina voce mea;
scilicet erranti pedibus per longa viarum
mens desiderio permanet usque domi.

J. S. R.

GO, Verse, nor let the grass of tarrying grow
Beneath thy feet iambic: southward go
O'er Thamesis his stream, nor halt until
Thou reach the summit of a suburb hill
To lettered fame not unfamiliar: there
Crave rest and shelter of a scholiast fair...
Tell her, that he who made thee, years ago,
By northern stream and mountain, and where blow
Great breaths from the sea-sunset, at this day
One half thy fabric fain would rase away;
But she must take thy faults and all, my Verse,
Forgive thy better, and forget thy worse.
Thee, doubtless, she shall place, not scorned, among
More famous songs by happier minstrels sung...
And—like a mortal rapt from men's abodes
Into some skyey fastness of the gods—
Divinely neighboured, thou in such a shrine
Mayst for a moment dream thyself divine.

WILLIAM WATSON. *Lines to M.R.C.*

FESTINA—dominus iubet—libelle,
neu segnis situs otiumque tardum
quinos detineat pedes euntis.
curres trans Tiberim, et diem sequeris
pronum : deinde petes sub urbe collem,
victuris iuga non iniqua chartis.
illic Sulpicia erudita sedem
et gratam dabit hospiti quietem.
dic, qui te fabricaverit, sed olim,
cultor Bilbilis et sui Salonis
terrarumque, ubi vesperam reducit
ingens flatus Atlanticae procellae,
hunc iam velle tibi admovere limam
pars ut dimidio minor supersit.
totum te tamen ire non recuso,
si nugis melioribus puella
ignoscat bona, si benigna nolit
partem rusticulam tui tenere.
illa scilicet approbante vises
Musa carmina nata clariore,
quae novere patrem beatiorem.
sic, tamquam in superas remotus auras
iam sis colloquii potens deorum,
te fallet breve somnium parumper,
ut, circumdatus hinc et inde divis,
divinum genus imputes tibi ipsi.

E. E. S.

IF thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet* XXXII.

I'VE seen so many changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown;
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alone my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.
And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay:
The flow'r among our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

BURNS.

SI, mea cum glaebis Mors iam premet ossa malignis,
tu bene contenti sorte superstes eris,
et tibi, quae scripsi pedibus male condita claudis
vivus amans, olim Fors recolenda dabit;
his compone, precor, factum ingeniosius aevum,
quod si praevertet charta vel ima meam,
pensanti numeros, superet fortuna recentum,
me tamen ut serves, sat videatur amor.
reddat et hoc saltem pietas: 'heu, cresset adulto
cum saeclo nostri si modo Musa viri!
dulcius illa, reor, prisco peperisset amoris
pignus, honorato carmina digna choro.
sed periit noster; vatum fit doctior ordo;
hi nunc artifices, ille legetur amans.'

C. W. M.

VIDI ego tot tantasque vices mutabilis aevi,
factus ut in terra sim peregrinus homo:
inscius ignotus—quis enim me, quemve ego curem
nosse?—vagor populi per loca perque vias.
exaudit miserans nemo aut solatur egentem:
sustineo solus grande doloris onus.
namque silens humilisque putri sub pulvere, quisquis
curarum partem vellet habere, cubat.
iamque adeo iacet, a! cunctorum summa dolorum,
obtritus terrae pondere noster erus:
flos roburque ducum, dux optimus ille, bonorum;
ille decus patriae praesidiumque suae.
nunc ego vivendi fessus satiate fatisco,
cui periit, vere vivere quicquid erat;
spesque senescentes oculorum evanida sensus
liquit, in aeternum praepete vecta fuga.

H. A. J. M.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year,
What winds arise, what rains descend,
When thou before that year shalt end?
What do thy noontide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee?
Thou and the worm are brother-kind,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.
Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet
Exhaling with an evening blast?
Thy evenings then will all be past!
Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green
(For vanity's in little seen),
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
Not one of all thy plants that grow
But Rosemary will with thee go.

G. SEWELL.

CUR hortulorum sedulus ordines
primo revisens, Postume, obambulas
cum sole, crescentemque lustras
ipse prior periturus annum?

qui ventus instet, quae pluviae cadant,
prodestne vultu sollicito sequi?
prodestne, purgator vireti
dum media spatiaris hora,

hic fronde limacem eripere, hic manus
inferre muscis utilioribus
damnante? fratrem tu fateris,
caecus iners humilisque, vermem.

rursusne mali te capiet senem
blandita lanugo? aut colocasium
nares odoratis ab imo
fonte tuas recreabit auris,

halante prima nocte? at enim tibi
suprema iam nox, improbe, venerit.
linquenda ridentis recessus
gloria, quemque foves amator

(elatus, ut fit, tenuibus) angulum;
nec vota mortem nec lacrimae valent
tardare. flores tot colentem
[1]ros dominum comitabit unus.

C. W. M.

[1] Virgil, *Georgics* II. 213.

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair Love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still, to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

KEATS.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

SHELLEY.

O si more tuo constans, Arcture, manerem!
non ibi nocturni fixus in arce poli:—
exul enim splendes, et lumine semper aperto
(ceu mundi opperiens in statione vigil)
despicis inde vagos lustrali munere fluctus
puro spargentes litora nostra salo;
seu nix insedit montes levis altaque longe
tesca, nova canam fronte tueris humum:—
immotus tamen esse velim nostraeque puellae
primaevum capiti pectus habere torum;
surgentis sentire vicem, sentire cadentis,
(o potior somnis irrequieta quies!)
sic animae lenem sic usque audire meatum,
dum supero Parcas interimitve sopor.

C. W. M.

EST ut in optatum trepidet miscerier amnem
fons, et in oceanum defluat amnis amans;
est ut in aetheriis coeuntia flamina templis
sint desiderio mota cupidineo:
scilicet in rerum constat nihil ordine caelebs
(talia di regno iura dedere suo),
omnia cum conexa vides hoc foedere, cur non
me tibi conciliet lex ea teque mihi?
oscula—nonne vides?—mons spirat in aethera dium,
inque vices undae solvitur unda sinu;
num rosa silvicolis tibi dis placitura videtur
contemnat fratrem quae soror asphodelum?
tellurem fovet amplexu Phoebeius ardor,
lunaque nocturnis basia fundit aquis:
quid tamen amplexus, quidnam tot basia prosunt,
basia si soli tu mihi sola negas?

R. D. A. H

MY love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming,
I love not less, though less the shew appear;
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet* CII.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

WORDSWORTH.

DEBILIOR quamquam visu robustior ardet,
nec minus ut clamet me minus urit amor.
institor est Veneris qui praeco factus amoris
delicias passim venditat ipse sui.
nec nisi primitias primo quasi vere recentes
ipse salutabam carminis obsequio.
praevia ut aestatis cantat Philomela, querellis,
largior ut fervet fax, positura modum;
non quia grata minus suadet maturior annus
quam siluit maestis nox ubi capta sonis,
sed quia silvestri frons carmine quaeque gravescit
blanditiisque carent gaudia trita suis;
haud secus ipse velim tandem pressisse loquellam,
carmine qui nolim taedia ferre meo.

A. W. S.

CUM terras peterem trans mare dissitas,
ignotosque vagans longius hospites,
tum demum, Anglia, noram,
quanta te colerem fide.

istud praeteriit, ceu grave somnium,
tempus: non iterum litora deseram,
quae dum mente recordor,
semper crescit amor tui.

nam montes hilarem dote Cupidinis
me videre tui: torsit et Anglicos,
quam fovi, pia virgo
currentem ante focos rotam.

et lusit mea, qua lux tibi reddidit
nativum, tibi nox abripuit nemus,
extremumque virescens
rus vidit Lalage tuum.

E. D. S.

THERE is one tree which now I call to minde,
Doth beare these uerses carued in his rinde:
"When Geraldine shall sit in thy faire shade,
Fanne her sweet tresses with perfumed aire;
Let thy large boughes a canopie be made
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire;
And when thy spredding branched armes be suncke,
And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retaine,
Eu'n from the dust of thy unweldy truncke
I will renue thee Phoenix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed root will bring
A newborne stem, another Aeson's spring."

DRAYTON.

GO forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was—and O! how many sorrows crowd
Into those two brief words! *there was* a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allowed,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud.

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below!
What 'vails it us that patience to recall
Which hid its own to soothe all other woes;
What 'vails to tell how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair?
And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know
That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AESCULUS est memini quae nostra falce notatum
hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habet:
'aescule, fac quoties Lalage requiescet in umbra
suavis odoratas ventilet aura comas,
spissaque frondosi pandant umbracula rami
ne Phoebus Lalages occupet ora meae.
sic ego pro meritis, cum vis ramosa senescet
iam suco venas deficiente tuas,
e cinere ingentis trunci tua forma superstes
Panchaeae faciam more resurgat avis:
sic tua vita senis reparabitur Aesonis instar,
et novus e putri stirpe virebit honos.'

H. J.

MUSA novum cape fortis iter, namque ardua tentas;
neu te poeniteat sortis erique tui,
nomine si sordes non commendata patroni,
laudis inoffensam qui det adire viam.
quondam erat—a! quanto vox sufficit una dolori,—
uterer unde dato iure sodalicii;
hac tanta tu freta fide, modo fata dedissent,
haud humili poteras notior ire choro.
sidera nunc patuere deae, tamen ecquid eidem,
sidera dum sequitur, defuit esse deam?
quid iuvat assiduo instantem revocare labori,
ut levet arte alios, quod dolet ipsa premat?
quid memorare iuvat praestanti ut munere formae
virtutis fuerit nobilitatus honos?
nec, reor, id refert, fronti quod debita marcent
en! imposta tuo tantula serta rogo.

S. H. B.

MY wind is turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before;
My sky that shone so sunny bright
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er,
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
Upon the dark autumnal floor:
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to pour.
One frosty night befell, and lo,
I find my summer days are o'er.
The heart bereaved, of why and how
Unknowing, knows that yet before
It had what e'en to Memory now
Returns no more, no more.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SOME overpoise of sway by turns they share,
In peace the people, and the prince in war.
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one sole Dictator swayed,
Patriots in peace assert the people's right,
With noble stubbornness resisting might,
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandsire, free to grant
In Parliaments, that weighed their Prince's want:
But so tenacious of the common cause
As not to lend the king against his laws;
And in a loathsome dungeon doomed to die
In bonds retained his birth-right liberty.

DRYDEN.

HEU! mutata queror! tepidi fuit aura Favoni,
flamina iam Boreas frigidiora ciet.
heu! modo fulgebat mihi lux innubila caeli:
iam nigrescentem condidit umbra polum.
qui modo flos foliis! anno iam marcida sero
sternit ut humentem gratia frondis humum!
hic adeo dolor est:—iter irrevocabile carpit
cum semel aversus fugerit ales Amor.
stat deserta domus, rimisque evicta fatiscit,
et vento et pluviis sollicitanda patet.
horruerat nox una gelu—simul aurea cedunt
tempora nec vitae iam revirescet honos.
quid si causa latet quid si natura doloris?
mens tamen agnoscit volnus et orba gemit:
nescio quid quod nec valeat meminisse requirit
iam desideriis saucia perpetuis.

S. H. B.

REGIBUS et plebi vicibus librata potestas;
pax populi, bellum principis auget opes.
consulibus tranquilla modos res fecit honorum:
Gallus adest; fasces unus utrosque tulit.
vindicat assertor fortis popularia iura
pace, neque infractum vis domat ulla virum:
tunc bene non paret regi, quod lege vetatur,
et nisi consulta plebe tributa negat.
hoc avus in numero fuerat tuus: ille benignus
quantum opus, at populo consiliante, dabat;
idem, difficilis communem prodere causam,
non dabat, ut placitis rex vetat ipse dari;
carceris et sordes tulerat moriturus, et ultro,
iura teneret ubi libera, liber erat.

A. W. V.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flush'd her spirit:

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning—

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

RAPTA qualis eras, unica virginum,
damnum vix superest quae reparaverit;
ut sint propositae mille, quis alteram
possit cernere Chlorida?

factum luna semel nunc iter integrat,
ex quo morte siles; te tamen abditam
terra, te sociam vermibus ut rear,
cogi mens mea non potest.

incessu patuit Chloris, humum levi
planta dum superat, dum salit ambulans;
scires plus solito laetitiae modo,
plus ardere ferociae.

seu non illa ferox audiet, haereo
quanam floruerit dote beatior;
non hac, si vitiumst; sed fuit huic, puto,
virtus nescio quae soror.

patri nam placuit norma inamabilis
Chrysippi, illa hominum frigora sanguini;
sed Nymphis aderat nata docentibus,
Nymphae contulerant opes:

hinc lumen vigil, hinc ingenium sagax,
hinc cor praetrepidans:—i, rege liberam!
si tu scis aciem, Stoice, lyncibus,
scis praestringere Chloridi.

vicina olim hilaris, nunc eadem prior
illuc vecta silentum advena litorum,
nonne id fata dabunt quod dederant, tibi
me concurrere, te mihi?

nam laetum quotiens obvia riseras,
aestivis nova lux ortibus incidit,
nec cessura fides, iam fore prosperum
tam dulci augurio diem.

BUT leaving that, search we the secret springs
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find that when the world began,
One common mass composed the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestowed,
And kneaded up alike with moistening blood.
The same Almighty Power inspired the frame
With kindled life, and formed the souls the same,
The faculties of intellect and will
Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill,
Like liberty indulged with choice of good or ill.
Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The difference that distinguished man from man:
He claimed no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble, made him good:
Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,
He winged his upward flight and soared to fame;
The rest remained below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancelled, though disused; and he whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

DRYDEN.

COME, gentle sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
And, tho' Death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, tho' lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O, how sweet to die!

JOHN WOLCOT.

HACTENUS haec; tectos melius recludere fontes
et retro rerum semina prima sequi.
sic videas homines repetens ab origine mundi
compositos uno consimilique luto:
miscendo fictor genus omne subegit, ut una
infuso pariter sanguine pulpa foret:
omnibus ipse faces vitales addidit aecus
aequauitque animos arte manuque sua:
quisque sui ratione potens, sua cuique voluntas;
sic pensavit opus disposuitque deus;
prava sequi poterat, poterat qui vellet honesta:
post demum virtus disparat orta pares.
nec patrium petiit quisquam decus, inclutus heres;
nobilitas fortes praestitit illa viros:
cui magis igne sacro pectus calet, evolat alte
laudibus; illa expers nomine turba iacet:
haec iussit natura; recentior obrogat usus
principiis; at non nil tamen illa valent:
illa quidem versi nequeunt rescindere mores,
nec nisi qui probus est vir generosus erit:
sit fortuna humilis, tamen est caelestis origo;
qui genus infamas ipse inhonestus abis.

A. W. V.

ADSTES o mihi, Somne, iam precanti:
instar mortis habens, tamen benignus
contingas tenui cubile pinna.
o quam vivere dulce, mors ut adsit!
o quam dulce mori, manente vita!

J. S. R.

Helena.

HOW happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream* I 1 226.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned,
Prepared power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave,
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thine own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine and worship here.

BURNS.

Animis his illos homines fors disparat aequa!
nam facie volgus nos ait esse pares.
urbs ait, at frustra: quid enim Demetrius? ille
scire tamen quod scit cetera turba negat.
illum luminibus, quae deperit, Hermia fallit;
illum ego quod miror, me quoque fallit amor.
res amor informes, res viles reque carentes
mutat et in numero iam pretioque locat.
non oculis, animo tantum videt omnia: causam,
caecus ut in tabulis sit deus ales, habes:
iamque animus nullo sapit in discrimine; currit
nec cavet; ergo oculus non datur, ala datur.
et puerum esse deum narret cur fabula, causam
falsus in arbitrio saepius ille facit.
peierat in ludis aetas puerilis; ubique
peierat inque omni re puerilis amor:
nam meus, ut nondum felicia lumina vidit,
creber erat votis, ut nive bruma, meis:
illius at postquam sensit Demetrius ignes,
fluxa fides periit quam cito sole nives.

A. W. V.

QUI semper ipsi sufficiens tibi
nil quaeris extra, qui placiti tenax,
expers querellarum, suprema
aecus erum pateris minantem,
certus catenas nec dare, nec pati,
servans honestum, cetera temnere
audax, et in te ipsum severus;
huc ades, hanc colito, hospes, aram.

A. W. V.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age and guide of youth:
Few hearts, like his, with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

BURNS.

QUID quereris longi fructus periisse laboris,
duraque militiae volnera cassa putas?
quem petis integrisne adeo conatibus ardet,
quaeque fuit rerum summa perinde manet?
spem reputas falsam; fallunt et saepe timores;
en, procul obducta proelia nube latent.
quis scit an effusos miles tuus urgeat hostes,
et, per te fieret ni mora, victor eat?
scilicet illidens frustra se rupibus aestus
vix piger adverso litore trudit aquas,
at procul a tergo, sinibus subvecta reductis,
influit immensi vis taciturna maris.
nec tantum Eois albent radiata fenestris
tecta, simul reparat lucida tela dies;
languidus ante oculos tardum sol erigit orbem,
sed late Hesperia lux nova parte patet.

H. C. G.

HIC dormit tibi, quo deus creavit
non umquam similem magis deorum;
verus verum, homines homo colebat,
placens iam senibus, regens iuventam;
paucis tanta animo calente virtus,
tantae mentis opes; sed ille, si quid
sit post funera, percipit beatus;
si nil, non ita paenitet peracti.

A. W. V.

EACH evening I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run:
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour and renews his powers;
Starts the bright race again; his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds:
These neither seasons guide nor order binds:
They now dilate and now contract their force:
Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ooze
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
Though sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
The whole still runs with equal pace the same.
Still other waves supply the rising urns;
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

M. PRIOR.

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
And thrice three times tie up this true love-knot;
Thrice sit thee down in this enchanted chair,
And murmur soft, "she will" or "she will not."
Go burn these poisoned weeds in that blue fire,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave:
These screech owl's feathers and this pricking briar,
That all thy thorny cares an end may have.
Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round:
Dance in this circle, let my love be centre:
Melodiously breathe out a charming sound;
Melt her hard heart that some remorse may enter.
In vain are all the charms I can devise!
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

J. SYLVESTER.

SOL mihi vespertinus equis cedentibus undas
pronus in occidui cernitur ire maris:
idem mobilibus simul intercesserit horis
nox brevis, assumet vim repetetque suam.
sic iterare solet nitidos certo ordine cursus,
constantique redux surgere mane rota.
vidi ego ventorum varias saevire procellas,
quorum nec custos nec moderator adest;
flamina nunc positis nunc auctis viribus urgent
concita, nec finis ponitur ulla viis.
deinde sua emissus praeceps uligine fontis
dum properat certis in mare rivus aquis,
accedit paulum vel demitur, attamen ipse
non ideo constans labitur amne minus;
quippe novos semper fluctus scatet urna ministrans,
nec caret aequata lympha perennis aqua.

F. J. H. J.

HOS tu ter quernos cineres disperge per auras,
ternosque in nodos licia terna liga;
terque sedens magica in sella ter carmina leni
voce refer: nolens aut erit illa volens.
flamma venenatas pallens mihi devoret herbas
et quae busta super lecta cupressus erat;
tum plumae strigis urantur spinaeque ruborum;
sic spinosa tibi cura erit usta simul.
vos, nymphae, iunctis mecum saltate choreis,
in medioque chori nostra sit orbe Chloe:
suave melos circum saltantes edite, nostro
quo doleat luctu fracta superba tamen.
me miserum, frustra tempto cantamina; callet
solvere cuncta suis vincula luminibus.

A. G. P.

HARK, how the traitor wind doth court
The sailors to the main,
To make their avarice his sport:
A tempest checks the fond disdain,
They bear a safe tho' humble port.

We'll sit, my love, upon the shore
And, while proud billows rise
To war against the sky, speak o'er
Our love's so sacred mysteries,
And charm the sea to th' calm it had before.

Where's now my pride to extend my fame
Wherever statues are,
And purchase glory to my name
In the smooth court or rugged war?
My love hath laid the devil, I am tame.

I'd rather like the violet grow
Unmarked i' th' shaded vale,
Than on the hill those terrors know
Are breathed forth by an angry gale:
There is more pomp above, more sweet below.

AUDIN: susurro perfidus elicit
nautas in aequor ventus, avaraque
castigat instanti tumultu
pectora, ludibrium datura,
exile portus hospitium brevis
fastidientum: nos potius decet
iuxta reclinatos ad oram,
dum tumidi procul ira ponti
deproeliatur cum Iove, mysticos
ritus Amoris dicere mutuo
sermone, qui placent furores
turbinis et referant quietem.
cur nomen illuc tendere gestiam,
quacunque signis innuitur favor,
famamque commendare vulgo,
lubrica seu vocet aula regum
seu triste bellum? mollis Amor domat
insanientem; me violae modo
delectat ignotum vigere, et
vallis ubi, latebraeque dulces,
nescire, celsis montibus editum,
quantos timores incutiat trucis
stridor procellae: summa montis
splendor habet, magis ima rident.

Love, thou divine philosopher,
While covetous landlords rent,
And courtiers dignity prefer,
Instructs us to a sweet content;
Greatness itself doth in itself inter.

Castara, what is there above
The treasures we possess?
We two are all and one, we move
Like stars in the orb of happiness.
All blessings are epitomised in love.

HABINGTON.

The wings of sleep.

DEWY the roads in the sunlit haze,
Gladness is ours, it is ours to keep:
Never a thought of the evening ways,
Never a sigh for the wings of sleep.

Weary the roads in the noonday blaze,
Sorrow is ours, as we climb the steep:
Oh! for the night and the shady ways
Slumbering under the wings of sleep.

How we had hasted athirst for praise!
Careless of praise at the close we creep,
Fain to be lost in the unknown ways,
Faint to be borne on the wings of sleep,

Safe evermore thro' the dreamless days,
Safe thro' the dark and the silence deep,
Sure that the last are the best of ways,
Softest of shrouds are the wings of sleep.

H. M.

at nos Magister qui sapit unice
divina, tantum quod satis est, docet
optare: dum terris avarus
quaerit opes dominus locatis,
famam satelles regius occupat,
bustoque prudens obruitur suo;—
Castara, quid praestare dicam
divitiis, tibi quas profudit
Fortuna mecum, qui duo sidera
una beati perferimur poli
convexa:—nempe omnes in unum
deliciae coeunt amanti.

E. D. S.

πτεροῖν ὀπαδοῖν ὕπνου κελεύθοις.

RORE madent nitido per solem et nubila calles;
vadimus: ut nobis est bene, semper erit:
quis meminit qualis sit vespere meta viarum,
ecqua cupit pennas, Somne, querella tuas?
sole graves medio tulerunt fastidia calles;
scandimus, abruptis ingemimusque locis:
tum querimur noctem procul a! procul esse viasque
ala silescentes quas tua, Somne, fovet.
laudis quanta fames fuerat properantibus olim!
iam iam laus animis excidit, ire sat est,
ire sat est, quamvis loca sint ignota viarum,
ala vacillantes dum tua, Somne, ferat.
certa salus: ibunt luces, neque somnia norint;
certa salus: tenebras foverit alta quies:
nescio quid melius via fert suprema viarum,
quovis, Somne, tibi mollior ala toro.

H. M.

ONE silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And, knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?
Cast off, said he, all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swervèd;
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half starvèd.

I pitiful arose
And soon a taper lighted;
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too, which did shiver;
And looking down below,
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chafed his hands with mine,
And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,
Let's try this bow of ours
And string, if they be harmed,
Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said flying,
Adieu mine host, adieu,
I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

HERRICK.

NOX erat et placidam carpebant cuncta quietem;
corripuit somnos ianua pulsa meos.
'quisnam ita,' clamavi, 'pulsando somnia turbat?'
'pone metum, obiectis neu teneare seris;
sum puer; illunisque via nox fallit euntem;
en madet imbre cutis, frigore membra rigent.'
exorat facilem: surgo accensaque lucerna
descendo ad pueri lumina fessa vagi.
arcum habuit; pennas gelidus tremefecerat horror:
has infra telis feta pharetra latet.
dant sedemque simul penetralia lucida et ignem;
non potes officium quin fatearis, Amor;
iamque manus fovi manibus, crinesque madentes
siccabam: vires reddidit igne focus.
mox ubi calfieri sensit, 'pluvialibus,' inquit,
'experiar damnum ceperit arcus aquis.'
flexerat hic arcum nervo aptaratque sagittam,
illa meum figit fixa per ossa iecur:
cum risu fugit et fugiens verba ultima iactat,
'lenta per hospitium volnera nacte, vale.'

F. J. H. J.

WHO are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

KEATS. *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

SET your face to the sea, fond lover,
Cold in darkness the sea-winds blow!
Waves and clouds and the night will cover
All your passion and all your woe!
Sobbing waves and the death that is in them,
Sweet as the lips which once you prest;
Pray that your hopeless heart may win them,
Pray that your weary life may rest.

Set your face to the stars, fond lover,
Calm and silent and bright and true!
They will pity you, they will hover
Tenderly over the deep for you.
Winds of heaven will sing you dirges,
Tears of heaven for you be spent:
And sweet for you will the murmuring surges
Pour the wail of the low lament.

WINTER.

QUAE venit huc ad sacra cohors, horrende sacerdos?
quisve bovem ducis? cui viret ara deo?
caelum suspiciens en victima mugit ad auras;
tota nitent plexis mollia terga rosis.
quod rear oppidulum, fluviove marive propinquum,
aut placida in solis montibus arce situm,
civibus a cunctis sollemni hac luce relinqui?
sic ergo, oppidulum, tempus in omne siles;
sic stat inane forum populo; neque nuntius unquam,
qua sis desertum sorte, referre potest.

C. W. M.

TEN' amor extorquet? gelidos, i, prospice campos,
qua freta vexantur flatibus atra suis:
et desiderium magnum magnumque dolorem
per tumidos fluctus nubila noxque prement.
nam praesaga necis—velut oscula nota petendae—
it singultatis vox maris aucta sonis.
a, miser, optatos ora contingere fluctus;
ora vivendi morte carere malis.
ergo spretus amas? stellarum suspice coetum,
cui taciturna quies et sine fraude iubar,
has tanget tua cura, et fassae (crede) dolorem
aequora demisso leniter igne petent.
flamine contristant venti, tua nenia, caelum;
ilicet aetheriis te dolet imber aquis.
unda susurranti gratam fert murmure vocem
irrequieta, tuae conscia tristitiae.

C. E. S. H.

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No, men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a State,
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

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DICI nomine civitas
digne nec nimiis moenia molibus
nec circumdata aeneo
muro fossa valet, nec decus urbium
turres celsaque culmina,
nec largi statio lata sinus, ubi
deludant hiemem abditae
dites merce rates, nec phaleris nitens
stellati decor aulici
tangentisque solum vertice et improbae
dantis tura superbiae:
sed vis viva virum, sed valet ingeni
tanto vis potior feris,
quanto saxa et inertem exsuperant rubum
quae dumeta, genus rude,
quae spelaea colunt, quae siluas ferae.
illi munera solvere
cauti, et nosse suum et poscere non pigri
illis cum strueret dolos
ruptis compedibus rex prior occidit;
digna haec nomine civitas
legem, quod voluere in medium, iubet;
lex sellis supereminens
summis fas decorat laude, nefas premit.

A. W. V.

MY horse's feet beside the lake,
Where sweet the unbroken moon-beams lay,
Sent echoes through the night to wake
Each glistening strand, each heath-fringed bay.

The poplar avenue was pass'd
And the roof'd bridge that spans the stream;
Up the steep street I hurried fast,
Led by thy taper's starlike beam.

I came! I saw thee rise!—the blood
Pour'd flushing to thy languid cheek.
Lock'd in each other's arms we stood,
In tears, with hearts too full to speak.

Days flew;—ah, soon I could discern
A trouble in thy altered air!
Thy hand lay languidly in mine,
Thy cheek was grave, thy speech grew rare.

I blame thee not!—this heart, I know,
To be long loved was never framed;
For something in its depths doth glow
Too strange, too restless, too untamed.

M. ARNOLD.

HERE lies, thank Heaven, a woman who
Quarrelled and stormed her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her mould'ring form
Or else you'll raise another storm.

An Epitaph.

IAMQUE lacus ora manni sonat ungula nostri.
suavis in immoto marmore luna nitet,
et vaga per noctem splendentia circuit echo
litora frondiferos pervolitatque sinus.
est via, praetexit longo ordine populus; est pons,
arcus ubi impendet tegmine clausus aquis.
transieram; properusque per ardua compita curro,
quo tua siderea luce fenestra vocat.
limina iam tetigi, iam te consurgere cerno,
languida suffusus dum rigat ora rubor.
artis constitimus vincti complexibus ambo,
fit fletus, trepidum cor sine voce tumet.
quam cito praeteriere dies! a, quam cito sensi
aegri aliquid voltus uertere, Galla, tuos!
languida, dum teneo, iacuit tibi dextera, fronti
triste insedit onus, rara loquella fuit.
nec tua culpa tamen; non hoc natura paravit
ingenium ut certo certus adesset amor.
indomitum est aliquid quod pectore fervet in imo,
caecaque vis sensus versat agitque meos.

W. W.

AUDIIT en Libitina preces; tandem ipsa quievit
Xanthippe. tumulo iurgia longa silent.
ne turba cineres; cineri sopita doloso
Aetna subest; ignes parce ciere novos.

R. S. C.

UPON a day, as Love lay sweetly slumb'ring
All in his mother's lap,
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring
About him flew by hap:
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
And saw the beast so small;
"What's this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce,
That wakens men withall?
In angry wize he flies about
And threatens all with corage stout."

To whom his mother closely smiling sayd
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game,
"See! thou thyself likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same;
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky
Nor men in earth to rest;
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give lyke leave unto the fly."

SPENSER.

I SAW in secret, to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came
And said to her, "all hayle, my mother!"
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
Then, "never blush, Cupid," quoth I;
"For many have erred in this beauty."

SPENSER.

OLIM victus Amor sopore dulci
materno puer in sinu iacebat,
forte cum tubicen fragore rauco
aures propter apis volans oberrat.
hoc tanto deus excitus sonore,
cum vidit volucris brevem figuram,
'quidnam hoc voce' ait 'horrida vagatur,
quae nostros valeat fugare somnos?
a, vemens agit ut furor volantem,
ut cunctis animo minatur acri!'
illi tum dea serio iocata,
ridens nescio quid Venus dolosum,
'et te, si reputas modo ipse, fatum est
parvum semper habere corpus,' inquit:
'at non tu pateris deos Olympo,
non terris homines quiete solvi,
sed saevo quotiens libet vacare
ludo, discutis omnium sopores.
quare aut ipse ferociam reponas
aut illi quoque idem sinas licere.'

G. A. D.

FORTE Amor—ipse latens vidi—venit ore modesto
ad Cinaram et matris nomine avere iubet.
risi ego: tum, puer ut dominam pro Cypride nostram
sensit, sanguineus flagrat in ore pudor.
'non est quod pudeat,' dixi; 'nam plurimus istud
divino erravit corpore falsus erae.'

G. A. D.

'YES,' I answered you last night;
'No,' this morning, sir, I say;
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below,
'Love me,' sounded like a jest,
Fit for 'yes,' or fit for 'no.'

Call me false or call me free,
Vow, whatever light may shine,—
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both;
Time to dance is not to woo;
Wooing light makes fickle troth,
Scorn of me recoils on you.

E. B. Browning.

AH, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Omar Khayyám.

NOCTE una fuimus: me nocte fatebar amantem,
mane datam fallo, non bene fassa, fidem.
sic quae clara nitent seris aulaea lucernis
munditias orto deposuere die.
aemula tum fidibus resonabant plectra sonoris,
lampade erat multa culta iocisque domus,
hora tulit lusus: ludo me posse putabam
seu dare quaesitam sive negare fidem.
tu me periuram levioremque argue ventis,
et laesus superos in tua vota voca,
non mea si fallat facies, vestigia luctus
ulla fore in vultu nocte dieve tuo.
quicquid id est, ea culpa manet; peccavimus ambo:
non bene per lusus foedera iungit amor.
nec Venus ulla diu leviter commissa manebit,
tu quibus opprobriis me petis ipse iaces.

H. C. G.

FUNDERE quid cessas laticem, mea vita, Lyaeum?
nec desiderium nec sinit ille metus.
quo mihi cras? cras forsan eo quo fugit et illud
quicquid heri fuerit temporis ipse sequar.
flosque decusque virum, si quos meliora racemis
musta premens olim prompserit acta dies,
pocula siccarunt alio moderante magistro,
dormitumque sua quisque abiere vice.
nosque renidentes aestatis flore, relictas
qui nunc instruimus, turba hodierna, dapes,
ibimus in terram cubitum, nostrique cubili
post paulo cineres qua cubet alter erunt.
utere, nam fas est, vitae quod restat agendum,
nos brevis inviso distinet hora solo;
aeternumque erimus sparso sub pulvere pulvis,
nec fide nec Bacchi iam recreandus ope.

H. C. G.

SO saying, light-foot Iris passed away.
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung
Her fringed aegis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden cloud,
And from it lighted an all-shining flame.
As when a smoke from a city goes to heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes,
All day the men contend in grievous war
From their own city, but with set of sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbours round
May see, and sail to help them in the war;
So from his head the splendour went to heaven.
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor join'd
The Achaeans—honouring his wise mother's word—
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far away
Call'd; and a boundless panic shook the foe.

TENNYSON (*from Homer*).

THE lover in melodious verses
His singular distress rehearses;
Still closing with a rueful cry,
'Was ever such a wretch as I?'
Yes! thousands have endured before
All thy distress; some, haply, more.
Unnumbered Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like disdain;
And if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

COWPER.

DIXERAT; atque aversa levi pede praeterit Iris.
tum magni tutela Iovis surrexit Achilles:
invictisque umeris circumdedit aegida Pallas
ipsa suam serpentigeram: dein nubis et auri
splendentem imposuit capiti dea clara coronam,
unde accensa replet late loca lumine flamma.
ac velut e terra petit altas aetheris oras
fumus, ubi infestis procul insula cingitur armis:
bella nefanda cient ad finem lucis ab ortu,
urbe sua egressi: sed sol ubi mergitur undis,
crebri ardent ignes, alteque effusa relucet
flamma procul, socii si forte per aequora vecti
auxiliumque et opes iungent, data signa secuti:
illius haud aliter capitis ferit aethera fulgor.
e muro ad fossam egressus stetit, agmen Achivom
necdum iniit, doctae non immemor ille parentis;
stansque ibi Pelides clamat, longeque reclamat
Pallas: at infando Teucri tremuere pavore.

J. A.

INVOCAT omnis amans Musas versuque canoro
cur tantum sibi sit sors inimica rogat.
quod tamen hic semper finis solet esse querellae,
'non ego cum multis sed nova fata fero',
milia multa hominum te non leviora tulerunt;
invenias, peius quem cruciarit amor.
quod quereris, Corydon queritur queriturque Menalcas;
spernit amatorem quaeque puella suum.
sit tua dura quidem rigidoque simillima saxo,
surda sit oranti, ferrea corda gerat:
convenit illa tamen multis censura puellis,
et furor haud paucos possidet iste viros.

J. D. D.

I WILL confess
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That, let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry,
It, ah! too late repents me
That I did fall
To love at all—
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, I'll be
In fetters free;
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee;
Which done, no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

HERRICK.

EST quod confitear, neque enim piget ista fateri;
tam mihi natura concinit apta Venus,
verbera si totis velit intorquere diebus,
oscula reddiderim verbere caesus erae.
sic iuvat: haud nostrum est pueriles ducere fletus,
nec facti, a, sero paenituisse querar.
quo semel exarsi non indignabor amorem,
namque in deliciis illud 'amare' mihi est.
liber ero, liber! vinclis et carcere clausus,
dum plangunt alii pectus utraque manu;
his dolor exacuit gemitus, ego laetus ovansque
volnera tam dulci passus ab hoste canam.
ipse coronatus pateris liboque sacrato,
ut ferias telis pectora nostra petam.
quod si contigerit, nunquam me tendere posthac
videris immunes ad tua sacra manus.

H. C. G.

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that is brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather,
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

SHERIDAN.

HOC bene te, ternis pudibunda puellula lustris,
hoc bene uos, orbae, quis numerata decem.
haec sibi damnoso uadens meretricula cultu,
lanificae poscunt haec sibi pocla probae.
uos illam, socii, uos hanc bene dicite cuncti;
digna erit haec uestro, digna erit illa mero.
nunc bene uos, gratis rident quibus ora lacunis,
nunc bene uos dico quis gelasinus abest.
hoc tibi, caeruleis geminum cui lumen ocellis,
hoc ego propino, lusca puella, tibi.
uindicat hos cyathos candenti pectore uirgo,
hos quae castaneas aequat adusta nuces.
his bibitur curas prodens matrona latentis,
his lepidos uoltu fassa puella iocos.
uasta sit an gracilis, nullo discrimine ponam,
nec sit anus faciam sitne tenella pili.
quare agite, o socii, baccho cumulate trientes,
et 'bene femineum' uox sonet una 'genus.'
uos simul his illis age propinate puellis;
omnis erit nostro, sat scio, digna mero.

J. P. P.

AND sanguine beasts her gentle looks made tame;
They drank before her at her sacred fount:
And every beast of beating heart grew bold
Such gentleness and power even to behold.

The brinded lioness led forth her young,
That she might teach them how they should forego
Their inborn thirst for death; the pard unstrung
His sinews at her feet, and sought to know,
With looks whose motions spoke without a tongue,
How he might be as gentle as the doe.
The magic circle of her voice and eyes
All savage natures did imparadise.

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick
Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew
Came, blithe, as in the olive copses thick
Cicadæ are, drunk with the noon-day dew:
And Dryope and Faunus followed quick,
Teazing the god to sing them something new:
Till in this cave they found the lady lone,
Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

SHELLEY. *Witch of Atlas*, VI.

NO more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first of the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

BURNS.

FIT placida aspectu placidae natura cruentis,
ut coram domina flumina sancta bibant:
quique metu trepidant (in miti tanta potestas)
corda simul visa non tremuere dea.
ad nympham catulos deducit fulva leaena,
illius et monitu dedocet esse feros;
illa sitim leti demit; pardoque solutis
imperat ut nervis accubet ante pedes;
hic tacitus, voltu tamen ut sine voce precetur,
mansuetum capreae pectus habere cupit.
voce oculisque feras pacaverat, aurea saecla
omne tenens magico numinis orbe pecus.
Silenusque senex, viridanti stipite quassans
lilia, dique aderant ruris, agreste genus:
qualia olivetis sub spissis gaudia, quando
multa die medio rore cicada madet.
tum Dryope sequitur propius Faunusque, petentes
carmen inauditum, sollicitantque senem.
deveniuntque locum, tectis ubi sola sub antris
Atlantis vitrea sede puella sedet.

A. W. V.

ATTICE, quid patres, quid pollicearis equestres
convivas? summas aut quid in urbe dapes?
quem non tu salibus, quem non sermonibus ipse
decipias, iam non decipiendus erit.

A. W. V.

Saba.

AS from the wonder of a trance,
The bride looks out; so cold,
The bridegroom, even, dares not advance
As in the time of old:
Her gaze such deadly warning gives,
The colour leaves his cheek;
He looks, still doubting if she lives
Until he hears her speak.

He lists to her in more alarm;
His cheek grows paler still,
As Saba lifts her sceptre-arm
And utters thus her will:
"At my return art thou afraid?
Death is our common lot:
Our past was but the world of shade
So soon by us forgot.

* * * * *

I am the queen of all the land,
And Saba hath her will
While these balm-bearing forests stand
Which frankincense distil;
While these myrrh-valleys drink the sun,
And while the spice-buds grow;
While clear the holy waters run
Whence deathless rivers flow.

Here floats the shadow of the palm
Wherein the pilgrims rest;
Here doth the loving air embalm
The bodies of the blest.
But he who hath forsworn the vows
Of love's most wondrous tie,
Now to the final forfeit bows:
It is his turn to die."

T. G. HAKE.

QUALIS uagatus mente de membris redux
in se sibist miraculo,
talis tuetur. ipse uir duros fugit
uisus et accessum timet
insuetus; ipsi, sic minatast lumine,
sanguis ab ore fugerat.
reuixeritne, dubitat, usque dum loqui
fides reuicit aurium.
maior loquentis horror; auctior genas
pallor trementes inficit,
iam regie mouente dexteram Saba
uocesque plenas inperi.
'nos tu reuersos num paues? sors debita
stat una mors mortalibus.
orti tenebris quam tenebrarum cito
obliuionem ducimus!
telluris hic regina totius uocor
Sabe: Sabae parebitur,
dum stabit aegris lucus hic salutifer,
sudans odores tureos,
fetisque murra sol bibetur uallibus,
costique crescent germina,
dum dius exundabit amnium liquor
nutritor immortalium.
his innat aruis umbra palmarum, uiae
sanctis leuamen aduenis;
amicus aer hic piorum corpora
tabi beata surripit.
ast ille, sancti iura qui periurio
amans amoris polluit,
poenas supremas nunc dat inuicem suas,
et ipse morti traditus.'

J. P. P.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH.

Departed Days.

YES, dear departed cherished days,
Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays
From Time's grey urn once more:
Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold
While the fair phantoms rose.

But like a child in Ocean's arms
We strive against the stream,
Each moment further from the shore
Where life's young fountains gleam:—
Each moment fainter wave the fields
And wider rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
Day breaks—and where are we?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DOVAE propter origines
lustrabat Lalage devia callium;
nulli gratia virginis
laudata est: quota pars dixit amabilem?
sic musco violam abdidit
saxum ingens oculis praetereuntium,
sic lucens micat Hesperus,
solus cum vacuum possidet aethera.
vitam ignota peregerat;
paucis desierat vivere consciis:
sed postquam Lalagen tenet
bustum, terra mihi visa senescere.

E. D. S.

TEMPORA praeteritae penitus dilecta iuventae,
o si Mnemosyne vos revocare mihi,
si iubar ex aevo posset reparare sepulto
quod nova lux olim, quod moritura dabat;
sic trepidi demum cordis requiesceret angor,
clausa forent nisu lumina fessa suo,
ipsa fatigatas tum Spes submitteret alas,
dum referens gratos surgeret umbra dies.
sed, velut abreptus Neptuni amplexibus infans,
nil profecturi nitimur, aestus agit;
iamque remota magis, quo longius itur in altum,
laeta novis vitae fontibus ora micat;
iam minus apparent undantia messibus arva,
latius immensas iam mare volvit aquas;
fit nebula sublustre salum, sol vergit in aequor;
sol oritur: quo nos lux videt orta rapi?

R. C. J.

IT was Lilith the wife of Adam:
(*Eden bower's in flower.*)
Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft sweet woman.

Lilith stood on the skirts of Eden;
(*And O the bower and the hour!*)
She was the first that thence was driven;
With her was hell and with Eve was heaven.

In the ear of the Snake said Lilith:—
(*Eden bower's in flower.*)
'To thee I come when the rest is over;
A snake was I when thou wast my lover.

I was the fairest snake in Eden:
(*And O the bower and the hour!*)
By the earth's will, new form and feature
Made me a wife for the earth's new creature.

Take me thou as I come from Adam:
(*Eden bower's in flower.*)
Once again shall my love subdue thee;
The past is past and I am come to thee.

O but Adam was thrall to Lilith!
(*And O the bower and the hour!*)
All the threads of my hair are golden,
And there in a net his heart was holden.

O and Lilith was queen of Adam!
(*Eden bower's in flower.*)
All the day and the night together
My breath could shake his soul like a feather.'

D. G. ROSSETTI.

UXOR en Adamae Lilita
Edenae per amoena obit:
nulla pars hominumst ei
sanguinis, sed amabilis
flos decorque puellae.
stat Lilita (mala o dies)
Edenae prope limitem,
prima quae cecidit foras:
Tartara huic inhiant, fovet
caelitum iubar Evam.
fatur Anguis in auribus
floridum ante nemus Lilita:
Acta cetera, teque nunc,
te petivi ego quam prius
anguem ut anguis amabas.
formosissima quot fovent
Edenae nemora anguium
mox nova specie (iubet
Terra) terrigenae novo
prodii nova nupta.
me relicto Adama tene
floridisque recessibus;
iamque (nam quod erat, fuit)
te domabit amor meus,
te peto tua rursum.
ut Lilitae Adamas famul
(quam beata dies) erat:
crinium mihi fila sunt
aurea omnia, quis erat
cor viri illaqueatum.
ut Lilita Adamae fuit
Edenaeque era: nam viri
nocte protinus et die,
pluma ut aere, mens meo
spiritu trepidabat.

R. D. A. H.

HOW sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide.
He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.
With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.
He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then laughing sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

BLAKE.

SUAVE erat huc illuc notos volitare per agros,
quaeque redux aestas iactat ubique, frui.
labitur ante oculos phoebeo lumine vectus
aliger, omnipotens ille in amore, deus.
crinibus ostendit niveos mihi lilia comptus,
et docet in nitida fronte rubere rosas.
pergit odoratos mecum dux ire per hortos,
unde voluptates, aurea turba, satae.
ver erat et dulci pennae mihi rore madebant;
ver erat et vocem sol ciet igne meam.
inicit ille meo subtilia retia collo;
aurea captivam claustra domusque tenent.
iamque amat acclinans prope me spectare canentem,
et mecum lepidos iungere saepe iocos;
obicit, auratam ridens dum corripit alam,
quae fuerim quondam libera, vincla pati.

F. J. H. J.

TRANSLATIONS

INTO LATIN PROSE

FOR indeed a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, the change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up: old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying, the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions, of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven inlaid with stars had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit, which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer. And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like an echo of a vanished world.

FROUDE.

NAM rebus humanis ingruebat mutatio, quae quid vellet, quo spectaret, hodie etiam quaeritur, saeculi quaedam in saeculum transeuntis. confunduntur viae quibus institerant vestigia annorum, fiunt de priscis nova, par somnio dissipatur decem saeculorum vita ac fides. languet bellicae virtutis honos, dum mox putrescant simul et militum et sacerdotum parietinae: quicquid denique expresserat vetustas, quicquid studio sectabatur, quicquid religiosi sanctive conceperat, solvitur in aeternum. accesserat orbi terrarum vergentibus ad occidentem aquis emersa continens. in laqueata sidereae arcis templa patuerat incomperti tractus immensa profunditas: quin refixa radicibus immota tellus prae mundi divina amplitudine exigua particula reperitur. aderat dies quo in exstructis tam strenue institutis non amplius versarentur homines. iamque evanuit rerum vetus ordo, commixta in auras specie levior; ut nos inter priscosque Anglos plus intercedat spatii quam quod historiarum scriptor pedestri oratione exsuperet. neque enim illi ad nos pervenire, neque ipsi illos cogitando nisi adumbrare possumus. esto ut inter columnas ac silentia templorum effigies sopitorum intuentibus obversetur horum, quales vixerint, incerta et fluitans imago: esto ut campanam audientibus, quae ut proprium mediae aetatis inventum quasi neniam vetustatis affert.

R. C. J.

IT was not to be. Had the Senate been capable of using the opportunity, they would long before have undertaken a reformation for themselves. Even had their eyes been opened, there were disintegrating forces at work which the highest political wisdom could do no more than arrest; and little good is really effected by prolonging artificially the lives of either constitutions or individuals beyond their natural period. From the time when Rome became an empire, mistress of provinces to which she was unable to extend her own liberties, the days of her self-government were numbered. A homogeneous and vigorous people may manage their own affairs under a popular constitution so long as their personal characters remain undegenerate. Parliaments and Senates may represent the general will of the community, and may pass laws and administer them as public sentiment approves. But such bodies can preside successfully only among subjects who are directly represented in them. They are too ignorant, too selfish, too divided, to govern others; and Imperial aspirations draw after them, by obvious necessity, an Imperial rule. Caesar may have known this in his heart, yet the most far-seeing statesman will not so trust his own misgivings as to refuse to hope for the regeneration of the institutions into which he is born. He will determine that justice shall be done. Justice is the essence of government, and without justice all forms, democratic or monarchic, are tyrannies alike. But he will work with the existing methods till the inadequacy of them has been proved beyond dispute. Constitutions are never overthrown till they have pronounced sentence on themselves.

FROUDE.

ID autem frustra exspectares. patres enim occasione data si potuissent uti, novandi aliquo modo rem publicam ipsi erant iam pridem aggressuri rationem. si autem illi ut se res haberet vidissent, tamen incesserat occulto civitati ea mutatio quae summa adhibita prudentia posset in posterum differri, tolli omnino non posset. parum autem proficitur ubi aut publicis institutis aut singulorum hominum vitae diuturnitas ultra quam natura est insita porrigatur. iam ex quo tempore populus Romanus imperare coeperat, provinciarum dominator quas sua libertate donare non potuit, ipsi propediem ab alio necesse erat gubernarentur. potest enim populus pari condicione concors vigensque suas ipse res civiliter administrare, si nulla fiat in ipsis morum immutatio. communem voluntatem possunt concilia senatusque quasi verbis exprimere, publica sententia leges ferre, ius dicere. sed iis tantum bene praeesse possunt unde ipsi sunt electi. ut regantur alii prudentia opus est, liberalitate, apud ipsos concordia. itaque cupientibus imperium accedit necessario imperator. sit ut intimo animo id Caesar intellexerit; illud autem ne is quidem qui plurimum videat admittat, ut, in quibus natus sit institutis, ea non credat in melius posse mutari, ipse suae rerum diffidentiae diffisus. statuat id agendum esse ut sit iustitia; est enim ea demum salus publica, qua adempta sive rex regnat sive populus dominatio est. iis autem quae antea fuerunt utatur tamdiu institutis, quoad non fuerint ultra omnem dubitationem improbata. instituta enim tum demum evertuntur ubi per ipsa constat esse inutilia.

F. J. H. J.

THE principal citizens, who, till that fatal moment, had confided in the protection of their sovereign, threw themselves at his feet. They conjured him not to abandon, or, at least, not to deliver, a faithful colony to the rage of a barbarian tyrant, exasperated by the three successive defeats which he had experienced under the walls of Nisibis. They still possessed arms and courage to repel the invaders of their country; they requested only the permission of using them in their own defence; and, as soon as they had asserted their independence, they should implore the favour of being again admitted into the rank of his subjects. Their arguments, their eloquence, their tears, were ineffectual. Jovian, who in a few weeks had assumed the habits of a prince, was displeased with freedom, and offended with truth; and as he reasonably supposed that the discontent of the people might incline them to submit to the Persian government, he published an edict, under pain of death, that they should leave the city within the term of three days. Ammianus has delineated in lively colours the scene of universal despair which followed. The highways were crowded with a trembling multitude; the distinctions of rank, and sex, and age, were lost in the general calamity. Every one strove to bear away some fragment from the wreck of his fortunes; and as they could not command the immediate service of an adequate number of horses or waggons, they were obliged to leave behind them the greatest part of their valuable effects.

GIBBON. *Roman Empire*, Ch. xxiv.

TUM vero primores civitatis, qui ad id locorum Romani Imperatoris praesidio confisi erant, provoluti ad pedes eius orare et obsecrare ne coloniam fidelem destitueret vel saltem ne barbaro regi traderet, cuius iram tres deinceps clades sub moenibus urbis acceptae exacerbavissent; superesse et animos et arma quibus hostem fines suos ingressum repellerent; liceret tantum iis pro sua ipsorum salute uti, quo facto statim vindicata sibi libertate deprecaturos ut in ius dicionemque eius reciperentur.

Nihil tamen vel rationes vel facundia vel lacrimae apud Iovianum valebant; cui, regiis intra paucos dies moribus indutis, displicebant et veritas et libertas. cum vero praesentiret, quod veri simile erat, populum aegre haec ferentem libentius in Persarum dicionem concessurum, edixit, poena mortis intentata, ut omnes intra triduum ex urbe exirent.

Quae deinde secuta sunt mala, omnibus in omnium rerum desperationem versis, lucide in historia sua depinxit Ammianus. vias frequentare trepida fugientium turba, nullo, ut in communi calamitate, vel dignitatis vel aetatis vel sexus discrimine; quisque pro se agere ut aliquid e rei familiaris naufragio servaret et secum deportaret; sed inopia iumentorum et plaustrorum, quantum ad praesentes usus sufficeret, pretiosissima quaeque magna ex parte dereliquerunt.

J. E. N.

FOR the first time in these letters Mary Stuart was presented with an authentic picture of her son. She had dreamt of him, through the weary years of her imprisonment, as her coming champion and avenger. She had slaved, she had intrigued, she had brought her kinsmen in France to espouse his cause. His image had been the one bright spot in the gloomy circle of her thoughts, and this was the end. Here he stood before her drawn by no enemy's pen, but by the hand of her own devoted servant, coarse, ugly, vulgar, uncouth, inflated with vanity and selfishness, and careless whether she lived or died. It must have been a terrible moment, perhaps the worst that she had ever known in all her miserable life. He had gratified her revenge, for in doing so he gratified himself. In all else he threatened to be the most dangerous obstacle which had yet risen in her path. The only hold that she possessed upon him was through his fears. He was craven at heart, he dreaded her malediction, and he knew that she would not spare him. FROUDE.

IN short, every rumour tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents, that the King's vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy. Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggeration of these reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an unfordable river in front, only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and then much worse disciplined and appointed for battle than now; showed them that the ground on which they lay afforded, by its undulation, and the thickets which intersected it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stoutly defended; and that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HAE primum litterae naturam filii vero indicio reginae aperuere. scilicet per diuturnae captivitatis taedia finxerat secum vindicem illum adfuturum et adsertorem: proque eo niti moliri solita, effecerat ut proceres Galliarum, affines sui, partes amplecterentur. quotiens cetera undique luctuosa circumspectarat, praefulgebat eius imago; cuius spei hic erat exitus. quippe iam illius species animo obversabatur, non ludibrio inimici efficta, sed quam socius ipsi devinctus expresserat; rudem nimirum esse et deformem, humili atque agresti habitu, arrogantia insuper tumidum et ambitiosum, nec eum cui mater salvane foret an periret curae esset. numquam crediderim reginam acrius indoluisse, quamvis vita maerorem continuasset. ille quidem matri ultionem indulserat, qua simul cupidinem suam expleret; ceteris sane consiliis veri simile erat moram adlaturum et pericula non alias maiora. illa natum nullo nisi timoris vinculo regere poterat, utpote ignaviae obnoxium et ne mater diras imprecaretur pavescentem; neque enim irae temperaturam sperabat.

J. S. R.

DENIQUE cum ea quae fama afferebantur desciscentium metum etiam atque etiam augerent, tanquam idcirco rex cunctaretur quo poenam caperet certiorem graviorem-que, imperator animos volgi consilio firmare conatur. scilicet in maius omnia rumore fingi. sibi praesidio esse loci naturam, cuius a fronte flumen esset quod vado nusquam, uno ponte longo atque angusto transiri posset. illum se hostem iam ante vicisse, cum pauci fuissent et ad pugnam multo minus quam tunc essent instructi et instituti. iniquitate loci convallibus silvisque variati tormentorum atque etiam equitum accessus, si fortiter propugnarent, arceri posse. salutem denique in ipsorum virtute et constantia esse positam.

F. J. H. J.

IN the sultry noon the High Priest and his young companions stood cooling themselves beside the large tanks which surrounded the open court of the Palace, and watching the gambols and exercises of the guests or slaves, as, one after another, they plunged into these crystal swimming-baths. Amongst these was the band of Gaulish guards, whom Augustus had transferred from Cleopatra to Herod, and whom Herod employed as his most unscrupulous instruments. Lured on by these perfidious playmates, the princely boy joined in the sport, and then, as at sunset the sudden darkness fell over the gay scene, the wild band dipped and dived with him under the deep water; and in that fatal baptism life was extinguished. When the body was laid out in the Palace the passionate lamentations of the Princesses knew no bounds. The news flew through the town, and every house felt as if it had lost a child. The mother suspected, but dared not reveal her suspicions, and in the agony of self-imposed restraint, and in the compression of her determined will, trembled on the brink of self-destruction. Even Herod, when he looked at the dead face and form, retaining all the bloom of youthful beauty, was moved to tears,—so genuine that they almost served as a veil for his complicity in the murder. And it was not more than was expected from the effusion of his natural grief that the funeral was ordered on so costly and splendid a scale as to give consolation even to the bereaved mother and sister.

STANLEY'S *Jewish Church.*

ARDENTE meridie haerebat Pontifex ad piscinas ingentes regiae propatulo circumfusas: pueri a latere frigus pariter captabant ludis ac decursibus intenti servorum convivarumque dum certatim in vitrea natabulorum praecipites inmerguntur. aderat quoque Gallica illa cohors, quibus Augusti dono a Cleopatra in se translatis utebatur Herodes in omne facinus paratissimis. fraude comitum illectus puer et ipse lascivire: mox, vergente simul die tenebrisque in festiva spectacula subito demissis, correptum pariter sub ima trahunt efferi collusores: funesto haustu lustratus oppressusque. cadavere in aedibus proposito, mulierum effreno dolori nec modus nec finis: volat per urbem rumor; nulla non domus quasi abrepto filiolo lugere. mater quidem suspicari nec tamen mussitare ausa: itaque ferocia laborans ut indomita ita constricta, quae frenum ipsa sibi iniecisset, in eo pendebat ut vim vitae suae adferret. ipse etiam princeps mortui faciem formamque contemplatus, aetatis flore iam spectabilem, in lacrimas effusus est ita parum fictas ut facinoris conscientiam paene obtegerent. nec mirum prae inexpleto pietatis luctu tanto splendore adornari exsequias ut matri et sorori orbatis licet satisfacerent.

A. W. S.

THE events of the day had suggested many painful reflections to Cortés. He had nowhere met with so determined a resistance within the borders of Anahuac; nowhere had he encountered native troops so formidable for their weapons, their discipline and their valour. Far from manifesting the superstitious terrors felt by the other Indians at the strange arms and aspect of the Spaniards, the Tlascalans had boldly grappled with their enemy, and only yielded to the inevitable superiority of his military science. How important would the alliance of such a nation be in a struggle with those of their own race, for example, with the Aztecs! But how was he to secure this alliance? Hitherto all overtures had been rejected with disdain; and it seemed probable that every step of his progress in this populous land was to be fiercely contested. His army, especially the Indians, celebrated the events of the day with feasting and dancing, songs of merriment and shouts of triumph. Cortés encouraged it, well knowing how important it was to keep up the spirits of his soldiers. But the sounds of revelry at length died away; and in the still watches of the night many an anxious thought must have crowded on the mind of the general, while his little army lay buried in slumber in its encampment around the Indian hill.

PRESCOTT.

CORTESIO autem reputanti qualis eius diei exitus fuisset, multa aegritudinis irritamenta succurrunt; se nusquam alibi intra fines huius terrae invenisse qui tam obstinate dimicarent, neque militibus popularium ullis obviam isse tanto opere armis disciplina virtute metuendis. tantum quidem abesse ut Tlascalani ceterorum in modum Indorum religiosum quendam metum ex ignotis Hispanorum armis atque habitu subirent, ut ultro etiam pedem contulerint, neque adeo destiterint nisi fatali militaris peritiae momento superati. quanti fore tales viros sibi socios adiungere, si quando cum aliis eiusdem gentis, ut fortasse cum Astecis, certaret! quo tamen pignore posse eos in societatem perlici? sibi adhuc foedus ostentanti superbe responsum; id indicio esse nullam ipsi per tantam hominum multitudinem progredienti agri glebam sine acerbissima pugna cessuram. ceterum milites, et maxime auxilia Indorum, laetitiam re bene gesta testantur epulando saltando, tum carminibus lascivis et clamore victoriam gratulantium. id comprobat imperator, gnarus sua plurimum interesse ne isti animos demittant. aliquando autem comissantium strepitus cecidit; non quin vigilanti per silentium duci multa ingruerent quae animum dubium torquerent, dum exercitum, tenuem sane, castris in colle Indorum positis, somnus devincit.

J. S. R.

THE pursuit was stopped by the advance of the Prince of Parma with the main body of the Spanish army; and the English cavalry on their return from the field found their advantage more than compensated by the loss of Sir Philip Sidney, who being mortally wounded in the action was carried off by the soldiers, and soon after died. This person is described by the writers of that age as the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be formed even by the wanton imagination of poetry or fiction. Virtuous conduct, polite conversation, heroic valour and elegant erudition, all concurred to render him the ornament and delight of the English Court; and as the credit which he possessed with the queen and the Earl of Leicester was wholly employed in the encouragement of genius and literature, his praises have been transmitted with advantage to posterity. No person was so low as not to become an object of his humanity. After this last action, while he was lying on the field mangled with wounds, a bottle of water was brought him to relieve his thirst; but observing a soldier near him in a like miserable condition he said, "This man's necessity is still greater than mine": and resigned to him the bottle of water.

HUME.

SED ipse Hasdrubal cum omni Hispanorum exercitu progressus equiti nostro insequendi finem fecit: qui mox in castra revecti sensere maius quam pro re bene gesta damnum amisso P Scipione, qui in acie mortifero volnere accepto a suis sublatus brevi exspiraverat. hunc hominem scriptores illius aetatis tradiderunt ita omnibus artibus floruisse ut in eo viri ornatissimi specimen ne poetarum quidem omnia pro lubidine fingentium fabulis superandum fuerit. quippe eum integerrima vita sermo elegans mira in bello virtus doctrinae liberales optimatium splendorem et delicias fecere; idem cum magnam suam apud primores civitatis gratiam in ingeniis litterisque fovendis totam collocaret, laude in posteros digna haudquaquam caruit. iam vero nemo erat tam humili loco natus in quo humanitatem suam adhibere nollet. igitur post supremam illam pugnam cum volneribus foedatus humi iaceret, adlato ad sitim levandam aquae poculo, ille gregarium militem pari malo confectum prope conspicatus 'at huic' inquit 'etiam mea maior necessitas' et simul aquam homini concessit.

W. E. H.

THE Governor assured the Colonial Minister that the victory would have bad results, though he gives no hint what these might be; that Montcalm had mismanaged the whole affair; that he would have been beaten but for the manifest interposition of Heaven; and, finally, that he had failed to follow his (Vaudreuil's) directions, and had therefore enabled the English to escape. The real directions of the Governor, dictated perhaps by dread lest his rival should reap laurels, were to avoid a general engagement; and it was only by setting them at nought that Abercromby had been routed. After the battle a sharp correspondence passed between the two chiefs. The Governor, who had left Montcalm to his own resources before the crisis, sent him Canadians and Indians in abundance after it was over; and, while he cautiously refrained from committing himself by positive orders, repeated again and again that if these reinforcements were used to harass Abercromby's communications, the whole English army would fall back to the Hudson, and leave baggage and artillery a prey to the French. These preposterous assertions and tardy succors were thought by Montcalm to be a device for giving color to the charge that he had not only failed to deserve victory, but had failed also to make use of it.

F. PARKMAN.

CETERUM Flaccus missis ad principem litteris victoriam ut in damnum versuram obtrectavit, quid mali metueret obtegens. enimvero Voculam inconsulte gesta re non nisi praesenti deorum ope adversis ereptum. addiderat eum spreto ducis consilio Germanis effugium praebuisse. haec ille, tamquam alteri gloriam invideret, cum ipse legatum acie decertare vetuisset. id Voculae frustra habitum, eoque fusus Civilis. igitur parta victoria duces acribus se invicem epistulis increpavere. et Flaccus qui incerto adhuc eventu legato suo subvenire noluisset, supplementa provincialium barbarorumque satis magna inclinata iam fortuna misit: cumque ambigua ac media iuberet, gnarus discriminis, crebris tamen nuntiis instare. quippe is si novo milite ad intercipiendos Civilis commeatus uti vellet, Rhenum statim repetituros hostes, impedimenta cum machinis in praedam ipsis cessura. quae verbis nimia, missis praesertim sero subsidiis, Vocula in deterius accipiebat: id scilicet agi, ut ipse adversa meritus prosperis ultro defuisse crederetur.

W. E. H.

CLIVE was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed nearly an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

MACAULAY.

CIRCUMSTABANT Caesarem maximae difficultates, quod neque fidei neque virtuti sociorum confidere posset; et qui cum suo ipsius ingenio scientiaeque rei militaris tum militum virtuti ac disciplinae magnopere confideret tamen cum hoste tot partibus superiore proelium non temere committendum existimabat. erat a fronte flumen, ut transitu facile progredientibus ita citra quod e paucis illis male gesta re nemo rediturus esset. quo in discrimine qui nunquam dubitare consuesset neque iterum in vita esset dubitaturus paucas horas adeo commotus erat ut ipse sibi in re trepida auctor esse non sustineret. itaque consilio advocato cum maior pars non esse dimicandum censerent ipse adsensus est. constat multis post annis ipsum confirmasse semel se in omni vita consilium eiusmodi convocasse, cuius consilii sententiae si obsecutus esset, Gallos imperio ac dicioni populi Romani nunquam fuisse adiectos. sed consilio dimisso ipsi extemplo ad se redit, sub arboribus quae non procul aberant solus secum aliquantum temporis deliberat. mox regressus summae rei periculum facere instituerat, omniaque quae ad transeundum flumen usui essent in posterum diem comparari iubet.

W. E. H.

FOX had many noble and amiable qualities, which in private life shone forth in full lustre, and made him dear to his children, to his dependents, and to his friends; but as a public man he had no title to esteem. In him the vices which were common to the whole school of Walpole appeared, not perhaps in their worst, but certainly in their most prominent form; for his parliamentary and official talents made all his faults conspicuous. His courage, his vehement temper, his contempt for appearances, led him to display much that others, quite as unscrupulous as himself, covered with a decent veil. He was the most unpopular of the statesmen of the time, not because he sinned more than many of them, but because he canted less. He felt his unpopularity; but he felt it after the fashion of strong minds. He became, not cautious, but reckless, and faced the rage of the whole people with a scowl of inflexible defiance. He was born with a sweet and generous temper; but he had been goaded and baited into a savageness which was not natural to him, and which amazed and shocked those who knew him best.

MACAULAY.

MULTA in hoc admiranda, multa diligenda: sed domi illa clara liberis servitiis amicis eum commendabant; cum ad rem publicam accederet, nihil laude dignum. si quae vitia omnibus Roberti sociis imitatoribusque communia erant, in illo, si non foedissima, at certe manifestissima, magis eminentibus maculis propter dicendi ac rerum gerendarum peritiam. animi ferocis, immodicus irae, famae incuriosus multa palam ferebat quibus alii non magis honesti decoram speciem obtendebant. maxime omnium, qui tum in re publica versabantur, odio populi flagrabat, non quia plus in eo turpitudinis quam in multis aliis, sed quod dissimulationis minus. sensit invidiam ipse, sed ut solent vehementia illa ingenia, abiecit potius prudentiam quam intendit, et infensum populum immota vultus truculentia palam contempsit. indolem natura mitem generosamque lacessitus ab aliis et irritatus in saevitiam transtulerat prorsus a se alienam, proximis amicorum miraculum ac dolorem.

G. A. D.

THE magnates were enraged at the sudden rise of a foreigner to a position only second to that of Earl Richard, and this proximity was so unpleasant to the latter that he headed the malcontents and personally attacked the king with threats and upbraidings. "Was this the result of all his brother's promises," said the earl, "that he removed his own countrymen from his council, to replace them by aliens, that he deigned not to ask the assent of his constitutional advisers before bestowing his wards in marriage on whomsoever he would?" The whole kingdom was in an uproar; the legate could not get a hearing. The magnates drew their forces together; the citizens of London, twenty years later Simon's staunchest allies, joined in the cry. The king, overwhelmed and confused, was only able to gain a short respite for deliberation. It was hoped on all sides that Earl Richard would avail himself of the opportunity to sweep from the land the hated plague of aliens, and blessings were showered on his head. But by the time the barons were assembled, intrigue had done its work. By his submissive bearing, by promises and gifts, it was said, perhaps by his personal charm or his wife's intercession, Simon had won over his brother-in-law: and with the loss of their leader the band of insurgents soon melted away, cursing the fickleness of him who had been thought "a staff of strength."

G. W. Prothero. *Simon de Montfort.*

OPTIMATES quidem irasci qui alienigenam viderent in dignitatem promoveri Ricardo vix secundam: quae tamen res ipsi adeo iniucunda ut seditiosis ultro praefectus regem ipsum minaciter exprobraret. ergo huc cecidisse fratris promissa ut suis e concilio abstrusis peregrinos sufficeret, ut spretis auctoribus qui more maiorum censerent pupillas uti libitum collocaret. totis finibus turbatum: legati verba aspernantur. proceres copias contrahere: cives ipsi, viginti post annos ex acerrimis fautoribus, obstrepere. rex animi pavidus ac perculsus non nisi breve cogitandi spatium consequitur. undique spes Ricardi, fore ut tempore usus nequissimam illam accitorum pestem exterminaret: simul omnes fausta omnia precari. at patres iam adhibitos fraus praevenerat. quippe observantia, idem multa pollicitus nec minus largitor (incertum quoque an singulari mansuetudine an uxoris precibus concessum) sororis maritum aemulus ille devinxerat: amisso statim duce tumultuantes dilabuntur, eius perfidiam exsecrati quem pro robore et adminiculo habuissent.

A. W. S.

AT length the silence of this awful period of expectation was broken by a sound, which at a distance was like the rushing of a stream of water, but as it approached we distinguished the thick-beating clang of a number of horses advancing very fast. The noise increased and came nearer, and at length thirty horsemen and more rushed at once upon the lawn. You never saw such horrid wretches!... I, who am a soldier's daughter and accustomed to see war from my infancy, was never so terrified in my life as by the savage appearance of these ruffians, their horses reeking with the speed at which they had been ridden, and their furious exclamations of rage and disappointment when they saw themselves baulked of their prey. They paused however, when they saw the preparations made to receive them, and appeared to hold a moment's consultation among themselves. At length one of the party came forward, with a white handkerchief on the end of his carbine, and asked to speak with Colonel Mannering. My father, to my infinite terror, threw open a window near which he was posted, and demanded what he wanted. "We want our goods, which we have been robbed of by these sharks," said the fellow, "and our lieutenant bids me say, that, if they are delivered, we'll go off for this bout without clearing scores with the rascals who took them; but if not, we'll burn the house, and have the heart's blood of every one in it"—a threat which he repeated more than once, graced by a fresh variety of imprecations and the most horrid denunciations that cruelty could suggest.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Guy Mannering.*

HANC tantam formidinem et exspectationem cum aliquamdiu pertulissemus, auditur eiusmodi aliquid, ut ex longinquo primum torrenti quiddam simile, mox, cum propius sentiretur, equorum constaret esse frequentem strepitum, celerrimo ad nos cursu appropinquantium. quo accedente et increbrescente, fit tandem ipsorum equitum sub aedes subita incursio. erant autem triginta aut plures, homines vel pessimis, quos tu videris, truculentiores....ipsi mihi, bellatoris filiae et bellis ab infantia assuetae, nihil unquam tam terribile visum est aspectu, nihil auditu, quam illi tum fuerunt, cum ab itinere concitato sudantibus aderant equis, praedaeque sibi abreptae dolore et ira iactis clamoribus indignabantur. sed cum parata ex adverso conspexissent, facta tamen mora, dum inter se (sic enim credebamus) breviter consulunt, progreditur denique unus ex iis, albam hastili mappam prae se gerens, poscitque ut cum Manlio conloquatur. tum vero pater meus (o me miseram metu et enectam!), patefacta ad quam adstabat fenestra, 'quid tibi vis?' 'nos vero nostra,' inquit 'quae istorum latrocinio amisimus, volumus nobis reddita: quod si fiet, ex mandato ducis nostri nuntio, sic nos abituros, ut furibus istis gratiam nunc quidem non referamus; sin minus, aedes incensuros, in viva, quot estis, corpora saevituros.' neque haec semel tantum, sed exquisitis aliter alia detestationibus iactitat, ut, quidquid atrocissimi inveniri possit, nihil tacitum in minis relinquat.

A. W. V.

THE place was large enough to afford half an hour's strolling without the monotony of treading continually the same path ; and for those who love to peruse the annals of graveyards, here was variety of inscription enough to occupy the attention for double or treble that space of time. Hither people of many kindreds, tongues and nations had brought their dead for interment ; and here on pages of stone, of marble and of brass were written names, dates, last tributes of pomp or love in English, in French, in German, in Latin . . . . Every tribe and kindred mourned after its own fashion ; and how soundless was the mourning of all ! My own tread, though slow and upon smooth-rolled paths, seemed to startle, because it formed the sole break to a silence otherwise total. Not only the winds, but the very fitful wandering airs were that afternoon, as by common consent, all fallen asleep in their various quarters ; the north was hushed, the south silent, the east sobbed not nor did the west whisper. The clouds in heaven were condensed and dull, but apparently quite motionless. Under the trees of this cemetery nestled a warm breathless gloom, out of which the cypresses stood up straight and mute, above which the willows hung low and still, where the flowers, as languid as fair, waited listless for night dew or thunder-shower ; where the tombs and those they hid lay impassible to sun or shadow, to rain or drought.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE. *The Professor.*

LOCUS in tantum patebat ut semihoram ibi obambulare posses nec tuis semper insistendo uestigiis taedio affici: quod si cui studium esset rerum gestarum memoriam qualem sepulcra praeberent pernoscendi, tanta inerat ibi elogiorum uarietas ut duplex quoque uel triplex temporis spatium posset haec legendo traducere. illuc enim suos genere natione lingua diuersi alii aliunde conuexerant sepeliendos, et nomina annosque cum supremis quoque amoris uel ambitionis testimoniis, Anglice Gallice Germanice uel etiam Latine scripta in tabulas aereas marmoreas lapideas incidenda curauerant. mortuos sibi quaeque gens, cognatio quaeque suo more lugebant, quanto omnes in illo luctu silentio! enimuero ad meos ipse ingressus, quamuis tarde in aequata manu glarea incedentis, paene expaueram, cum altissimum silentium sonus ille unus interrumperet. nam eo die non uentos modo ipsos sed uagas quoque et incertas auras, uelut consensu quodam obdormissent, sua quamque sedes tenuerat. conticuerat Aquilo, Auster silebat, ne Eurus quidem singultus ullos dabat nec Fauonius suos spiritus. spissae per caelum nullo candore nubes speciem praebebant prorsus immotam. luci sepulcralis tamquam in sinu cubans quaedam anhelans, ut uidebatur, a tepore opacitas cupressuum erigebat taciturnam proceritatem, sustinebat salicum humilitatem quietam, florum integebat flaccescentium languidulam pulchritudinem, rores nocturnos illorum quidem siue imbres aestiuos expectantium, ad sepulcra uero et sepultos aditum omnem cum soli umbraeque, tum pluuiae et siccitati interclusum esse significauerat.

J. P. P.

MRS Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

'Come here, child,' cried her father as she appeared. 'I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?' Elizabeth replied that it was. 'Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?'

'I have, sir.'

'Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs Bennet?'

'Yes, or I will never see her again.'

'An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*.'

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

'What do you mean, Mr Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to *insist* upon her marrying him.'

'My dear,' replied her husband, 'I have two small favours to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be.'

JANE AUSTEN.

PILIA digitis concrepuit; Pomponia in bibliothecam uenire iubetur. quae cum adesset, Atticus 'huc ad me, mea filia;' inquit 'de magna re te acciui. nam dicitur mihi Lentulus te ut sibi nuberes rogasse. num res ita se habet?' ait illa. 'te uero nolle respondisse?' 'ita, mi pater.' 'nunc' inquit ille 'ad id quod agitur peruenimus. mater enim tua nubendum ei omnino censet; an negas, Pilia?' 'aio, atque etiam e conspectu meo fugabo nisi fecerit.' 'miseram habes electionem propositam tibi, Pomponia, cui parentum alterutro hodierno die carendum est. mater enim fugabit te e conspectu suo nisi Lentulo nupseris, ego autem si nupseris.' orationem ab illo exordio in hunc finem deductam non potuit quin rideret Pomponia; Pilia uero, quae persuaserat sibi maritum eadem atque ipsa uellet sentire, molestius rem tulit. 'quid tibi uis,' inquit 'mi uir, qui isto modo loqueris? nam pollicitus es tu quidem coacturum te eam ut Lentulo nuberet.' tum ille 'duo paruula, mea uxor, a te peto, unum ut mentem mihi hoc tempore liberam relinquas, alterum ut locum; uacuam enim mihi bibliothecam quam primum uolo.'

J. P. P.

IN the march of his epoch he was behind the eager, but before the slow. Accustomed to a large range of observation over contemporaneous events, he had been led by history to the conclusion that all eras have their peculiar tendencies, which a calm judgment and an enlightened statesmanship should distinctly recognize, but not prematurely adopt or extravagantly indulge. He did not believe in the absolute wisdom which some see in the past, which others expect from the future; but he preferred the hopes of the generation that was coming on to the despair of the generation that was passing away. Thus throughout a long political life there was nothing violent or abrupt, nothing that had the appearance of going backwards and forwards, or forwards and backwards. His career went on in one direction gradually but continuously from its commencement to its close. Into the peculiar and individual position which in this manner he by degrees acquired, he carried an earnest patriotism, a strong manly understanding, many accomplishments derived from industry and a sound early education, and a remarkable talent for concentrating details. Ambitious, he was devoid of vanity; and with a singular absence of effort or pretension, found his foot at last on the topmost round of the ladder he had been long unostentatiously mounting.

H. Lytton Bulwer. *Life of Palmerston.*

AGMEN aequalium neque anteibat ille neque cogebat, ut festinantibus tardior ita tardis prior. quippe solitus ipse res eodem tempore gestas lato conspectu perlustrare, ex annalibus illud collegerat, suos cuique saeculo esse motus, suum ingenium: quod senatorem sedato iudicio ac sagaci ratione plane quidem agnoscere oportere, nec tamen ideo aut praecipere aut morem nimium ei gerere. perfectam nescio quam sapientiam cum alii in atavis respiciant, alii in posteris exspectent, ille neutrum: sperare tamen cum adulescentibus maluit quam cum senioribus omnia deplorare. itaque in republica paene a puero ad senium versatus, nihil subiti agere, nihil praerupti: nusquam vacillare dixeris, nihil incohatum relinquere; aequabili cursu a carceribus usque ad metam nec properabat unquam nec cessabat. unde locum unicum et quasi privum adeptus, acrem patriae amorem adhibuit, masculam ingeni vim, artes quoque nonnullas quas et sua cura et probe a patre institutus comparaverat; ad haec, miram sane facultatem ad multa et singula in rationem contrahenda. honorum appetens nec sui venditator; et vix alium inveneris qui nullo fere nisu, nihil sibi adrogando, iam tandem fastigio insisteret, quo diu conscendens et ceteros et se ipsum paene fefellisset.

C. W. M.

THUS pressed by enemies without and by factions within, the leader was found, as usual, true to himself. Circumstances so appalling as would have paralysed a common mind only stimulated his to higher action and drew forth all its resources. He combined what is most rare, singular coolness and constancy of purpose with a spirit of enterprise that might well be called romantic. His presence of mind did not now desert him. He calmly surveyed his condition, and weighed the difficulties which surrounded him, before coming to a decision. Independently of the hazard of a retreat in the face of a watchful and desperate foe, it was a deep mortification to surrender up the city, where he had long lorded it as a master; to abandon the rich treasures which he had secured to himself and his followers; to forego the very means by which he had hoped to propitiate the favour of his sovereign, and secure an amnesty for his irregular proceedings. This he well knew must after all be dependent on success. To fly now was to acknowledge himself further removed from the conquest than ever. What a close was this to a career so auspiciously begun! What a contrast to his magnificent vaunts! What a triumph would it afford to his enemies! The governor of Cuba would be amply revenged.

PRESCOTT.

ITAQUE foris hostibus domi factionibus vexatus, dux, pro suo more, ipse sibi haud deerat. res enim mediocri cuique formidinem incussurae illum non nisi ad acriora provocare animique copias elicere. ipse enim, id quod rarissimum, ante alios impavidus idem propositi tenacissimus audaciam adnectebat paene fabulosam. itaque ne tanto quidem discrimine perculsus, res aequo animo contemplatus, necnon pensitato quibus premeretur angustiis, ita tandem consilium init. praeterquam enim quod hosti vigili trucique, ut in extremis rebus, terga dare periculosum, virum vel altius penetrabat urbs tradenda cui tam diu dominatus esset, nec minus relinquendae gazae quas sibi suisque comparasset, ea denique ultro omittenda unde spes fore ut principe delenito rerum contra morem gestarum veniam impetraret. quae tamen satis liquebat non nisi re feliciter gesta in promptu esse. fugeretne ? ita ut a victoria vel remotiorem se fateretur : quo tandem exitu aetatis iam auspicato initae ! quam dissimili gloriosae illius vaniloquentiae ! quanta denique inimicorum exsultatione ! proconsuli quidem satis superque fore ultionis !

A. W. S.

THE personal qualities of the French King added to the respect inspired by the power and importance of his kingdom. No sovereign has ever represented the majesty of a great state with more dignity and grace. He was his own prime minister, and performed the duties of a prime minister with an ability and an industry which could not be reasonably expected from one who had in infancy succeeded to a crown, and who had been surrounded by flatterers before he could speak. He had shown in an eminent degree two talents invaluable in a prince, the talent of choosing his servants well, and the talent of appropriating to himself the chief part of the credit of their acts. In his dealings with foreign powers he had some generosity but no justice. To unhappy allies who threw themselves at his feet, and had no hope but in his compassion, he extended his protection with a romantic disinterestedness which seemed better suited to a philosopher than a statesman. But he broke through the most sacred ties of public faith without scruple or shame, whenever they interfered with his interest or his glory. His perfidy and violence, however, excited less enmity than the insolence with which he constantly reminded his neighbours of his own greatness, and of their littleness.

MACAULAY.

REGIS autem Gallorum auctoritatem, iam regni opibus atque amplitudine florentem, adiuvabant etiam ipsius ingenium et mores. etenim ita se gerebat ut in tuenda praepotentis populi maiestate nemo unquam alias tam gravis atque urbanus exstiterit. namque totam rerum procurationem per se ipse tanta sedulitate et prudentia obibat quanta minime in eo speranda videretur qui iam ineunte aetate regno successisset, atque infans adhuc inter adulatores esset versatus. duas vero proprias principatus artes haud mediocriter exercebat, ut et sollerter ministros eligeret, et eorum bene gesta plerumque in suam laudem averteret. in exteras nationes per beneficia aliquando, numquam per iura agebat. nam sociis quidem suppliciter ad pedes provolutis, neque ullam spem nisi in eius lenitate ponentibus, tam se paratum patronum tamque praeter modum commodi sui contemptorem praebebat, ut philosophorum potius rationibus quam regno aptum crederes. idem vero neque pudorem neque religionem unquam impedimento habuit quominus sanctissima publicae fidei foedera violaret, si quid illa vel commodo suo vel decori officerent. sed quamquam vi et perfidia grassabatur, minor ex eo moles invidiae erat quam quod semper finitimis ipsorum tenuitatem suam contra amplitudinem contumeliose obiciebat.

H. C. G.

THEY were bold and fearless in their civil dissensions, ready to proceed to extremities, and to carry their debates to the decision of force. Individuals stood distinguished by their personal spirit and vigour, not by the valuation of their estates, or the rank of their birth. They had a personal elevation founded on the sense of equality, not of precedence. The general of one campaign was during the next a private soldier and served in the ranks. They were solicitous to acquire bodily strength; because, in the use of their weapons, battles were a trial of the soldier's strength as well as of the leader's conduct. The remains of their statuary show a manly grace, an air of simplicity and ease, which, being frequent in nature, were familiar to the artist. The mind, perhaps, borrowed a confidence and force from the vigour and address of the body; their eloquence and style bore a resemblance to the carriage of the person. The understanding was chiefly cultivated in the practice of affairs. The most respectable persons were obliged to mix with the crowd, and derived their degree of ascendancy only from their conduct, their eloquence, and personal vigour. They had no forms of expression to mark a ceremonious and guarded respect. Invective proceeded to railing, and the grossest terms were often employed by the most admired and accomplished orators.

FERGUSON.

CIVILIBUS in discordiis ita ferociter et temere agebant ut ad extrema decurrere controversiasque armis disceptare in promptu esset. non census, non claritas natalium, sed suae quemque vires ac propria virtus extollebant; eoque tamquam apud pares graduumque dignitatis incuriosos plus fiduciae ac spiritus. qui nuper exercitum duxerat, idem proximi belli manipularis stipendia merebat. corpore quam validissimo esse praecipuum studium, quia is eis usus armorum ut non tam ducis prudentiam quam robur militum acies periclitaretur. statuis quoque inest, sicubi quae supersunt, virile quoddam decus et ingenua simplicitas; quippe bene nota neque apud illos quidem rara artifex imitabatur. haud scio an mens ipsa valido habilique corpori non nihil firmitatis constantiaeque debuerit; oratio certe et genus dicendi prope ad gestum et motum corporis accedebant. ingenium autem in re publica administranda maxime excultum: unde honestissimus quisque multitudini sese immiscere coactus tantum modo si peritus, si facundus, si ipse in re gerenda strenuus, admiratione praeerat. sed honoris causa certam quandam reverentiam sollemnibus verbis adhibere ignotum. ab accusatione ita ad contumelias transibant ut ne foedissimis quidem conviciis oratores et arte et laude maximi abstinerent.

R. D. H.

WHEN the Black Watch, after years of foreign service, returned to Scotland, veterans leaped out and kissed the earth at Port Patrick. They had been in Ireland, stationed among men of their own race and language, where they were well liked and treated with affection; but it was the soil of Galloway that they kissed at the extreme end of the hostile Lowlands, among a people who did not understand their speech, and who had hated, harried and hanged them since the dawn of history...What was the sense in which these men were Scotch and not English, or Scotch and not Irish? Can a bare name be thus influential on the minds and affections of men and a bare political aggregation blind them to the nature of facts?...The fact remains. In spite of the difference of blood and language the Lowlander feels himself the sentimental countryman of the Highlander. When they meet abroad they fall upon each other's necks in spirit; and at home there is a kind of clannish intimacy in their talk. But from his compatriot in the south the Lowlander stands consciously apart. He has had a different training; he obeys different laws; his eyes are not at home in an English landscape or with English houses: his ear continues to remark the English speech; and even though his tongue acquire the Southern knack, he will still have a strong Scotch accent of the mind.

R. L. STEVENSON. *Memoirs and Portraits.*

TRADUNTUR legionis Belgicae veterani, ex longa militia in portum quendam Lugudunensem revecti, alius super alium desilientes solum carissimis osculis salutasse. militaverant inter Britannos, quae gens non solum originis ac linguae eiusdem erat sed in ipsos tunc omnem benevolentiam comitatemque exhibuerat; redeuntes tamen terram salutabant Lugudunensis provinciae extremam, ipsis alienissimam, inter populum Belgicae linguae expertem, qui Belgas ex omni memoria oderat vexaverat enicaverat. quanam igitur ratione illi Galli potius quam vel Britanni vel Itali dici poterant? num nudum aliquod nomen mentes hominum et affectus adeo movere potest? an duo populi inde tantum quod rei publicae caussa coniuncti sunt, unde orti sint continuo obliviscentur? sic utique se res habet, quo modo cunque explicetur: quamvis sanguine ac lingua remoti, animo tamen se cognatos et Belgis Galli et Gallis Belgae sentiunt. si forte peregre congressi sunt, acerrimo studio consociantur; domi etiam gentiliciam quandam familiaritatem in sermone deprehendes. sed ab Italo Lugudunensis prorsus abhorret; aliter ille educatus, aliis legibus paret, oculis illius nec rura Italica nec domus rident, auribus vox nostra semper surdum aliquid crepat. immo, etsi lingua nos satis callide imitari discat, mens tamen secum colore aliquo Gallici sermonis semper loquetur.

R. S. C.

FOR these reasons, Sir, I think the noble lord unfit for high public trust. Let us, then, consider the nature of the public trust which is now reposed in him. Are gentlemen aware that, even when he is at Calcutta, surrounded by his councillors, his single voice can carry any resolution concerning the executive administration against them all? They can object; they can protest; they can record their opinions in writing, and can require him to give in writing his reasons for persisting in his own course: but they must then submit. On the most important questions, on the question whether a war shall be declared, on the question whether a treaty shall be concluded, on the question whether the whole system of land revenue established in a great province shall be changed, his single vote weighs down the votes of all who sit at the Board with him. The right honourable Baronet opposite is a powerful minister, a more powerful minister than any that we have seen during many years. But I will venture to say that his power over the people of England is nothing when compared with the power which the Governor General possesses over the people of India.

MACAULAY.

HAEC fere sunt, patres conscripti, propter quae illum, virum amplissimum, indignum iudico cui summa res publica permittatur. oro igitur vos ut istam quam est sortitus potestatem quae et qualis sit reputetis. num cognitum habetis hunc, cum in Asia sit, eis qui in consilio adsint stipatum, unum omnibus adversantibus quidvis posse de rebus provinciae procurandis edicere? tantum iuris est illis ut recusent, ut reclament, ut suas etiam de scripto sententias recitent, illum causas quare in iudicio perseveret litteris mandare cogant; tamen extremum illud est ut dicto eius pareant. quamvis maximi sit res momenti de qua deliberatur, etiam si belli indicendi aut pacis foedere confirmandae consilium ineatur, vel tota ratio decumarum et scripturae magna in provincia diu constituta in mutationem revocetur, plus pollet unius voluntas quam omnium qui idcirco ei legati sunt ut in consilium adhiberentur. iste vero consul, quem honoris causa nominatum volo, plurimum auctoritate valet, plus quidem quam omnes quos multis annis vidimus consulatum adeptos; tamen equidem fidenter confirmaverim ius illud quod in populum Romanum exerceat, si cum imperio eo quo noster ille imperator Asianos regit comparetur, fore ut minimi aestimandum esse videatur.

J. S. R.

THIS is, as I have said before, a matter of the utmost importance, and one which admits not of delay. If these principles are founded in truth justice and good policy, it is incumbent on you to lose no time to bring them into effect, and by a striking example to convince the world that the principles of equity and moderation which you have held out were not intended to deceive: and that you did not begin the work of reformation without being determined to carry it on until it should have its full effect by restoring happiness and preventing oppression throughout our dominions in Asia. I have thought it proper, Sir, to shew the House that my opinion is not altered, and to declare that I do not see anything hitherto done which is in any respect likely to place our affairs in that quarter upon a stable and prosperous basis. Deeming as I do the affairs of India to be weighty to the last degree, I trust I need make no apology for endeavouring to impress upon the House the only mode of governing these possessions that I am confident can ever be attended with success; namely, that of responsibility to this House. With this principle the present inquiry is most intimately connected. If you suffer it to be evaded, an abandonment of all control over your people in India must undoubtedly follow. Mankind will always form their judgments by effects; and observing that this man, who has been the culprit of this nation and of this House for a series of years, is absolved without a regular trial of his crimes, they will easily conclude that another may find the same mode of coming at protection, and that fear of punishment need not at any time interrupt the pursuit of gain.

C. J. Fox. *June* 1, 1786.

HAEC, inquam, res eius modi est ut cum gravissima sit tum in aliud tempus differri nequeat. quae enim vobis proposui, si ex vero atque aequo, si e re publica dicta esse videbuntur, ea vos factis, patres conscripti, primo quoque tempore repraesentare debetis. vestrum erit illustre aliquod documentum dare, primum, cum aequi bonique rationem laudaretis, non id vos agere voluisse ut hominum expectationem atque opinionem falleretis : deinde non eo vos animo hanc causam suscepisse, ut cum nondum penitus in omnibus provinciis sociorum miseriae sublevatae iniuriae vindicatae sint, eam derelinquere velletis. equidem, quod officii mei ratio postulat, demonstravi in eadem me sententia permanere. dico ex eis quae hactenus facta sunt me iudice tale exstitisse nihil ut in provincia Sicilia res nostras confirmare atque erigere ulla ex parte posse videatur. quas res cum maximi momenti ac ponderis esse credam, si eam legem condicionemque, qua una provinciam bene administrari posse contendo, vobis probare conor, non vereor, patres conscripti, ne meum in hoc genere studium reprehendatis. ego enim sic statuo, eis qui provincias obtinuerint apud hunc ordinem reddendam esse rationem. ex hoc omnis illa causa pendet. si quemquam ita decedere patiemini ut rerum gestarum rationem nullam reddat, restat profecto ut in provincias populi Romani ius posthac nullum retineatis. omnes enim homines ex eventu coniecturam facere solent. at vero si istum non ordinis modo huius sed totius populi tot annos reum post tot scelera indicta causa absolvi viderint, quis non intelleget sibi quoque idem perfugium paratum fore neque poenae metum quicquam causae habere cur ipse quaestum facere desinat ?

W. E. H.

WE cannot bring back those old times, my friends, nor if we could do I think we should greatly wish it. But we shall never do well to forget the old spirit, the spirit of individual freedom, of social charity, of faith in law-abidingness, in which our forefathers met together, prayed together, aided one another, and which they have bequeathed to us their children as their most precious legacy. God grant that that spirit may never die out among us. Personal independence, mutual responsibility, the rights of liberty, the duties of association, these are the essential qualities of the English character in the earliest time of which history has anything to tell us. They still lie at the root, believe me, of all that is best in our national character. Cherish, I beseech you, labouring brothers, that spirit. Let no man take from you the birthright of your English Freedom. Without freedom, I do not merely say that you cannot be good citizens, I say you cannot be good men. Without liberty there can be no true morality, for there can be no free choice between good and evil; and liberty means just that, the right to choose what is good.

C. W. STUBBS. *Village Politics.*

ENIMVERO, Quirites, antiqua illa tempora nullo modo revocare possumus, et si vel maxime possemus id profecto haud magno opere cuperemus. mores autem antiquos illos, sui quemque iuris esse, civibus suis opem ferre, legibus obtemperare velle,—quo in genere maiores nostri conventu votis auxilio communi utebantur, quam hereditatem nobis qui nunc sumus carissimam reliquerunt,—horum numquam ita erimus obliti ut nobiscum bene egisse videamur. itaque hoc a dis immortalibus precor, ut nostros illos mores perpetuos conservemus. etenim cum integra illa cuiusque libertas, communis omnium auctoritas, tum hominum liberorum iura, sociorum officia, haec, inquam, etsi vetustissima annalium monumenta volvitis civium Romanorum propria reperietis: mihi credite, quicquid bonae indolis in hoc populo Romano videmus, id omne ex illis radicibus crevit. hos mores equidem vos, Quirites, oro uti retinere velitis neve id patrimonium libertatis a quoquam eripi patiamini. ego enim sic statuo, vos amissa libertate non dico cives sed ne viros quidem bonos esse posse. hac enim remota quaenam vera potest esse virtus, ubi nullum iam rectorum pravorumque discrimen nullus delectus relinquatur? atqui ea nimirum vera est libertas, ut rectorum eligendi iure proprio utamur.

W. E. H.

AS for myself, whatever may be the result, I regard it without any feelings of anxiety or apprehension; I have no object of personal ambition to gratify, and, whatever else I may lose, I cannot lose the consolation of having acted on a sense of public duty at a period of great difficulty. If I succeed, I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that I have succeeded against great obstacles and amidst the most confident predictions of failure. I believe that I shall succeed. I have that confidence in a good cause; I have that confidence in the success of good intentions; that I believe that a majority of the representatives of England will be satisfied with the measures which I shall propose, and that they will lend their support and co-operation in carrying them into effect. But, gentlemen, if I am mistaken; if, after having exerted myself to the utmost in that great cause in which I am engaged; if, having nothing to upbraid myself with, I shall nevertheless fail; then I do assure you, so far as my personal feelings are concerned I shall relinquish the powers, emoluments, and distinctions of office with any feelings rather than those of mortification and regret. I shall find ample compensation for the loss of office; I shall return to pursuits quite as congenial to my taste and feelings as the cares and labours of office; I shall feel the full force of the sentiments which are applied by the poet to the hardy natives of the Alpine regions:

"As the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more!"

So shall I feel, that the angry contentions and collisions of political life will but bind me more to this place, not indeed the place of my nativity, but dearer to me than the place of my nativity—by very early recollection and association, and by the formation of those first friendships which have remained uninterrupted to this hour. I shall return hither to do what good I can in a more limited sphere. SIR ROBERT PEEL. *Speech at Tamworth*, 1835.

PER me autem utrolibet res cadat: summa securitate, aequissimo animo eventum exspecto. neque enim studeo ut laudis amori indulgeam, nec quantacumque fuerit iactura mihi illud saltem solacii extorquebitur, quod in tanto rerum discrimine pro bono publico hoc egi.

Fac vero me prospere egisse. nimirum iuvabit recordari me maxumis obicibus impeditum, certissimis calamitatis auguriis circumsessum, tamen victorem evasisse. hanc equidem victoriam reportaturus mihimet esse videor. adeo bonitati caussae, adeo bonorum consiliorum eventui confido, ut pro certo habeam maiorem partem eorum qui universae civitati consulant non modo probaturam esse quas feram leges, sed etiam quo sanciantur suffragandi studium navaturam.

Sin autem fallor, cives; si nihil profuerit in hac caussa ita strenue enixeque laborasse; si—cum nihil in me sit quominus vota adsequar—frustra tamen contendero; tum me dius fidius, quod ad meas ipsius attinet sententias, hanc potestatem, haec emolimenta, hanc denique dignitatis amplitudinem relinquam quovis potius quam demissione animi ac dolore affectus. magistratum sescenta compensabunt. eo scilicet redibo privatus ubi studia haud minus mihi consentanea quam curae laboresque publici teneant atque oblectent. cognoscam itaque quam vere dixerit poeta de robustis Alpium colonis—

hos etiam torrens, etiam furibunda procella
artius ad montes proprios astringit alumnos.

enimvero non aliter me quoque convicia concursusque vitae publicae ad hoc oppidum artius adligabunt,—haud quidem alumnum, sed alumno diligentiorem, utpote qui huc referam omnes memorias iuventutis, et illas primas amicitias quae adhuc integrae permanserint. redibo, inquam, ut huic minori circulo beneficia quam maxuma conferam.

A. B. C.

MEANWHILE I now proceed to what remains with my mind free and unembarrassed; having, I trust, obtained what I supplicated of Almighty God, namely that no one, and above all, no virtuous and enlightened person, may think that I, foolishly elate with uncertain rumours, have accused you falsely, or, as you complain, have wrongfully aspersed your innocence with fabricated crimes; but rather that I have convicted you, with all your lurking and duplicity, of real offences, and have dragged you forth to the light, when skulking in secret and enamoured of darkness. This, I conceive, is evident, from the very clearness of the testimony, and appears in a still stronger light, not merely in the internal convictions of most men, but in their familiar discourse, where these things happened. Whence, were I at liberty to divulge the testimony, be assured, you would be overwhelmed with the multitude of the witnesses.

MILTON.

ARE we to conciliate men whose machinations go not merely to the subversion of their legitimate government, but to the diffusion of every horror that anarchy can produce? Are we to conciliate men with arms in their hands, ready to plunge them into the hearts of those who differ from them in political opinion;—men who are eagerly watching for an opportunity to overturn the whole fabric of their constitution, and to crush their countrymen with its ruins? Are we to withdraw from the peaceable and loyal inhabitants of Ireland that protection without which there is no security for their lives and property? No! The only measure of safety we can adopt is a vigorous system of opposition to those who would completely destroy the country; while on the other hand we are irresistibly called upon to give a manly and firm support to those who would preserve for themselves and their posterity those great and inestimable blessings which they now enjoy.

WILLIAM PITT. *March* 27, 1798.

INTEGRO interea liberoque iudicio reliqua iam aggredior, impetrato, ut arbitror, quod praecipue a dis immortalibus depoposci, ne quis hominum, praesertim qui bonus intellegensque sit, adeo me esse ineptum existimet, ut incerta fama confisus iniuria te reum fecerim atque hominem insontem (id enim querebare) falsis fictisque criminibus insimulaverim ; scilicet qui patefactis deverticulis fallaciisque latebrarum te noctisque amantem in lucem protraxerim, verorum scelerum coarguerim. hoc, reor, cum documenta confirmant certissima, tum vel clarius demonstrant non modo ea quae credunt ac sentiunt plerique, verum etiam quae in locis ipsis palam inter se sermocinantur. quae si omnia per meam fidem liceret pervolgare, scito hanc te quasi molem gravissimam testimoniorum omnino esse oppressuram.

R. D. A. H.

ERGO istius modi hominum gratiam aucupemur, qui non modo hunc statum reipublicae eant exturbatum, sed abiecta omni legum iurisque sanctitate atrocissimam quamque immanitatem volgo moliantur? eos colamus, qui destrictis gladiis in omnium iugula saeviant propter diversa partium studia invisorum? eos, inquam, qui tempus sedulo opperiantur, quo civitatis tanquam mole eversa ipsi suos cives ruina oppressos elidant? probis denique bonisque Hibernorum hoc praesidium denegemus, quo sine nullam capitis, nullam census incolumitatem possint impetrare? di melius. hanc unam salutis rationem inire possumus, si iis, qui rempublicam optant profligatam, acerrime obstiterimus; iis, qui praeclaram eximiamque felicitatem qua nunc utuntur sibi posterisque servare cupiunt, fortiter constanterque, sanctissimo imperante officio, opitulati erimus.

R. D. A. H.

YOU are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my Lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious therefore of giving offence, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name—glorious till it was yours—were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first you derive a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority; the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

JUNIUS. *To the Duke of Bedford. September* 19, 1769.

VSQUE adeo nullum soles amoris studiique fructum a civibus percipere ut, si quid hoc tempore honorificum propiusve laudationi imprudenti mihi exciderit, verear ne rearis tuos mores ludibrio, immo ipsum ingenium paene contemptui haberi. equidem quam delicato sis fastidio ex simultatibus coniectura facta partes illas tui ornandi aliis permittam, ne commendatio probitatis, falsa praesertim, te offendat. amicis, credo, licet comitatem istam et facilitatem experiri, nisi forte illis virtutes tuae notiores sunt. nam boni quicquid fecisti latet: cetera sunt palam. ut laudatorem vox deficiat, quam uberrimum iam ad excogitandum superest argumentum.

Haud mediocrem sane video esse in te dignitatem, qui loco honestissimo natus, opibus florentissimis, genere usque ad te ipsum clarissimo, his fretus ornamentis satis valuisses etiam si minore esses ingenio quam te esse arbitror. locus iste legitimam apud populares gratiae causam, census aliquantum, ut fit, potentiae dederat: generis autem nobilitas non nullam patriae virtutis fecerat exspectationem. quibus tot tantisque bonis ita usus es ut tibi quidem certe maiori laudi esse potuerint, ceteris mortalibus utiliora praecipere non potuerint. quid? docet illa bonorum omnium insignis existimatio, docent tam praeclaro exemplo amici, tu denique doces, qui quantumcunque poterat de Brutorum nomine sperare populus, quam egregie explevisti.

R. D. H.

IT is not wonderful that the great cause, in which this country is engaged, should have roused and engrossed the whole attention of the people. I rather admire the generous spirit with which they feel and assert their interest in this important question, than blame them for their indifference about any other. When the constitution is openly invaded, when the first original right of the people, from which all laws derive their authority, is directly attacked, inferior grievances naturally lose their force, and are suffered to pass by without punishment or observation. The present ministry are as singularly marked by their fortune, as by their crimes. Instead of atoning for their former conduct by any wise or popular measure, they have found, in the enormity of one fact, a cover and defence for a series of measures, which must have been fatal to any other administration. I fear we are too remiss in observing the whole of their proceedings. Struck with the principal figure, we do not sufficiently mark in what manner the canvas is filled up. Yet surely it is not a less crime, nor less fatal in its consequences, to encourage a flagrant breach of the law by military force, than to make use of the forms of parliament to destroy the constitution.—The ministry seem determined to give us a choice of difficulties, and, if possible, to perplex us with the multitude of their offences.

JUNIUS. *October* 17, 1769.

HAUD sane mirum est quae hodie in republica gravissima agantur summa homines exspectatione erectos et suspensos tenere. qui cum in re tanta fortium et ingenuorum studia aperte declarent, id laudi potius apponam quam de ceteris incuriosos esse obiciam. hac enim tempestate qua quidam in totam reipublicae formam palam invadunt, et ius populi antiquissimum per quod etiam leges valent prorsus oppugnant, difficile est leviora delicta propriam habere gravitatem ut non sine animadversione et supplicio dimittantur. itaque qui nunc rempublicam gubernant improbitate et fortuna iuxta sunt insignes. nam cum priorum scelerum memoriam abolere possent si quid consultius voluissent in gratiam vulgi suscipere, placuit illis facinoris unius immanitatem praesidio et obtentui habere ad ea in republica agenda quae praeter eos haud scio an nemo impune fuerit laturus. sed eorum facta vereor ne non omnia satis accurate perscrutemur, ut si quis in pictura, dum quod eminet fixis oculis intuetur, illud, quemadmodum sint cetera descripta, praetermittat notare. si vero totam reipublicae rationem specie legis subvertere, et nefarium in praesens, et in posterum perniciosum habetur, qui minus increpandi sunt ei qui leges flagitiosissime per arma violantibus opitulantur? nempe illud, credo, rectoribus civitatis decretum est, eligendi optionem nullam nisi de incommodis facere, et scelerum multitudine utique nos in dubitationem adducere.

H. C. G.

RELINQUISHING, therefore, all idle views of amendment to your Grace, or of benefit to the public, let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I may call it, the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or colour of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never have once betrayed you into a wise or honourable action. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition. Let us look back together to a scene in which a mind like yours will find nothing to repent of. Let us try, my Lord, how well you have supported the various relations in which you stood to your Sovereign, your country, your friends, and yourself. Give us, if it be possible, some excuse to posterity, and to ourselves, for submitting to your administration. If not the abilities of a great minister, if not the integrity of a patriot, or the fidelity of a friend, show us at least the firmness of a man.

JUNIUS. *Letter to his Grace the Duke of Grafton,*
The Public Advertiser,
May 30, 1769.

OMISSIS igitur vanis consiliis sive tui emendandi sive civium utilitati inserviendi liceat mihi, tanquam admirabilia curiose disceptanti, sic facta moresque tuos pertractare. inest enim in utrisque aliquid, quod te a ceteris non modo magistratibus sed mortalibus seiungit. quod consulto peccas, missum id facio; dico te nunquam ne imprudentem quidem facere recte. extitisti quidem prave otiosus, prave industrius; hoc quoque mitto; dico te per omnem agendi varietatem, omnem repugnantiam transeuntem ita tamen unum quiddam et aequabile et quasi genii loco vitae omni praepositum semper secutum esse ut tibi nemo ne punctum quidem temporis exprobraverit aut adfinxerit virtutem, dico te inconstantia quam perversissima hominem in nullum unquam facinus aut prudens aut honestum aberrasse. videtur hoc, fateor, ut animi, ita fortunae esse nescio quo modo singularis. respicias mecum velim in id vitae iter ut te quidem pro tuo ingenio nullam paenitendi causam putem esse inventurum. exploremus, quaeso, tua in regem, in rem publicam, in amicos, in te ipsum denique officia, quas ubique partes sustinueris. praebe nobis, si modo praeberi potest, aliquam excusationem quam et posteritati feramus et nobis ipsis, cur te tulerimus imperium exercentem. si vires summo magistratui idoneae desunt, si patriam amantis innocentia, si amici fides, at viri saltem praesta fortitudinem.

W. W.

IN the mean time, the leaders of the legislative clubs and coffee-houses are intoxicated with admiration at their own wisdom and ability. They speak with the most sovereign contempt of the rest of the world. They tell the people, to comfort them in the rags with which they have cloathed them, that they are a nation of philosophers; and, sometimes, by all the arts of quackish parade, by shew, tumult and bustle, sometimes by the alarms of plots and invasions, they attempt to drown the cries of indigence, and to divert the eyes of the observer from the ruin and wretchedness of the state. A brave people will certainly prefer liberty, accompanied with a virtuous poverty, to a depraved and wealthy servitude. But before the price of comfort and opulence is paid, one ought to be pretty sure it is real liberty which is purchased, and that she is to be purchased at no other price. I shall always, however, consider that liberty as very equivocal in her appearance, which has not wisdom and justice for her companions; and does not lead prosperity and plenty in her train.

BURKE.

PRINCIPES interea sodaliciorum in sessiunculis et popinis rei publicae leges dictantium sui ingeni suae industriae efferuntur admiratione, ceteras gentes tamquam despicatissimas sermonibus spernunt, civibus vero quos ipsi despoliaverint id pannorum adferunt solacium ut totam iam Gallorum nationem philosophari praedicent, cum tamen idem modo magnificentia, strepitu, concursatione, toto scilicet circumforanei pharmacopolae adhibito apparatu, modo terroribus coniuratorum et hostium ingerendis elaborant ne egentium lamenta ad aures hominum perveniant, ne convertantur oculi in civitatis miseram adflictamque fortunam. acceptior certe forti populo cum honesta paupertate libertas quam servitus divitias importans et morum corruptelam. sed libertatem vitae commodis et copia antequam redimas, hoc satis exploratum habeas oportet, et veram parari libertatem nec minoris parari posse. mihi vero ea admodum ambigua inferri semper videbitur libertas, quae neque sapientiam ac iustitiam comites habeat neque prosperitatem secum trahat et abundantiam.

W. W.

BUT I must say nothing surprises me more than the general conduct of the Irish people on this subject. They are a race who certainly are among the bravest of the brave, most ingenious, witty, very imaginative, and therefore very sanguine: but for them to go about the world, announcing that they are a conquered race, does appear to me most extraordinary. If they really were a conquered race, they are not the people who ought to announce it. It is the conquerors from whom we should learn the fact, for it is not the conquered who should go about the world and announce their shame and humiliation.

But I entirely deny that the Irish are a conquered race. I deny that they are more of a conquered race than the people of any other nation. Ireland is not one whit more conquered than England. They are always telling us that the Normans conquered Ireland. Well, I have heard that the Normans conquered England too, the only difference being that while the conquest of Ireland was partial, that of England was complete.

Then they tell us that that was a long time ago: but since then there was a dreadful conquest by Cromwell, when Cromwell not only conquered the people, but confiscated their estates. But Cromwell conquered England. He conquered the Houses of Parliament, and he not only conquered us, but forfeited and sequestrated estates in every county. Therefore, the habit of the Irish coming forward on all occasions to say that they are a conquered race, and that in consequence of this they must destroy the English institutions is a most monstrous thing.

DISRAELI.

SED nihil mehercule magis mihi admirationem movet quam quod in hac re plerumque faciunt Hiberni—gens sane virtute inter fortissimas insignis, singulari et ingenii acumine et sermonis lepore, maxima etiam ad res animo fingendas repraesentandasque alacritate, et ob id ipsum ad spem fiduciamque pronior: verum eosdem orbem terrarum pervagari, se devictos et oppressos iacere praedicantes, id quidem permirum mihi videtur; quos minime omnium, si re vera essent devicti, id pervulgare decebat, sed victores potius; victis enim parum convenit indignitates et contumelias sibi impositas passim praedicare.

Equidem prorsus nego devictam esse Hiberniam vel magis devictam quam quamvis aliam gentem. nihilo magis quam Anglia est illa devicta. dictitant Normannos Hiberniam devicisse: sed iidem, nisi fallor, Angliam etiam devicerunt, excepto quod hanc totam, illam ex parte tantum subegerunt.

At enim haec vetera: illud recentiore est memoria, quod Cromvellius saevissima eam dominatione oppressit, neque devicit tantum populum, sed agros publicavit. verum idem Angliam, idem cum populum tum senatum, devicit; et praeterea agros in omni parte regni publicavit et proscripsit. itaque quod Hiberni numquam non in medium proferunt se devictos et oppressos iacere, ideoque evertenda esse Anglorum instituta, id mihi videtur portenti simile.

J. E. N.

I AM not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble lords, the honours and emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the empire, representing, feebly perhaps, but honestly, I dare aver, the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all those who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, and of this guilty and incapable administration. And even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood.

JOHN BRIGHT.

IPSE reipublicae regendae neque fui umquam peritus, neque illam mihi opinionem adrogavi; ac nescio sane an illa dignatio his temporibus adeo corrupta sit et ambiguo quodam colore fucata, ut is qui verae honestaeque gloriae sit studiosus nequaquam talem ambitionis viam insistere dignetur. gloriemini vos quidem, homines ornatissimi, trigesimum iam annum summam vos existimationem ceterosque honorum fructus obtinere: ego, qui nec quidquam consecutus sum eiusmodi neque prima quaque popularis aurae mutatione de cursu meo demotus sum, civem me confiteor esse de medio sumptum neque ullo modo insignem. cum vero partem me huius consili fecerit municipium huius imperi inter maxima numerandum, cum, etsi impare fortasse ingenio, at fide—dicam enim—incorrupta, permultorum sententiae civium hac mea voce declarentur, cum quod vere eorum intersit, quorum suffragiis sum designatus, id demum mihi persequendum constituerim, hoc moneo ne quis confirmare audeat, solum me bellum tam nefarie susceptum condemnare, solum tantam horum magistratuum ineptiam, tanta flagitia reprehendere. quod si solus essem, si sola vox nostra inter tantum strepitum armorum tantosque contionatorum venalium tumultus reclamaret, liceret tamen, liceret praestantissimum illud solacium animo amplecti, quod usque ad extremam vitae meae horam, sicut nunc adest mihi, spero adfuturum, ut recordarer numquam me ne verbo quidem commisisse ut aut in perdendis huius civitatis opibus aut in sanguine vel unius civis profundendo particeps essem.

G. A. D.

THESE are matters which human vision—at least my human vision—is hardly able to penetrate. But this I must say on my own part; I never will and I never can be a party to bequeathing to my country the continuance of this heritage of discord, which has been handed down from generation to generation with hardly a moment of interruption through seven centuries, and with all the evils that follow in its train. It would be a misery to me if I had forgotten or omitted, in these my closing years, any measure possible for me to take towards upholding and promoting the cause which I believe to be the cause, not of one party or another, one nation or another, but of all parties and of all nations inhabiting these islands. And to these nations, viewing them as I do, with all their vast opportunities under a living union for power and for happiness, I say, Let me entreat you—if it were with my latest breath I would entreat you—to let the dead bury the dead, and to cast behind you every recollection of bygone evils, and to cherish, to love, and to sustain one another through all the vicissitudes of human affairs in the times that are to come.

GLADSTONE.

QUAE res quamvis eius modi sint ut vix ulla humani ingeni acies, nedum nostra, in eas intendi possit, illud pro me ipso profitendum est: nunquam me concessurum neque commissurum ut discordiae ex omni saeculorum memoria supra septingentesimum annum paene continuatae et nihil fere dixerim non mali secum trahentes in rei publicae perniciem etiam posteris perpetuo velut hereditate tradantur. angerer enim et cruciarer si hac extrema mea aetate quicquam neglexissem oblitusve essem eorum quibus uti possem ad causam illam sustinendam promovendamque, quae non unius factionis sed universae civitatis, non huius vel illius regionis incolarum sed totius esse Britanniae communis mihi videatur. quos cunctos perinde ac si coram adessent allocutus, cum reputem quot quibusque modis ad imperium felicitatemque adiri possit, dummodo vero foedere ac societate in unum coierint, nunc hortor atque obtestor, id quod voce quoque extrema orarem, ut quod actum sit iam sollicitare desistant, ut praeteritorum memoriam malorum penitus abiciant, ut in omni humanarum rerum mutatione, quaecunque oblata erit, mutuis inter se beneficiis amore voluntate obligati devinciantur.

R. D. H.

RIGHT High and Right Excellent Princess, our dear sister and ally, we commend ourselves to you most cordially. We understand from the ambassador of our good brother the King of France that certain of our officers on the frontiers have held intelligence with the rebels late in arms against your authority. We cannot but find it very strange that any of our subjects, and much more that persons in positions of public trust, should of their own accord, and regardless of our displeasure, have sought means to meddle with any such people. Forasmuch however as at present we know no particulars of these things—but, on being well informed, will proceed to punish the offenders—we must entreat you to specify more exactly what you complain of, and let us know the entire truth, to the end that, after examination and proof, we may give orders for the chastisement of such as may be found to have offended—which you may assure yourself we will not fail to do; being as we are most desirous to shew you that good will and friendship which we owe you as our neighbour and to maintain those good relations which at present exist between us.

Queen Elizabeth to the Queen Regent of Scotland.

VOLUMUS nos tibi et feminae amplissimae et summae reginae pro nostra inter nos caritate commendari. cognovimus sane ex legato regis Gallorum, viri nobiscum paene fraterna amicitia coniuncti, non nullos e praefectis quos custodiae nostrorum finium praeposuimus, cum eis qui nuper spreto tuo imperio arma contra te moverunt, rationes iniisse. non potest quin nobis permirum esse videatur civis nostros, eos praesertim quibus aliqua pars rei publicae tradita sit, ultro quaesivisse quo modo consilia cum eius modi hominibus communicarent, neque ullo numero dolorem nostrum habuisse. nihil tamen adhuc certi adlatum est de ista re, de qua si accuratiores litterae redditae fuerint, tum nocentes cogemus poenas dare. idcirco te magno opere oramus ut diligentius quid sit id quod queraris patefacias, ut omnia vera cognita habeamus, quo facto, tota re anquisita et argumentis confirmata, pro imperio de cunctis qui in se aliquid admiserunt supplicia sumemus. rogamus igitur tibi persuasum sit salvam fore nostram fidem, cum nihil sit nobis exoptatius quam ut benevolentiam et amicitiam tibi ut vicinae debitam praestemus, eamque quae nobis tecum nunc intercedit gratiam integram conservemus.

J. S. R.

IS there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious": wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimbleful in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption: I say this because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principle of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backward about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius.

Hic explicit epistula ad Dom. Bolingbroke.

SWIFT.

NUM satis aequo animo iam reputare possis, quibus artibus parentur opes atque honos, quibus amittantur? nobis Lucili nostri ad Catonem versiculos perlegentibus turpicula eademque falsa videbatur clausula: nihil omnino tale aput Callimachum ad Theocritum, quem secutus est, inveni. dicit enim

nil saeclum distat saeclo vitiis, Marce, nil virtutibus.

at plane ab istius modi sententia abhorrent omnes, quotquot scripserunt, poetae, philosophi, pii denique homines. illud facilius crediderim, virtutum, si metiaris, per orbem terrarum copiam semper exstare eandem: fieri autem non numquam, ut aput Parthos congius, apud nostratis vix gutta appareat. quod si virtutis parum est, at nihilo tamen magis abundat dissimulatio: quod enim census sum, id omne tibi habeas, nisi principum istorum nemo sit natus, quin pudore satis ingenuo fateatur se omnia corrumpendi ratione gerere. quod dedita opera dico, qui excogitarim, spretis istis sententiis, tale consilium, ut rem publicam via ac ratione per virtutis instituta regam. qua re simul atque in eo cives sint, ut maturae videantur res, me velim arcessas. haec didici Timonis more degens, et in Saturnia regna regressus pravitatem hominum admirari incipio. mihi soli cenanti ferculum apponitur dimidiatum: dilutius poto: x milia passuom singulis diebus conficio: in manibus est Theopompus. ἐρρώσθω ὁ εὐγενὴς Καίλιος.

R. A. N.

I HAD armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

HORACE WALPOLE.

QUAMQUAM et ipse animum quanta potui constantia firmaveram, scelera hominum reputando et quale transiisset periculum, et accessit Catuli adspectus filium ad Faesulas occisum veste lugentis, commovit me tamen primus statim reorum ingressus, habitus vero miseratione perfudit. Lentulus et Cethegus quadragesimum quidem aetatis annum utrique excesserunt, sed iuniorum speciem praebent. celsus ille, gracilis, forma mire quam eleganti, gravitatem et patientiam praeferebat egregie temperatas, si ulla in re reprehendendus, paullo artificiosior et, ut in eiusmodi discrimine, cultu capilli nimis exquisito; quod tamen non vituperandi gratia dico, sed ut doceam quam pauca viderim vituperanda. Cethegus visu humilior, multum demisso et morosiori similis: primo die lacrimarum aliquid effudit et reductus in carcerem concidit statim exanimis. de Manlio autem nihil hoc sene simplicius vidi, nihil fortius: homo impavidus, ut nihil supra, atque adeo proxime incuriam. habitus, dum res agitur, et milite et viro dignus, quotiens intermissionem consuetudo tulit, remissus ac ludibundus. proficiscentibus a carcere cum singulis lecticae praeparatae essent, de securi orta est contentio in qua collocaretur; tum senex noster, 'age, age,' inquit, 'mecum imponite.' hanc in iudicio digitis percurrere solet, cum interea cum custode sermones habet, quos ad auscultandos cum nescio quis propius accessisset, ferrum sublatum ori tamquam flabellulum praetendit. dum fit quaestio, forte accidit ut iuxta adesset puer ad spectaculum capiendum haud satis grandis; praebet locum, parvolum ad se sessum recipit.

W. W.

I WILL not use many words, but enough, I hope, to convince you that I meant no irony in my last. All I said of you and myself was very sincere. It is my true opinion that your understanding is one of the strongest, most manly, and clearest I ever knew; and as I hold my own to be of a very inferior kind, and know it to be incapable of sound, deep, application, I should have been very foolish if I had attempted to sneer at you or your pursuits. Mine have always been light and trifling and tended to nothing but my casual amusement; I will not say, without a little vain ambition of showing some parts; but never with industry sufficient to make me apply them to anything solid. My studies, if they could be called so, and my productions were alike desultory. In my latter age, I discovered the futility both of my objects and writings: I felt how insignificant is the reputation of an author of mediocrity; and that, being no genius, I only added one name more to a list of writers that had told the world nothing but what it could be as well without.

HORACE WALPOLE.

PAUCIS quidem verbis sed ad rem, ut spero, idoneis tibi probabo me in eis quas proxime dedi litteris nulla εἰρωνείᾳ voluisse uti. quidquid ibi de me ipso vel de te scripseram, animo quoque sentiebam. penitus mihi persuasum habeo me neminem convenisse ingenio magis forti, virili, acuto praeditum quam te ipsum. quoniam igitur memet ipsum multo levioris ingeni esse sentio, qui in nullum studium strenue et graviter possim incumbere, stultissime profecto te et studia tua irridere vellem. equidem nisi nugis et ineptiis nulli umquam rei operam dedi, neque eis quidem nisi quoad me ad tempus oblectarent. qua quidem in re non negabo me inani quadam inductum esse spe me aliquid posse ostentandi, numquam tamen tantam adhibui diligentiam ut inde ad gravius aliquod opus accingerer. quid quaeris? omnia mea, si modo sunt aliqua mea, et studia et opera, ut temere incepi, ita neglegenter abieci. aetate vero provecta, cum iam usu compertum esset quam inania et proposuissem mihi et scripsissem quamque parvo in honore mediocres habeantur auctores, intellexi me etiam, qui mediocri essem praeditus ingenio, nihil aliud esse secutum nisi ut in numerum eorum adscriberer qui ea tantum homines docuerint quae utrum scirent an nescirent nihil interesset.

N. W.

IN truth I think you much happier for being out of Parliament. You could do no good there; you have no views of ambition to satisfy: and when neither duty nor ambition calls (I do not condescend to name avarice, which never is to be satisfied, nor reasoned with, nor has any place in your breast), I cannot conceive what satisfaction an elderly man can have in listening to the passions or follies of others. It is surely time to live to oneself when one has not a vast while to live, and you I am persuaded will live the longer for leading a country life. How much better to be planting than reading applications from officers, a quarter of whom you could not serve, nor content three quarters! You had not time for necessary exercise; and I believe would have blinded yourself. In short, if you will live in the air all day, be totally idle, and not read or write a line by candle-light, and retrench your suppers, I shall rejoice in your having nothing to do but that dreadful punishment, pleasing yourself. Nobody has any claims on you; you have satisfied every point of honour; you have no cause for being particularly grateful to the opposition; and you want no excuse for living for yourself. I am not preaching, nor giving advice, but congratulating you: and it is certainly not being selfish when I rejoice at your being thrown by circumstances into a retired life, though it will occasion my seeing less of you.

HORACE WALPOLE.

GRATULOR tibi sane qui a Senatu abeas cum praesertim nullus foret ex praesentia tua fructus futurus. non tu quidem is es qui ambitioni satisfacere cures; si vero ambitionem atque officium sustuleris—cupiditatem autem tibi certe alienissimam, cum neque expleri neque ratione flecti soleat, fastidio quodam ne dicam prohibeor—sublatis vero eis quo tandem consilio aliquis iam senior discordiis aliorum atque ineptiis interesse velit non possum omnino intellegere. cui enim vitae spatium non adeo infinitum supersit nonne is suo debet arbitrio vivere? tibi autem si ruri degatur, eo ut opinor proferetur vita. quanto enim praestat arbores serere quam veteranorum evolvere libellos, quorum fere e numero uni parti omnino non possis opitulari, neque tribus partibus operam tuam in opitulando probare? nam neque corpori quantum debebat exercendo vacabas, et eras credo brevi lippiturus. ad summam si voles sub divo vitam otiosus agere ut post accensas lucernas ne litteram quidem ullam facias neque legas, idem vero in cenando vela contrahes, libenter sane feram te ceterorum operum solutum huic soli, quod videlicet molestiae habet plurimum, vacare ut tibi ipsi satisfacias. etenim nullo officio obligatus teneris, neque est quod amplius famae tribuendum videatur; popularium autem non ea sunt erga te merita quae cumulatim referre debeas; qua re vel ultro ignoscendum est si tibi ipsi velis placere. sic tamen habeto non me monendi tui neque hortandi causa tibi gratulari; nec certe meo commodo inservire videor cum gaudeam eas res intercessisse quae, quamvis consuetudini nostrae aliquantum obsint, te tamen a re publica amoveant.

H. C. G.

I DO not wish to raise the envy of unsuccessful collectors by too pompous a display of my scientific wealth, but cannot forbear to observe that there are few regions of the globe which are not honoured with some memorial in my cabinets. The Persian monarchs are said to have boasted the greatness of their empire by being served at their tables with drink from the Ganges and the Danube; I can show one vial of which the water was formerly an icicle on the crags of Caucasus; and another that contains what once was snow on the top of Atlas; in a third is dew brushed from a banana in the gardens of Ispahan; and in another brine that has rolled in the Pacific ocean: I flatter myself that I am writing to a man who will rejoice at the honour which my labours have procured to my country.

You will easily imagine that these accumulations were not made without some diminution of my fortune; for I was so well known to spare no cost that at every sale some bid against me for hire, some for sport, and some for malice; and if I asked the price of anything it was sufficient to double the demand. For Curiosity, trafficking thus with Avarice, the wealth of India had not been enough; and I little by little transferred all my money from the Funds to my closet: here I was inclined to stop and live upon my estate in literary leisure, but the sale of the Harleian collection shook my resolution. I mortgaged my land and purchased thirty medals which I could never find before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has seized my repository. I am therefore condemned to disperse what the labour of any age will not reassemble. I submit to that which cannot be opposed, and shall in a short time declare a sale. I have, while it is yet in my power, sent you a pebble picked up by Tavernier on the banks of the Ganges, for which I claim no other recompense than that you will recommend my catalogue to the public.

JOHNSON. *Rambler*, No. 82.

QUAMQUAM vereor ne iis odiosior fiam qui huiusmodi quisquilias minus feliciter conquisiverint, si nimium ὄγκου videatur esse in artium mearum commemoratione :— quota tamen quaeque est orbis terrarum regio, quae sit nullis in Ἀμαλθείῳ nostro positis monumentis nobilitata? reges quidem Persarum, ut aiunt, amplitudinem regni ita ostentabant ut aqua Gange Istroque devecta cenantibus apponeretur : mihi autem vas est aquae plenum quae olim Caucasi scopulis concreta pendebat stiria : in alterum Atlas suas contulit nives ; hic vides rorem Hesperidum pomis excussum ; illic undam quae in ipso Oceani flumine volvebatur : quae tibi me haud iniucunda perscribere arbitror, scilicet amplissime meo labore ornata republica.

Haec tamen me facile intelleges non integro censu collegisse. tantus enim de me pervagatus erat rumor, tamquam a nullis impendiis abhorrente, ut erecta statim hasta conducti alii, alii ioci causa, alii invidiae contra me licerentur ; et cum interrogassem quanti quid esset, iam dupli constabat. nam cum inter φιλόκαλον et avarum res agitur, divitiis plusquam Attalicis opus est : itaque ego paulatim desertis argentariis rem totam in armaria contuli. hic demum sistebam, ruri otio literis me tradebam, nisi intercessisset Varroniana auctio. dato pignori fundo xxx emi numismata, quae numquam antea potui reperire. quid multa ? emi, dum nihil restat unde emam ; saevissimi autem creditores θησαυρὸν meum rapuerunt ; dissipanda sunt quae nulla in unum coget aetas. tamen servandum illud προσκυνεῖν τὴν Ἀδραστείαν : bona igitur omnia brevi sum proscripturus. verum tamen, dum licet, mitto tibi calculum quem Lucullus noster in Gangis ripa invenit ; ac nihil invicem requiro, nisi ut tabulam meam pervolgatam facias.

R. D. A. H.

Sir,

We sent you a short time since the particulars of one of the very best investments that any firm of Brokers could possibly offer to the notice of the investing public, and if you have not acted upon it you have overlooked a golden opportunity. Our object in writing to you was not for the purpose of trapping you into a specious undertaking, detrimental to your interests and consequently most damaging to our reputation, but rather to direct your attention to what we believe to be a certain channel of making money, and to give advice which would react to our credit. We have now been established in the city of London as brokers nearly a quarter of a century, and it is against our interest to recommend the public to buy rubbish. The more money the public make through our recommendations, the more our business grows.

We can deal with you for prompt cash; for settlement on the next settling day: or for the purpose of carrying on from account to account:—whichever way suits best the requirement of clients who favour us with their orders. Do not delay: buy now whilst the shares are cheap: do not wait until they are £10 each.

A Broker's Circular.

DE re quadam nuper ad te scripsi, qua quidem vix crediderim fieri posse ut luculentior pecuniae collocandae studiosis a quovis interprete commendetur; quam si praetermiseris, vereor ne frustra fuerit aurea opportunitas. nec tamen ideo ad te scribebam quo in rem fucosam te illicerem, ut tuae utilitati incommodam, ita nostrae quoque laudi damnosissimam: id potius agebam ut in certissimum quaesticulorum fontem facultates tuas derivarem, simul ut nostris quoque consiliis fides redderetur. Etenim hac in urbe annos iam viginti quinque medium ad Ianum spectatissimi illud quidem insulsissime agamus ut cuivis hominum frivola venditemus. quanto enim praeconio nostro amplior accrescit res clientibus, tanto nos quoque ampliora exstruimus negotia.

In integro tibi erit praesens solvere, vel proximis Calendis nomina facere, ni forte id placeat ut ratione transcripticia res agatur; prout eorum maxime intersit quorum mandatis honestamur. cura ut statim vilitatem occupes: mox ex triente erit bessibus.

A. W. S.

AFTER all, perhaps, the worst consequence of this awkward business will be dissension in the two Houses, and dissatisfaction throughout the kingdom. They that love their country will be grieved to see her trampled upon; and they that love mischief will have a fair opportunity of making it. Were I a member of the Commons, even with the same religious sentiments as impress me now, I should think it my duty to condemn it. You will suppose me a politician: but in truth I am nothing less. These are the thoughts that occur to me while I read the newspaper; and when I have laid it down, I feel myself more interested in the success of my early cucumbers, than in any part of this great and important subject. If I see them droop a little, I forget that we have been many years at war; that we have made an humiliating peace; that we are deeply in debt, and unable to pay. All these reflections are absorbed at once in the anxiety I feel for a plant, the fruit of which I cannot eat, when I have procured it. How wise, how consistent, how respectable a creature is man!

COWPER.

FORSITAN tamen nihil iniquius ex hoc molestissimo negotio evenerit quam ut curia et campus inter se dissideant, et suarum rerum universos civis paeniteat. qui enim patriae amore ardent, aegerrime ferent aliquos in eam insultare; qui autem omnia perturbari volunt, ad istum finem opportuna via pervenient. equidem si senatorio iure essem, etiam si omnia eadem quae nunc de dis immortalibus sentirem, nihilo minus offici mei esse ducerem id quod actum est vituperare. ne forte me opinere in magna aliqua re publica versari velle, nihil est quod magis contemnam. sic habeto, me ea scripsisse quae succurrere soleant diurna acta perlegenti; quae cum seposui, tum multo pluris fit ut cucumeres mei mature proveniant, quam ut tanti ponderis causam aliqua ex parte attingam. quotiens isti videntur mihi etiam leviter languescere, ilico obliviscor nos multorum annorum bellum gessisse, pace facta contumeliam subisse, infinito aere alieno laborare, quod nequeamus persolvere. etenim haec omnia quo minus cogitem obstat sollicitudo ex ista stirpe suscepta, cuius ne fructum quidem edendo capere possum, cum mihi iam feliciter succrevit. vides sane quantam sapientiam constantiam gravitatem nobis hominibus natura tribuerit!

J. S. R.

I SHALL see you again—I shall hear your voice—we shall take walks together ; I will shew you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse and its banks, every thing that I have described. Talk not of an inn ; mention it not for your life ! We have never had so many visitors but we could easily accommodate them all, though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son, all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us ; and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. Sooner than the time I mention, the country will not be in complete beauty. And I shall tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. *Imprimis*, As soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him....

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns : and have asked him whether he is sure that it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a cask, and that it will never be any thing better than a cask to eternity. So if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.

COWPER. *To Lady Hesketh.*

O GRATUM adventum! o desideratam mihi tuam vocem! o spem tecum ambulandi, ut rura, casulam, exhedrium meum, amnem ripasque, cetera quaecumque litteris descripsi tibi ostendam! de deversorio, sic salva sis, cave verbum. nunquam enim tanta fuit hospitum celebritas ut non facile tectum nostrum omnes caperet, cum tamen Pomponio cum Pilia sorore puero hospitium una paratum sit. nolim autem, mea lux, ante exeuntem Maium vel potius Iunium ineuntem adventes: vix enim antea viridarium, quo nihil apud nos amoenius, ad recipiendum paratum erit. in vacuam surculorum sedem nos immigramus. quid quod ne rus quidem omnem suam venustatem prius induerit? iam disce quid introitu primo offendas: πρῶτον μὲν si ingressa vestibulum utrinque aspexeris, ad dexteram ecce cista meis manibus fabricata, leporum quotquot familiares habui domicilium, etiam nunc Issae, quae quidem senio enecta, me miserum, vereor ne ante obeat quam eam visere potueris.

De doliis amphorisque quod scribis, scito me rem cum Homero communicavisse. quem cum rogassem, utrum certo sciret in dolio Iovem vinum conditum habere, iure iurando confirmabat dolio eum uti neque lautiore vase in aeternum usurum. ergo cum in hoc deus ipse acquiescat, nobis quoque dei iudicium admirantibus certe acquiescendum. vale.

R. D. H.

My dear Friend,

Having discontinued the practice of verse making for some weeks, I now feel quite incapable of resuming it; and can only wonder at it, as one of the most extraordinary incidents in my life, that I should have composed a volume. Had it been suggested to me as a practicable thing, in better days, though I should have been glad to have found it so, many hindrances would have conspired to withhold me from such an enterprise. I should not have dared, at that time of day, to have committed my name to the public, and my reputation to the hazard of their opinion. But it is otherwise with me now. I am more indifferent about what may touch me in that point, than ever I was in my life. The stake that would then have seemed important, now seems trivial; and it is of little consequence to me, who no longer feel myself possessed of what I accounted infinitely more valuable, whether the world's verdict shall pronounce me a poet, or an empty pretender to the title. This happy coldness towards a matter so generally interesting to all rhimers, left me quite at liberty for the undertaking, unfettered by fear, and under no restraints of that diffidence, which is my natural temper, and which would either have made it impossible for me to commence an author by name, or would have insured my miscarriage if I had.

Cowper.

NUNTIO tibi, iucundissime amice, mihi, qui paucos abhinc dies consuetudinem versuum pangendorum abiecerim, iam ne facultatem quidem istius studi repetendi suppetere. immo satis mirari non queo quo modo volumen istud confecerim ; nihil enim contigit mihi in vita mirabilius. quippe si quis, florentibus meis rebus, coniecturam fecisset posse me aliquid elaborare, etiam spe amici laetantem multae simul morae retinuissent quo minus tam audax consilium susciperem. illis quidem temporibus timidior eram quam ut meum nomen populo volgari vellem, ne iudiciis civium existimatio mea in periculum veniret. nunc vero tota opinionis meae ratio est omnino commutata, neque umquam alias, si quid eius modi ad me attinere posset, minoris aestimavi ; nam praemia illa nullo loco numero quae tum forsitan praeclara viderentur. scio me rem amisisse quae longe ceteras omnis mea quidem sententia anteiret, neque curae est utrum populus me poetam iudicet esse, an inanem artis poeticae iactationem prae me ferre. o me beatum, qui illud nihili faciam quod versus exarantibus maximi esse videatur ! hoc est quod me liberum ac solutum operi dederim, nulla formidine adstrictum, neque eius quam mihi ipsa natura ingenuit timiditatis frenis impeditum, qua nisi carerem, aut numquam mihi scripta meo nomine proferre licuisset, aut certe, si id auderem, eventu infelici usus essem.

J. S. R.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice, which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

JOHNSON.

HIC iam octavus est annus, vir clarissime, ex quo aut aditu omnino tuo prohibebar aut admissus expectabam in atrio dum tibi vacaret. per tantum temporis spatium inter molestias, quas nihil agam conquerendo, hoc opus meum urgeo, donec iam sum editurus, nullo tuo beneficio adiutus, nulla erectus cohortatione, ne levissima quidem favoris aura provectus; namque, ut pastor ille Vergilianus, inveni quidem sero amorem sed in rupibus habitantem. quamquam meliora speraveram, ut qui nullum ante te tamquam Maecenatem mihi elegissem. hoc, quaeso, habebat Maecenas, ut hominem tamquam naufragum de vita desperantem ex terra lentus intueretur, eidem, cum ad terram salvus evasisset, auxilium ferret iam molestum? quod de meo opere nuper aliquid scripsisti, hoc maturius oblatum libenter accepissem, nunc dilatum frigidumque fastidio, orbus non iam habeo quibus impertiam, notus non desidero. nec cuiquam debeo idcirco nimis asper et inhumanus videri, quod, qui mihi nihil praestitit, ei ipse nihil referam acceptum, quodque nolim omnibus videri ea Maecenatibus debere quae deorum beneficio ipse perficere potui.

J. D. D.

AT Bastelica I had a large company to attend me in the convent. I liked to see their natural frankness and ease; for why should men be afraid of their own species? They just came in making an easy bow, placed themselves round the room where I was sitting, rested themselves on their muskets, and immediately entered into conversation with me. They talked very feelingly of the miseries that their country had endured, and complained that they were still but in a state of poverty. I happened at that time to have an unusual flow of spirits; and, as one who finds himself among strangers in a distant country, has no timidity, I harangued the men of Bastelica with great fluency. I expatiated on the bravery of the Corsicans, by which they had purchased liberty, the most valuable of all possessions, and rendered themselves famous over all Europe. Their poverty, I told them, might be remedied by a proper cultivation of their island, and by engaging a little in commerce. But I bid them remember, that they were much happier in their present state than in a state of refinement and vice; and that therefore they should beware of luxury.

What I said had the good fortune to touch them, and several of them repeated the same sentiments much better than I could do. They all expressed their strong attachment to Paoli, and called out in one voice that they were all at his command. I could with pleasure have passed a long time here.

BOSWELL. *A Tour to Corsica.*

BASTELICAE, ubi ad monachos deverteram, frequens fuit ad me civium conventus, quorum indolem liberam et erectam libenter vidi; homines hominem cur timeant quid causae est? ut quisque intrarat, me nulla sollicitudine salutabat; tum circa conclave ubi sedebam dispositi et in pilis suis innixi, sermonem mecum statim instituunt. aegerrime ferebant quas publice pertulissent miserias; querebantur ne nunc quidem paupertatem suam levari posse. tum ego, quod nec quisquam, cum apud homines exteros et ignotos dicendum est, pertimescit, et ipse elatiore quam soleo forte eram animo, contionem habui copiosissimam. fortitudinem Corsorum verbis amplissimis laudo, qua rem pretiosissimam libertatem redemissent, oculos omnium in se convertissent; ne inopes quidem iam fore, si terram suam diligenter excolerent; posse quidem etiam mercaturam aliquantum exercere, illud autem pro certo habendum se, si per cultum elegantiorem ad vitia delaberentur, multo minus quam nunc beatos fore; luxuriam igitur caverent. haec dicenti contigit ut hominum animos commoverem: complures eadem multo melius quam ipse potueram disserebant; omnes se duci suo devinctos esse, nutum eius intueri, uno ore consenserunt. libenter hic diu commoratus essem.

J. D. D.

My Dear Randolph,

I must confess it's rather hard on you, that, after your wholesale slaughter of wild lions (*sic*) in S. Africa, you should have made so little impression on your return upon the tame cats—I mean, of course, your constituents at Paddington. On the other hand (pardon a little brag) it's wonderful how popular I've lately become with the Tories. I wish you had heard my speech on the Local Government Bill for Ireland the other night in the House. 'Queen and Constitution,' 'the Emerald Isle,' 'the Union of hearts,' etc. etc. Rounds of applause followed my loyal sentiments. We are on the eve of a dissolution. The G.O.M. is, alas, as fresh as ever. Still I really felt a bit of the old love for him when he harangued the other night on 'Disestablishment of the Welsh and Scotch Churches,' 'One man one vote,' and 'Reconstruction of the House of Lords.' These were once *my* principles, you know. Are they still, you will ask? Well, to tell you the truth, I hardly know myself.

Yours ever

JOSEPH.

W. A. G.

CICERO CURIONI S.P.D.

INIQUIOR nimirum casus ita tulit ut qui in Africa, si famae credendum est, tot ferarum idque ferocissimarum caede calueris, idem postquam Romam ad petendum redisti, apud tribules tuos—mitissimum genus hominum—sane quam videaris refrixisse. contra ego—sed suppudet haec gloriari—mirum quantum mei studiosos nuper habeo optimates. utinam in senatu heri adfuisses, cum pro Siculis orationem habebam, ut civitatibus res suas administrare liceret. quippe haec erat ὑπόθεσις; de auctoritate senatus, de Trinacriae pulchritudine, de consensione Italiae, de fide sociorum. quid multa? clamores. res fluit ad interregnum. Sampsiceramus noster (o rem miseram!) ut nunquam antea viget. fateor tamen me pristino amore hominis nescio quo modo adfectum esse, dum ille hoc triduo copiose de re publica disserit. quae enim censebat, Transpadanis ita morem gerendum ut leges de sacris eorum publicis abrogarentur, ferendum autem ad populum ut singulorum in comitiis suffragia aeque valerent et nova quaedam lectio senatus fieret, ea omnia ipse, ut tute scis, comprobabam olim. paenitetne? inquies. iam illud, ut verum fatear, ne mihi quidem satis liquet.

W. A. G.

I HAVE gone back to Greek literature with a passion quite astonishing to myself. I have never felt anything like it. Oh that wonderful people! There is not one art, not one science, about which we may not use the same expression, which Lucretius has employed about the victory over superstition, "Primum Graius homo—." I think myself very fortunate in having been able to return to those great masters while still in the full vigour of life. Most people read all the Greek that they ever read before they are five-and-twenty. They never find time for such studies afterwards till they are in the decline of life; and then their knowledge of the language is in a great measure lost, and cannot easily be recovered. Accordingly, almost all the ideas that people have of Greek literature are ideas formed while they are still very young. A young man, whatever his genius may be, is no judge of such a writer as Thucydides. I had no high opinion of him ten years ago. I have now been reading him with a mind accustomed to historical researches, and to political affairs; and I am astonished at my own former blindness, and at his greatness. I could not bear Euripides at college. I now read my recantation.

MACAULAY.

AD Graecas litteras ea cupiditate me rettuli quae memet ipsum nihil tale antea expertum valde obstupefecerit. o gentem illam admirabilem! nulla enim est ars, nulla doctrina, de qua Lucretianum illud *primum Graius homo* de religione debellata usurpatum nobis non liceat iterare. mihi quidem vehementer gratulor quia ad illos scriptorum principes integra adhuc aetate redire potui. qui enim in eos incumbunt, ipso in flore aetatis plerumque ab hoc studio desciscunt; neque rei tali postea vacant, prius quam, aetate iam ingravescente, omnia de ea antea cognita modo non dedidicerunt, neque amissa facile recuperare possunt. quaecumque igitur de Graecis litteris sentimus, ea adhuc pueri imbibimus. adulescens autem quolibet ingenio praeditus de Thucydide non potest recte iudicare. quem equidem abhinc decem annos haud ita magni aestimabam; nunc tamen cum, res gestas perscrutando adsuetus atque in re publica iam diu versatus, opus illud perlegi, meam insipientiam, dignitatem illius admiror. quin etiam Euripidem, cum Athenis essem, valde respuebam. ecce autem nunc *παλινῳδίαν* cecini.

G. M. E.

CLOSELY connected with this is what some have called the penetrative, others the interpretative, power of Imagination. It is that subtle and mysterious gift, that intense intuition which, piercing beneath all surface appearance, goes straight to the core of an object, enters where reasoning and peddling analysis are at fault, lays hold of the inner heart, the essential life, of a scene, a character, or a situation, and expresses it in a few immortal words. What is the secret of this penetrative glance, who shall say? It defies analysis. Neither the poet himself who puts it forth, nor the critic who examines the result can explain how it works, can lay his finger on the vital source of it. A line, a word, has flashed the scene upon us, has made the character live before us; how we know not, only the thing is done. And others, when they see it, exclaim, How true to nature this is! so like what I have often felt myself, only I could never express it! But the poet has expressed it, and this is what makes him an interpreter to men of their own unuttered experience. All great poets are full of this power. It is that by which Shakespeare read the inmost heart of man, Wordsworth of nature.

J. C. SHAIRP. *Aspects of Poetry.*

HOC autem conectitur facultas illa fingendi, sive in rebus penetrandis, sive in isdem exprimendis posita,—alii enim aliter statuerunt: subtilem utique ac mirificam vim dico, quae per intentiorem obtutum fucos fallaciasque dispiciens ad id quod subest recta pervenit; unde fit ut, siquando de locis vel moribus vel rerum statu agatur, philosopho sophistaque haerentibus poetae liceat intimam vitam ipsasque medullas amplexo verbis paucis quidem sed immortalibus veritatem proferre. hanc vero inspectandi copiam quisnam audebit explicare? divisione omnino caret. neque enim poeta qui fruitur, neque criticus qui fructum perscrutatur, ipsam creandi rationem potest expedire, vitaeque fontes digito indicare. versu videlicet uno, uno etiam verbo clarescit argumentum, vivit persona: quo pacto nescimus,—tamen factum est; aliique cum videant 'ipsam naturam!' clamant, 'quotiens mihi quoque similia contigerunt! modo numquam potui exprimere.' at poeta expressit, ideoque interpres appellatur hominibus earum rerum quas experti haud palam prompserunt. hac copia admodum floruit siquis inter poetas exstitit princeps. non alia ratione Theocritus ruris naturam, Euripides hominum praecordia potuit pernoscere.

A. B. C.

BURKE'S literary talents were, after all, his chief excellence. His style has all the familiarity of conversation, and all the research of the most elaborate composition. He says what he wants to say, by any means, nearer or more remote, within his reach. He makes use of the most common or scientific terms, of the longest or shortest sentences, of the plainest and most downright, or of the most figurative modes of speech. He gives loose reins to his imagination and follows it as far as the language will carry him. As long as the one or the other has any resources in store to make the reader feel and see the thing as he has conceived it, in its nicest shades of difference, in its utmost degree of force and splendour, he never disdains and never fails to employ them. Yet, in the extremes of his mixed style, there is not much affectation, and but little either of pedantry or of coarseness. He is, with the exception of Jeremy Taylor, the most poetical of our prose writers, and at the same time his prose never degenerates into the mere effeminacy of poetry; for he always aims at overpowering rather than at pleasing; and consequently sacrifices beauty and delicacy to force and vividness. His only object is to strike hard and in the right place; if he misses his mark, he repeats his blow; and does not care how ungraceful the action or how clumsy the instrument, provided it brings down his antagonist.

W. HAZLITT.

SED praecipuam huius viri laudem si quaerimus, plurimum valuit in litteris. inest orationi cotidiani sermonis facilitas, inest exquisite scribentis sollicitudo. quod significare volt, id ut significet, omnia adhibet, prompta, arcessita, quidquid adripere potest, verba et pervolgata et ex intimo artificio, sententiarum ingentes orbes vel membra minutissima, elocutionem modo quam maxime propriam nudamque, modo luxuriantem translationibus. inmissis ingenio habenis fertur incitatus quocumque per sermonem nostrum licet evagari. quamdiu suppeditant vel orationis opes vel inveniendi, nihil fastidio praetermittit, nihil socordia, dummodo quas rerum animo conceperit imagines, easdem tenuissimo quoque discrimine efficto summa vi et splendore eminentes menti atque adeo oculis subiciat legentis. in genere mixto atque ad extrema excurrente ambitionis tamen parum, pinguia autem et nimis erudita pauca admodum. prorsus inter nostros solutae orationis scriptores, si Taylorum exceperis, poetae proximus, idem tamen numquam in ultimam poetarum mollitiem corruptus, qui quidem non tam ad delectandum intentus quam ad perfringendum venustati munditiisque fortia anteponat et significantia. totus est in ictu, ut graviter inferatur, ut in opportuna : frustra si petiit, iterat volnus, nulla nec indecori motus nec teli inhabilis ratione habita, modo adflixerit adversarium.

W. W.

THE Greek plays and Shakespeare have interested a hundred as books for one who has seen their writings acted. How lightly does the mere clown, the idle schoolgirl, build a private theatre in the fancy and laugh or weep with Falstaff or Macbeth! With how entire an oblivion of the artificial nature of the whole contrivance, which thus compels them to be their own architects, scene-painters and actors! In fact the artifice succeeds,—becomes grounded in the substance of the soul; and every one loves to feel how he is thus brought face to face with the brave, the fair, the woful and the great of all past ages; looks into their eyes and feels the beating of their hearts; and reads, over their shoulder, the secret written tablets of the busiest and the largest brains; while the juggler by whose cunning the whole strange, beautiful absurdity is set in motion, keeps himself hidden; sings loud with a mouth unmoving as that of a statue, and makes the human race cheat itself unanimously and delightfully by the illusion which he preordains; while as an obscure Fate he sits invisible and hardly lets his being be divined by those who cannot flee him. The Lyric art is childish and the Epic barbarous compared to this.

JOHN STERLING.

GRAECORUM tragoediae nec non Terentius noster sescentos lectores tenuerunt pro uno quoque qui fabulas ipsas peragi vidit. quam facile enim puer alioqui parum doctus, vel rusticus, rerum imperitissimus, in animi regno scenam sibi instruet ubi cum Davo rideat, cum Hecuba lamentetur! quam penitus oblitus erit fictam esse totam imaginem sibique deinceps architecti, pictoris, actoris partes inscio impositas! vicit profecto artificium, animum hominis alte penetravit. ecquis enim non gaudebit cum per hanc speciem si quis usquam gentium omni tempore vel virtute vel pulcritudine vel doloribus vel rebus gestis ceteros antecellit, illis ipse obviam factus erit? cum oculos illius intuetur, spiritus exaudit, cum feracissimi cuiusque altissimique ingeni arcanas tabellas inspicit, invisus ipse inauditusque? magus ille interea, cuius praestigiis totum illud spectaculum, cum ridiculum tum pulcerrimum, movetur, ipse longe abditus, carmen paene Memnonio ore effundens, totum genus humanum in errorem dulcissimum compellit fraude a se tot ante annis instituta; dum velut remotum Parcarum numen, nusquam apparens, vix qui sit illis divinari permittit qui potentiam eius effugere nequeunt. prae hac animorum dominatione quicquid Lyrici potuere, puerile, quicquid Epici, barbarum, videri debuerit.

R. S. C.

THE whole objection, however, of the immorality of poetry rests upon a misconception of the manner in which poetry acts to produce the moral improvement of man. Ethical science arranges the elements which poetry has created, and propounds schemes and proposes examples of civil and domestic life: nor is it for want of admirable doctrines that men hate, and despise, and censure, and deceive, and subjugate one another. But poetry acts in another and diviner manner. It awakens and enlarges the mind itself by rendering it the receptacle of a thousand unapprehended combinations of thought. Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects to be as if they were not familiar; it reproduces all that it represents, and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it coexists.

SHELLEY. *Defence of Poetry.*

WHAT! because a fellow-being disputes the reasonableness of thy faith, wilt thou punish him with torture and imprisonment? If persecution for religious opinions were admitted by the moralist, how wide a door would not be opened by which convulsionists of every kind might make inroads upon the peace of society! How many deeds of barbarism and blood would not receive a sanction! But I will demand, if that man is not rather entitled to the respect than the discountenance of society, who, by disputing a received doctrine, either proves its falsehood and inutility, thereby aiming at the abolition of what is false and useless, or gives to its adherents an opportunity of establishing its excellence and truth. Surely this can be no crime. Surely the individual who devotes his time to fearless and unrestricted inquiry into the grand questions arising out of our moral nature, ought rather to receive the patronage than encounter the vengeance of an enlightened legislature. SHELLEY. *Letter to Lord Ellenborough.*

CETERUM quod artem poeticam reprehendunt, tamquam vitae honestae obsit, iam adeo falluntur, ut quem ad modum moribus hominum emendandis idonea sit ignorasse videantur. namque illa morum elementa, quae praebuerunt poetae, philosophi ita disponunt, ut vitae publicae privataeque rationes atque exempla proferant: non enim quia praeceptis optimis careat alius alium odit, contemnit, criminatur, decipit, in servitium adigit. alia autem ac divinior est poetae ratio. vim nempe ipsius animi incitat adaugetque, mille rerum inexpertis alioqui coniunctionibus in mentem simul allatis; Naturae denique tamquam detracto velamento pulcra omnia detegit, omnia solita pro insolitis praestat; quascumque exhibet species, ipsa tali arte refingit, ut divino quodam lumine perfusae iis a quibus semel conspectae sint pro documentis existant, quam suavem quamque fortem animi tranquillitatem in omnes cogitationes, omnes vitae actiones ars illa secum inducat.

R. D. A. H.

QUID enim? tu, si cui mortalium parum probabile visum id erit quod ipse credis, ergo eum cruciabis, eum in vincula conicies? quod si philosophis placeat animadvertere in quaslibet de rebus divinis sententias, quam lata iam pateat perditissimo cuique via, quicumque in communem concordiam incursare voluerit: nulla atrocitas, nulla adeo caedes improbanda videatur. quid? nonne hic, quaeso, gratia potius hominum quam odio dignus sit, qui oppugnata quam ceteri comprobent ratione, si neque veram neque utilem ostenderit, falsa atque inutilia eat eversum; sin minus, nempe defensoribus quod verum honestumque sit confirmandi potestatem faciat? quidnam hoc flagiti? enim vero si quis libero et impavido ingenio ad magnas eas de vita ac moribus quaestiones totum se tradiderit, hunc, inquam, non coercentibus verum adiuvantibus, siquidem recte sint latae, uti legibus oportet.

R. D. A. H.

WERE we to analyse the pleasure we derive from the speeches of a brilliant orator, we should probably find that one great source is this constant perception of an ever-recurring difficulty skilfully overcome. With some speakers appropriate language flows forth in such a rapid and unbroken stream that the charm of art is lost by its very perfection. With others the difficulties of expression are so painfully exhibited or so imperfectly overcome that we listen with feelings of apprehension and of pity. But when the happy medium is attained—when the idea that is to be conveyed is present for a moment to the listener's thought before it is moulded into the stately period—the music of each balanced sentence acquires an additional charm from our perception of the labour that produced it. In addressing the populace the great talents of O'Connell shone forth with their full resplendency. Such an audience alone is susceptible of the intense feelings the orator seeks to convey, and over such an audience O'Connell exercised an unbounded influence. Tens of thousands hung entranced upon his accents, melted into tears or were convulsed with laughter—fired with the most impassioned and indignant enthusiasm, yet so restrained that not an act of riot or of lawlessness, not a scene of drunkenness or of disorder, resulted from those vast assemblies. His genius was more wonderful in controlling than in exciting, and there was no chord of feeling that he could not strike with power. Other orators studied rhetoric—O'Connell studied men.

W. E. H. LECKY. *Leaders of Irish Opinion.*

NAM si voluptatem eam quam viris eloquentibus audiendis capimus excutere velimus, reperiamus ut opinor ex hoc eam maxime nasci quod difficultatem semper se offerentem oratoris arte vinci videamus. etenim sunt quibus in dicendo propria verborum copia ita volubilis ac perpetua profluat ut ars ipsa quo perfectior sit eo minorem afferat delectationem. aliis obest aut haesitatio manifesta aut vix tandem se expediens oratio, ut audientes metu quodam ac misericordia affici videamur. si quis vero auream illam mediocritatem ita adsecutus erit ut notio quae proponenda sit audientibus ipsis paulo ante in mentem veniat quam in grandem verborum ambitum comprehendatur,—tum demum ipse per se canorus sententiarum sonor eo plus delectabit quod laborem quo efficitur ipsi deprehendamus. iam vero in contionibus praeclarum illud Gracchi ingenium proprio suo splendore enitebat. magna enim populi frequentia maximos illos animorum motus qui oratoribus sunt concitandi sola capit; quo in genere multitudinis nihil non pollebat C Sempronius. itaque multa simul milia hominum a dicentis ore pendere videres, modo in lacrimas solvi modo risu quati, et rursus studiis ac dolore totos exardescere, cum tamen ita sibimet ipsis temperarent ut in tot tantisque conventibus nihil turbulente aut licenter actum nihil per temulentiam aut tumultus peccatum fuerit. erat enim vel magis in cohibendis quam inflammandis hominibus admirandus, et nullum non animorum adfectum excitare callebat. itaque sic existimo, ceteros quidem ad artem dicendi, hunc ad ipsos homines cognoscendos se contulisse.

W. E. H.

BUT in political and philosophical theories, as well as in persons, success discloses faults and infirmities which failure might have concealed from observation. The notion, that the people have no need to limit their power over themselves, might seem axiomatic, when popular government was a thing only dreamed about, or read of as having existed at some distant period of the past. Neither was that notion necessarily disturbed by such temporary aberrations as those of the French Revolution, the worst of which were the work of an usurping few, and which, in any case, belonged not to the permanent working of popular institutions, but to a sudden and convulsive outbreak against monarchical and aristocratic despotism. In time, however, a democratic republic came to occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, and made itself felt as one of the most powerful members of the community of nations: and elective and responsible government became subject to the observations and criticisms which wait upon a great existing fact. It was now perceived that such phrases as 'self-government,' and 'the power of the people over themselves,' do not express the true state of the case. The 'people' who exercise the power, are not always the same people with those over whom it is exercised; and the 'self-government' spoken of, is not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest.

J. S. MILL. *On Liberty.*

SED enim res prospere gestae, ut in hominibus ipsis ita in rationibus vel civilibus vel philosophicis, vitiosa et infirma in lucem solent trahere, quae, si male evenisset, poterant delitescere. nam quo tempore popularis civitas nil nisi commentum esse videbatur seu vaticinantium seu prisca narrantium, facile credebant homines (tamquam res ipsa per se esset manifesta) populo nihil opus esse suo in se imperio cohibendo. neque improbabant quidem hanc sententiam breves nescioqui in pravum lapsus, quos conversionem illam in Gallia rerum dedecorasse accepimus; quippe quorum atrocissimos pauci quidam tyrannida sibi adrogantes patraverint, et quos utique non res popularis constituta peperisset, sed subitus et impotens tumultus reges ac patricios a cervicibus depellentium. postquam vero non regibus aut patriciis subiecta respublica sed comitiis arbitrioque populari, magnam partem orbis terrarum ita occupavit ut omnes iam sentirent vix ullam potentiorem societatis gentium esse participem, tandem aliquando eiusmodi civitatem quae magistratus, populi suffragiis electos, eidem populo cogeret rationem reddere, coeperant homines animadvertere atque, ut fit, in rem magnam oculis subiectam inquirere. tum demum igitur apparuit, si quis de 'sese regendo' dissereret, sive de 'civium in se ipsos imperio,' rei veritatem parum exponere; quippe, eos cives qui imperium exercerent, alios esse posse atque eos quibus imperaretur; et 'sese regere' quod dicerent, illud esse regimen, ut unusquisque civium non a seipso sed a ceteris universis regeretur.

C. W. M.

IN action it is equally this quality in which the English—at least so I claim it for them—excel all other nations. There is an infinite deal to be laid against us, and as we are unpopular with most others, and as we are always grumbling at ourselves, there is no want of people to say it. But after all, in a certain sense England is a success in the world; her career has had many faults, but still it has been a fine and winning career upon the whole. And this on account of the exact possession of this particular quality. What is the making of a successful merchant? That he has plenty of energy, and yet that he does not go too far. And if you ask for a description of a great practical Englishman, you will be sure to have this or something like it: "Oh, he has plenty of go in him; but he knows when to pull up." He may have all other defects in him; he may be coarse, he may be illiterate, he may be stupid to talk to; still this great union of spur and bridle, of energy and moderation, will remain to him.

WALTER BAGEHOT. *Physics and Politics.*

IAM vero et in agendis rebus nostri hoc eodem praestant ceteris gentibus: equidem certe hoc eis vindico. sane eorum quae nobis obici possint copia prope infinita est; et qui plerisque simus invisi, dum nobismet ipsi omnia vitio vertimus, non desunt qui ista in nos proferre velint. verumtamen ut ita dicam inter gentes floruimus: ut multa perperam fecerimus, tamen si res Romanas spectes splendida pleraque ac felicia invenias. cuius rei nonne haec causa est, quod ipsum illud perfectum atque absolutum habemus? quid? negotiatorem quae res negoti sui bene gerentem efficit? quod scilicet ita est vehemens ut modum non egrediatur. agedum hoc quempiam roga, ut tibi viri cuiusdam Romani in rerum actione excellentis ingenium ac mores describat: hoc profecto vel huiusmodi aliquod responsum feres, satis illum virium atque impetus habere, ita tamen ut idem in tempore se comprimat. habeat omnia vitia licet; sit rusticus, sit indoctus, sit in circulis inurbanus; illud tamen non amittet, ut in se prout res postulet aut calcaribus aut frenis utatur, vehementer rem transigat, servet modum.

W. E. H.

IF we turn from the foreign to the domestic duties of a nation, we shall find the greatest of them to be, that its government should compel obedience to the law, criminal and civil. The vulgar impression no doubt is, that laws enforce themselves. Some communities are supposed to be naturally law-abiding, and some are not. But the truth is (and this is a commonplace of the modern jurist) that it is always the State which causes laws to be obeyed. It is quite true that this obedience is rendered by the great bulk of all civilised societies without an effort and quite unconsciously. But that is only because, in the course of countless ages, the stern discharge of their duty by States has created habits and sentiments which save the necessity for penal interference, because nearly everybody shares them. The venerable legal formulas, which make laws to be administered in the name of the King, formulas which modern Republics have borrowed, are a monument of the grandest service which governments have rendered, and continue to render, to mankind. If any government should be tempted to neglect, even for a moment, its function of compelling obedience to law, it would be guilty of a crime which hardly any other virtue could redeem, and which century upon century might fail to repair.

SIR HENRY MAINE.

SI vero, omissis quae foris aguntur, domesticas civitatis rationes contemplemur, haud dubium erit quin maxime debeant ii qui praesunt curare ut, et in delictis cohibendis et in civium inter se negotiis, legibus obtemperetur. neque equidem ignoro id plerisque probari, per se ipsas leges obtemperandi necessitatem adhibere. scilicet civitatibus insitam esse, pervicaciam aliis, aliis legum patientiam. sed, verum si loqui volumus, quod quidem hodie apud iuris peritos tritum atque usitatum habetur, legum illa observantia necesse est civitatis ope nitatur. quae quamquam ubique fere gentium humaniorum sponte neque scientibus ipsis evenit, id sane accidit quod per infinitam iam anteacti temporis aetatem ea fuit civitatum in hoc munere fungendo constantia ut, cum omnes fere cives eadem faciant sentiantque, nulla sit omnino poenae irrogandae necessitas. iam sollemnes illae formulae quae regis auctoritatem ad leges administrandas adhibent, hodie quoque apud civitates populares usurpatae, beneficii monumento sunt quod praecipuum homines ex arte regnandi olim perceptum, usque ad hoc temporis tuentur. rectores autem civitatis si quando in mentem induxerint debitum legibus opitulandi munus vel paulisper aspernari, idem facinus admiserint quod haud scio an nullis bene meritis expiari possit, neque ullo temporis intervallo reparari.

H. C. G.

IN the midst of these praises bestowed on luxury, for which elegance and taste are but another name, perhaps it may be thought improper to plead the cause of frugality. It may be thought low, or vainly declamatory, to exhort our youth from the follies of dress, and of every other superfluity; to accustom themselves, even with mechanic meanness, to the simple necessaries of life. Such sort of instructions may appear antiquated, yet, however, they seem the foundations of all our virtues, and the efficacious method of making mankind useful members of society. Unhappily, however, such discourses are not fashionable among us, and the fashion seems every day growing still more obsolete, since the press, and every other method of exhortation, seems disposed to talk of the luxuries of life as harmless enjoyments. I remember, when a boy, to have remarked that those who in school wore the finest clothes, were pointed at as being conceited and proud. At present our little masters are taught to consider dress betimes, and they are regarded, even at school, with contempt, who do not appear as genteel as the rest. Education should teach us to become useful, sober, disinterested and laborious members of society; but does it not at present point out a different path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to possess, in order to dissipate; a greater charge to ourselves, and more useless or obnoxious to society.

GOLDSMITH. *Essays.*

CUM tot laudibus tantisque luxus iste cumuletur, quem nominis immutatione elegantiam volunt esse aut humanitatem, forsitan quis me ineptum iudicaverit qui parsimoniae patrocinium susceperim. nam foedi hominis aut rabulae alicuius inania fundentis videtur esse, adhortari iuventutem nostram ne vestimentorum nugas, ne ceteras res supervacaneas consectentur, potiusque ut ad operariorum quandam humilitatem se demittant, assuefaciantque eis rebus quas vita non depravata desiderat. quamquam autem talia praecepta antiqua et obsoleta videri possunt, tamen nihil opinor esse quod omnis virtutes magis fulciat, nihil quod ad homines utili inter se societate coniungendos plus conferat. infeliciter vero accidit ut et eius modi admonitiones parum apud nostros vigeant, et ut eis cotidie aliquid honoris decedat, cum et rerum scriptores et omnes qui populum ad honestatem cohortentur in eo sint ut vitam luxuriosam nihil aliud quam innocentes quasdam delectationes amplexari confirment. equidem memini puer, si qui e ludi discipulis pretiosa veste se iactare vellent, eos pro insolentibus aut superbis commonstrari. hodie quidem pueri nostri quo modo se vestiant in ista iam aetate condiscunt meditari, atque etiam tum in ludo, quisquis ceteris minus cultum se praebet, is despicatui ducitur. quod contra aecum fuerat nos doctrinarum studiis eruditos officiose moderate sancte strenue in civitate versari; quibus nonne ad alia omnia propensi evadimus? enimvero multiplicium rerum cupiditate imbuimur, unde plura habere concupiscimus quo plura profundamus, eademque opera nobismet ipsis graves, patriae inutiles et perniciosi cives efficimur.

J. S. R.

NOR is there any dissuasive from such contemplation: it is no breach of friendship, nor violation of paternal fondness; for the event we dread and detest is not by these means forwarded, as simple persons think their own deaths would be by making a will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath yet been fortunately escaped? If it be true that the loss of a blessing teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of losing our friends, and the uncertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to present possession? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflections, with the same eagerness and ecstasy, with which we receive those we love into our arms when first we wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

FIELDING.

QUIBUS a cogitationibus, cum nec amicitia nec parentum erga liberos amor eis violetur, nihil est cur abstineamus: neque enim, quod putant homines parum prudentes fore ut testamento facto mors sibi festinetur, eo citius id adventurum est quod et odimus et pertimescimus, sed augentur potius atque aluntur suavissimae iucundissimaeque voluptates. quae enim cogitatio maiorem habet oblectationem quam, postquam talibus de rebus meditati sumus, illud exploratum habere, nos id malum quod metueremus quodque impendere videretur tamen dis adiuvantibus effugisse? si est verum, tum demum nos bona postquam desideraverimus recte aestimare posse, nonne nova quaedam necesse est ad ipsam possessionem delectatio accedat reputantibus certum iam esse fore ut dirimantur aliquando amicitiae, quamdiu mansurae sint incertum? tali denique cogitatione suscepta, nonne in amicorum nos consuetudinem haud minus alacri voluptate conferemus, quam qua eorum amplexu modo expergefacti fruimur, quos somniorum terroribus decepti nobis ereptos esse arbitrabamur?

G. W. B.

BUT there *are* questions which concern all men alike, which force themselves into the way of all, and which none can altogether shut out, without foregoing the main distinction of a rational nature, and sinking to the level of the lower creatures. Every man has an interest—the deepest possible interest—in the inquiry, whence he came, whither he is going, why and to what purpose he is here. He may evade it or put it by for a season; he may cheat himself into a persuasion that it is needless and useless. But there is the thought still lurking in the depths of his consciousness, and ever ready to start up afresh and harass him. If he strives to drown it in stupefying and reckless sensuality, its revival will not be the less inevitable, but the more disquieting: while whatever fills up his life more worthily, whatever gives it more value and meaning, lifts him above the immediate present, and turns his view towards the past or the future, must be the more likely to recall one or other of these solemn questions: and there is so close a connexion between them, that it is impossible to move one without stirring the rest. He must find some answer to them, unless his life is to pass away, without aim or import, as a feverish half-waking dream.

SUNT tamen quaedam, quae pariter ad omnes spectant, quae ultro omnibus obversantia nemo excludere potest, nisi prius, omisso quod rationis naturam quam maxime distinguit, ad bestiarum statum se demiserit. omnium enim illud interest, atque adeo praecipue, unde venerit, quo eat, qua ratione, quamve ob causam in vita commoretur. quae quidem licet interim elusa quasi reponat, ut qui sibi persuasum finxerit rem supervacaneam esse et inutilem, at tamen in imis animi penetralibus adhuc insidiatur cogitatio illa, iam iamque ad lacessendum coortura. quam si temerariae libidinis stupore obruere velit, haud tamen minus necessario sed molestior resurgat. quicquid autem vitam honestius expleat, quicquid, in maius aucta dignitate eius et gravitate, animum a rebus hodiernis sublevatum in praeterita aut futura intendat, id quidem magis veri simile est e rebus ita gravibus unam et alteram revocaturum : quae omnino ita arte inter se cohaerent, ut ne unam quidem movere possis, quin ceterae labantur. nec tamen non respondendum est, nisi vitam tibi defluxisse velis et consili et rationis expertem, ut cui semisomno sollicitae evanuerint imagines.

A. W. S.

I DO not say that every man, or the same man at all times, adopts the same principles and method in his moral reasoning. On the contrary I think that moralists have erred importantly in not seeing and admitting that men, in so far as they reason upon morals and attempt to make their practice rational, do so, naturally and normally, upon different principles and by different methods: that there are, in short, several natural methods of Ethics. It is true—indeed it follows from what has been just said—that it is a postulate of the science that either these methods must be reconciled and harmonized, or all but one of them rejected. The common sense of men cannot acquiesce in conflicting principles: so that there can be but one rational method of Ethics (in the widest sense of the word method). But in setting out to inquire what this is, we ought to recognize the fact that there are many natural methods. H. SIDGWICK.

WE are continually informed that Utility is an uncertain standard, which every different person interprets differently, and that there is no safety but in the immutable, ineffaceable, and unmistakeable dictates of Justice, which carry their evidence in themselves, and are independent of the fluctuations of opinion. One would suppose from this that on questions of justice there could be no controversy: that if we take that for our rule, its application to any given case could leave us in as little doubt as a mathematical demonstration. So far is this from being the fact, that there is as much difference of opinion, and as fierce discussion, about what is just, as about what is useful to society. Not only have different nations and individuals different notions of justice, but, in the mind of one and the same individual, justice is not some one rule, principle, or maxim, but many, which do not always coincide in their dictates, and in choosing between which, he is guided either by some extraneous standard, or by his own personal predilections. J. S. MILL. *Utilitarianism.*

ATQUI tantum abest ut equidem vel universos dicam homines vel singulos omnibus temporibus idem anquirendi principium rationemque de moribus adhibere, ut in eo iam philosophi graviter errare videantur, quod re parum perspecta infitiati sint, si quis elaborata honesti norma vitam informare studeat, alios alia plerumque principia alias rationes ultro exsequi, ita ut complures iam aditus honestatis secundum naturam appareant. id quidem verum est ac superioribus consentaneum, si quid scientiae satisfacere avemus, aut conciliandas componendasque esse rationes illas aut ceteris reiectis unam esse constituendam. etenim quae inter sese contraria sunt hominum consensui repugnant. itaque una tantum ratio—si id nomen latius patere sinimus—veritati consonat: quae tamen qualis sit cum ad investigandum ingredimur, plures natura duce exsistere fateamur oportet.

R. D. A. H.

IAM illa assidue docemur, si omnia ad utilitatem referantur ambiguam esse agendi normam, quam alii aliter intellegant: nihil esse certi nisi illa rata et stabilia et minime dubia iustitiae praecepta comprenderis, quae per se ipsa perspicua sint neque opinionis erroribus vacillent. quasi vero cum de iustitia agatur nulla controversia esse possit, aut ad iustitiam si spectamus nemini magis dubium sit, quale sit quidque, quam si geometrarum rationibus conclusum esset. quod tantum abest ut ita sit, ut quid sit iustum pari dissensione et concertatione quaeratur atque quid hominibus expediat. nam non solum et gentibus et hominibus aliis aliud iustum videtur, sed etiam unius cuiusque menti non una quaedam norma, una institutio, una praescriptio iustitiae, sed plures obversantur et in usum vitae non semper inter se congruentes: e quibus aut ad auctoritatem aliunde quaesitam aut ad sua ipsius studia selectio fit.

R. D. H.

AND, besides, in the matter of friendship, I have observed that disappointment here arises chiefly, not from liking our friends too well or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an overestimate of their liking for and opinion of us; and that, if we guard ourselves with sufficient scrupulousness of care from error in this direction, and can be content, and even happy, to give more affection than we receive—can make just comparison of circumstances, and be severely accurate in drawing inferences thence, and never let self-love blind our eyes—I think we may manage to get through life with consistency and constancy, unembittered by that misanthropy which springs from revulsion of feeling. All this sounds a little metaphysical, but it is good sense, if you consider it. The moral of it is that, if we would build on a sure foundation of friendship, we must love our friends for their sake rather than for our own; we must look at their truth to themselves full as much as their truth to us. In the latter case, every wound to self-love would be a cause of coldness; in the former, only some painful change in the friend's character and disposition—some fearful breach in his allegiance to his better self—could alienate the heart.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

QUOD vero in amicitia nonnunquam fallimur, id plerumque fieri arbitror, non quo amicos nimium diligamus atque aestimemus, sed potius quia de eorum erga nos animo immodicam habemus opinionem: quod si satis cautum habeamus, ne hunc in modum labamur; si plus amare quam amemur et velimus et gaudeamus; si rebus diligenter perpensis iudicium adeo accuratum facere possimus, ut nullo nostri amore occaecemur; iam fiat, opinor, ut vitam aequo constantique animo agamus neque spe eversa exacerbati in morositatem incidamus. haec tibi forsan paulo subtiliora videantur; neque vero, si reputaveris, ratione carent. eo enim spectant, ut, si amicitiam satis stabilitam cupiamus, amicos oporteat ipsorum causa, non nostra, colamus; non modo quam nobis fideles, sed quam sint sibi ipsi constantes respiciamus. sic enim non laesa identidem quam de nobis ipsi habemus opinionem alienabimur, sed mutato tantum in deterius amici ingenio, ita ut suis ipse institutis gravissime desciscat, amicitia excidemus.

R. D. A. H.

THERE are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blamable: I mean, an impatience to interrupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors: because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it; nor on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense. There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you; but, what is almost as bad, they will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Mean time, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good and that might be much more naturally introduced.

SWIFT.

IN sermonibus duo saepe incidunt vitia, specie diversa, pari tamen ex stirpe orta et pari digna reprehensione, et cum alios loquentes interpellamus et cum nos ipsos interpellari aegre ferimus. quorum utrumque facile vitabitur si consideraverimus illud in colloquendo potissimum spectandum esse ut aut iis quibus utamur aut nobis ipsis fructum et delectationem adferamus. itaque si quis sermonem iniverit ut qui audientium non sua causa id faciat, neque invitos coget alios, si sapiat, animum ad se advertere; neque eum qui loqui prius occupaverit ipse interpellabit, quasi vero impudentius suae primas partes prudentiae vindicaret. sunt qui, ut humaniores sint quam ut interpellent alios, ita alios loquentes palam tum aegre ferant tum tanquam ex insidiis obsideant dum finem loquendi fecerint: scilicet ut quod diu animo parturiant id ipsi aliquando pariant. interea adeo non curae est quid agatur, ut ad id quod tanquam sepositum habeant se totos convertant ne memoria dilabatur; unde fit ut vim omnem inventionis, qua sescenta alia neque minus utilia excogitare possent, in hoc unum expendant.

J. E. N.

A PERFECTLY solitary being, who had a whole planet to himself, would remain, I suppose, for ever incapable of knowing himself and reflecting upon his thoughts and actions. He would continue, like other creatures, to *have* feelings and ideas, but would not make them his *objects* and bring them under his Will. This human peculiarity would remain latent in him, till he was introduced before the face of some kindred being, and he saw his nature reflected in another mind. Looking into the eyes of a living companion, changing with laughter and with tears, flashing with anger, drooping with sleep, he finds the mirror of himself; the passions of his inner life are revealed to him; and he becomes a person, instead of a living thing. In proportion as society collects more thickly round a man, this primitive change deepens and extends: the unconscious, instinctive life, which remains predominant in savage tribes, and visible enough in sparse populations everywhere, gradually retires. He knows all about his appetites and how to serve them; can name his feelings, feign them, stifle them; can manage his thoughts, fly from them, conceal them; can meditate his actions, link them into a system, protect them from interrupting impulse, and direct them to an end; can go through the length and breadth of life with mind grossly familiar with its wonders, or reverently studious of its wisdom; and look on Death with the eye of an undertaker, or through the tears of a saint.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

CREDO, si quis in aliquo orbe terrarum solus habitaret, nunquam fore ut se cognosceret quaeque cogitaret aut faceret animo reputaret. sensu enim atque recordatione communi omnium animantium cum non careret, tamen quae sentiret et recordaretur ea non menti suae atque voluntati subiecturum. hoc autem, quod proprium est hominis, tum demum esse exstiturum cum apud talem aliquem qualis ipse coram induceretur suumque ex alia illa mente tanquam redditum ingenium videret. spectatis enim alterius animantis oculis, nunc risu aut lacrimis mutatis, nunc ardentibus ira somnove languidis, continuo imaginem sui animadversurum intimique non ante cognitas animi affectiones; iam qui fuisset animal hominis eum personam suscepturum. mox in frequentiore hominum conspectu versatum magis indies atque latius mutari, dum securam illam impetu magis quam consilio vivendi rationem paulatim relinquat, usitatissimam illam quidem etiam nunc hominibus feris atque solitariis et quo rariores semper eo usitatiorem. iam scire quae appetat, et quomodo possit appetita consequi; sensus appellare, simulare, dissimulare; cogitationes regere, declinare, celare; quae faciat considerare et quasi consilio conectere, finem certum atque propositum habere, libidinis omnem impeditionem arcere: denique vitae quod usquam sit explorare et perlustrare, aut nimia consuetudine mirabilia non mirantem aut exempla sapientiae iusta veneratione prosequentem; mortem aut iam usu inhumanum siccis oculis intueri aut divina quadam miseratione deflere.

F. J. H. J.

BUT perhaps we may be too partial to ourselves in placing the fault originally in our faculties, and not rather in the wrong use we make of them. It is a hard thing to suppose, that right deductions from true principles should ever end in consequences which cannot be maintained or made consistent. We should believe that God has dealt more bountifully with the sons of men, than to give them a strong desire for that knowledge which he had placed quite out of their reach. This were not agreeable to the wonted indulgent methods of Providence, which, whatever appetites it may have implanted in the creatures, doth usually furnish them with such means as, if rightly made use of, will not fail to satisfy them. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that the far greater part, if not all, of those difficulties which have hitherto amused philosophers, and blocked up the way to knowledge, are entirely owing to ourselves; that we have first raised a dust, and then complain we cannot see. BERKELEY.

SED nescio an nimis nobis faveamus, qui ex ingeni nostri infirmitate hoc malum ortum esse putemus potius quam e nobis ipsis, qui ingenio prave utamur. nam hoc quidem vix credendum est, si qua ex veris principiis secundum rectam rationem colligantur, ea non teneri posse aut sibi non constare. benigniorem esse deum existimare debemus quam ut eius scientiae quam denegaverit hominibus tantam illis cupiditatem ingenuerit. abhorret enim id a consueta illius beneficentia, qui, quoscumque animantibus appetitus dedit, plerumque explendi quoque copiam, modo recte ea uti velint, ibidem adiunxit. ad summam igitur in hanc sententiam adducor, impedimenta illa, quae philosophis oblectationem quandam praebent et tamen rerum cognitioni adhuc officiunt, si non omnia, at certe magna ex parte ex ipsis hominibus originem duxisse, qui, cum sibi ipsi tenebras offuderint, tum demum quod videre nequeant indignentur.

G. A. D.

TRANSLATIONS

INTO GREEK VERSE

LET not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

Richard II. Act II. Sc. 1.

ΜΗ ψυχρὰ λέξας ψύχρ᾽ ἐλεγχοίμην φρονῶν·
οὐ γὰρ γυναικῶν ἡ μάχη ξυνίσταται,
οὐδ᾽ ἀμφίλεκτος ἐκ πικρᾶς γλωσσαλγίας
ἔρις κρινεῖ νῷν τὴν καθεστῶσαν δίκην·
ἀλλ᾽ αἷμα θερμὸν τῇδε πήγνυσθαι χρεών·
οὐκ εὔχομαι γὰρ ὧδ᾽ ἀναλγήτως ἔχειν
ὡς σῖγα κρύπτειν μηδ᾽ ἓν ἀνταυδᾶν ἔπος
ἀλλ᾽ ἡ γὰρ αἰδὼς τῆς τε σῆς παρουσίας,
ὦναξ, σέβας μ᾽ ἐπέσχεν ἡνίαις τὸ μὴ
κέντρῳ ᾽πισείειν ῥῆμ᾽ ἐλευθερόστομον.
ἦ γὰρ τάχ᾽ ἂν μετῆξεν ὥστε πρὸς στόμα
τῷ λοιδοροῦντι δὶς τόσ᾽ ἀντιλοιδορεῖν.

J. B. L.

Γ. ἥξει γὰρ ἄναξ, ὡς τὸν οὐχὶ σώφρονα
εὖ νουθετοῖμ᾽ ἂν ὢν ἐπ᾽ ἐκπνοαῖς βίου;
Ι. σὺ μὴ τάδ᾽ ἄλγει μηδ᾽ ἄγαν ψυχορράγει·
πόνος περισσὸς κεῖνον εἴ τι νουθετεῖς.
Γ. ἔχει γε δή τοι γλῶσσα τῶν θανουμένων
δεινὴν ἀνάγκην ὠσίν, ὡς θείου μέλους.
ὅπου σπανίζει ῥήματ᾽ οὐ ματᾶν φιλεῖ,
ὁ γὰρ μετ᾽ ἄλγους πλεῖστ᾽ ἀληθεύει λέγων.
πείθει δὲ μᾶλλον, οὗ φάτις πανυστάτη,
τοῦ πάντα καλλύνοντος ὡραίᾳ χλιδῇ·
τὸ τέρμα γοῦν θαυμαστὸν οὐχ ὁ πρὶν βίος.
νικᾷ φθίνοντος ἡλίου, νικᾷ χάρις
μολπῆς φθινούσης, κἀς τὸν ὕστερον χρόνον,
ὡς ἡδέων τά γ᾽ ὕσταθ᾽, ἡδίστη μένει,
τῶν πρόσθε μᾶλλον ἐγγεγραμμένη φρεσίν.
κεῖνος δὲ νῦν ζῶντος μὲν ἠτίμα στόμα,
θρῆνον δ᾽ ἴσως τόνδ᾽ οὐκέτ᾽ ἂν κωφὸς κλύοι.

S. H. B.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood: and he squeak'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Richard III. Act I. Sc. 4.

ΒΡ. *σὺ δ' οὐ τοσοῦτον ἄλγος ἠγέρθης ἔχων;*
ΚΛ. *οὐδ' ὡς θανόντι τοὔναρ ὧδ' εἶχεν τέλος·*
ψυχὴ δέ μοι τἀνθένδε δυστλήτῳ στρόβῳ
στυγνοῦ καθ' ὕπνον διὰ πόρου πορθμεύεται,
ξυνοῦσ', ἀοιδῶν ὡς λόγος, πορθμεῖ σκυθρῷ,
εἰσέρχεται δὲ χῶρον αἰανοῦς σκότου.
ἀγνὼς δ' ἐκεῖ μέτοικος ὡς ἀφίκετο,
ὁ πένθερός μοι πρῶτος ἤντησε ξένῃ,
κἄφη βοήσας· οὐπίορκος, ὦ πόλις,
πόσας ποθ' οὗτος ἐν σκότῳ πληγήσεται;
κἀν τῷδ' ὁ μὲν παρῴχετ', ἦλθε δ' αὖ σκιὰ
θεία τὸ κάλλος, αἵμασιν δὲ βοστρύχους
λαμπροὺς πέφυρται, φθέγμα δ' ὡς τετριγότος·
τὸν ἀστάθμητον, τὸν ἀσαφῆ κἀψευσμένον
ἥκειν, τὸν αὐτῆς ἐκ μάχης κτείναντά νιν,
ὃν συλλαβεῖν χρὴν ποινίμους Ἐρινύας.
κἀνταῦθ' ἔδοξα μυρίαις ἀλαστόρων
μορφαῖσιν εἶρχθαι, καὶ τοσῆσδ' ἐπαΐειν
κραυγῆς δι' ὠτῶν δὴ τόθ' ὥστ' αὐτῇ βοῇ
φρίσσοντ' ἔλυσέ μ' ὕπνος· οὐδέ πω 'φάνην
δῆλός γ' ἐμαυτῷ μὴ κάτω βεβηκέναι·
οὕτως ἐναργῶς εἰχόμην ὀνείρατι.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have killed.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father hither came, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.

Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 5.

ΣΤΡ. *οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' οὐδὲν πᾶσι πημονὴν φέρον·*
ὡς τόνδε μὲν νῦν ἐν μάχῃ μόνος μόνον
ἔκτειν' ἔχοντα χρυσόν, ἦν τύχῃ, τινά,
ἐγὼ δ' ὁ συλῶν ταῦτα τῷδ' ἐν ἥματι
τάχ' ἂν τὰ συληθέντα τὸν βίον θ' ἅμα
ἄλλῳ παρείην, κεῖνος ὡς ἐμοί, θανών.
ἔα·
τίς ἔστιν; ὦ θεοί, τὸν τεκόντ' ἐγνώρισα,
ὃν ἀγνοήσας ἐν μάχῃ κατέκτανον.
ὦ στυγνὸς αἰών, οἷα φιτύεις κακά·
αὐτός τ' ἄνακτι πρὸς βίαν πόλιν λιπὼν
ἐφεσπόμην, βίᾳ τε κρεισσόνων πατὴρ
ἅμ' ἦλθεν. οἴμοι, τὸν βίον σέθεν πάρα
λαβών, ἀπεστέρησά σ', ὦ πάτερ, βίου.
ἀλλ', ἠγνόουν γὰρ οἵ' ἔδρων, τἀκούσιον
σύγγνωτε, θεοί, σύγγνωθι, πατρῷον κάρα.
σιγήσομαι δέ, κἀς κόρον δακρυρροῶν
πατροκτόνους κηλῖδας ἐξομόρξομαι.
ΒΑΣ. *τοιαῦθ' ὁ τλήμων πόλεμος ἐξεργάζεται·*
λέοντες ἦξαν εἰς μάχην εὐνῶν ὕπερ,
νείκους δ' ἀπηύρα μαλακὸν ἄρνειον γένος.

J. D. D.

What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have.

Henry V. Act IV. Sc. 3.

ANFANGS wollt' ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie,
Und ich hab' es doch getragen,—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht: wie?

HEINE.

ΤΙΣ ὧδ' ἐπηύχετ'; ἆρ' ὅμαιμος οὑμὸς ἦν;
μὴ δῆθ' ὅμαιμε, μὴ σύ γ' ὦ φίλον κάρα.
ἅλις θανόντες, εἰ θανεῖν πεπρωμένον,
τὴν πατρίδ' ἀποστεροῦμεν, εἰ δ' ὑπεκφυγεῖν,
παύροις τότ' οὖσι μεῖζον εὐκλείας μέρος.
ἐν θεοῖσι κεῖται ταῦτα· μὴ σύ γ' οὖν ἔτι
μηδ' ἄνδρ' ἕν', ἱκετεύω σε, προσλαβεῖν θέλε.
Ζεὺς οἶδεν, ὡς οὐ χρημάτων ἐρᾶν ἔφυν,
οὐδ' ἐσθίων τις τἀμά μ' ἀλγύνειεν ἄν,
οὐ τοῖς φοροῦσιν εἵματ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ φθονῶ,
τοιοῦτον οὐδὲν τοὐμὸν ἂν δάκνοι κέαρ.
τιμῆς δ' ἐρᾶν, εἰ τήνδ' ἁμαρτίαν νέμεις
οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις ἐξαμαρτάνει πλέον.
πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ σύ γ' ἄνδρ' ἕν' ἐλπίσῃς πλέον.
οὕτω γὰρ ἡμῖν εὐμενὴς εἴη θεός,
ὡς οὐ προέσθαι κληδόνος τόσον μέρος
ὅσον μ' ἀφαρπάσει' ἂν εἴς γ' ἀνὴρ ξυνὼν
ἀντ' ἐλπίδος θέλοιμ' ἂν ἡδίστης ἐμοί.

R. B.

ΤΟ πρῶτον μὲν ἀπεῖπον· ὅμως δ', ἄτλητα παθών περ,
ἔτλην· πῶς δ' ἔτλην, μηκέτι τοῦτ' ἔρεο.

W. G. H.

Prince. Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.
Capulet. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Montague. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Capulet. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Romeo and Juliet. Act v. Sc. 3.

WHAT must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.

Richard II. Act III. Sc. 3.

ΑΝΑΞ. ἴδεσθον οἵ' ἔπληξε τὴν ἔχθραν θεὸς
ἔρωτα πορίσας ὀλβίοιν ἀλάστορα.
σφῷν δ' αὖ τὰ νείκη περιιδὼν δισσοὺς ἐγὼ
πενθῶ ξυναίμους· πάντες ἐρρυθμίσμεθα.
ΚΑΠ. δὸς ἀλλὰ χεῖρ', ὦ φίλτατ', ἀνθ' ἕδνων ἐμοὶ
τῆς παιδός· οὐ γὰρ πλείον' ἀξιῶ λαβεῖν.
ΜΟΝ. ἐγὼ δὲ δοῦναί γ'· ἡ δὲ παῖς ᾐκασμένη
σταθήσεται πάγχρυσος· ὥστε τὴν πόλιν,
ἔστ' ἂν Βερώνας ὄνομ' ἀϊστώθῃ χρόνῳ,
ἄγαλμα μηδὲν ἄλλο τιμήσειν ὅσου
τὸ τῆς ἀκραιφνοῦς κἀγαθῆς Ἰουλίας.
ΚΑΠ. χρυσῇ δὲ χρυσοῦς τῇ φίλῃ προσκείσεται
Ῥωμαῖος· ἔριδος φαῦλα τῆς ἡμῶν λύτρα.

C. W. M.

ΚΑΚ τῶνδ' ἄνακτα χρὴ τί δρᾶν; ἆρ' εἰκαθεῖν;
καὶ δὴ παρείκει· κᾆτ' ὀφλεῖν ἀτιμίαν;
στέρξει γὰρ ἄναξ. κληδόνος τυραννικῆς
μῶν δεῖ στέρεσθαι; πρὸς θεῶν χαίρουσ' ἴτω.
ἱκτηρίου γὰρ στέμματ' ἀλλάξω κλάδου,
στέγης ἐρήμης τὸν πολύχρυσον δόμον,
ἐσθῆτα λαμπρὰν μαντικῆς δυσχλαινίας,
αὐτοξύλων ἔκκρουστα σανιδίων σκύφη,
βάκτρων ἀγύρτου παγκρατῆ σκηπτουχίαν,
ξοάνοιν δὲ δισσοῖν πλῆθος εὔανδρον τόδε,
σμικροῦ δὲ τύμβου τήνδ' ὑπερμήκη χθόνα,
ἐλάχιστος ὅστις μηδ' ἀπόβλεπτος βροτοῖς·
ἢ τύμβον ἔξω κἀν ἀμαξιτῷ μέσῃ,
ὡς τῶν τυχόντων ἐν τρίβοισιν ἐμπόρων
τὸν τοῦ τυράννου κρᾶτα δημοτῶν πόδες
καθ' ἡμέραν πατῶσι τοῦ κοιμωμένου.

A. W. S.

Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isabella. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Angelo. Be you content, fair maid:
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die tomorrow.
Isabella. Tomorrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. *Aside*] Ay, well said.

Measure for Measure. Act II. Sc. 2.

Α. *νόμῳ μὲν ἴσθ' ὀφλόντα σὸν κάσιν δίκην,*
σὺ δ' ἐκχέουσα πολλὰ καὶ μάτην ἔπη.
Ι. *φεῦ φεῦ· πάλαι γὰρ οὐχὶ ζημίαν ὠφλίσκανον*
ψυχῶν ὅσαιπερ ἦσαν; ἀλλ' ἀκέσματα
ὁ πλεῖστα ποινὰς λαμβάνειν δίκαιος ὢν
ἐξεῦρεν αὐτός· πῶς ποτ' ἂν κυροῖς ἔχων
κρίσεως ἁπάσης εἴ γ' ὁ πρεσβεύων ἄναξ
ὅπως ἐφεύροι σ' ὧδε καὶ κρίνειν θέλοι;
φρόντιζε δὴ σὺ ταῦτα, καὶ παραυτίκα
χειλῶν ἔσωθέν σ' οἶκτος ὧδ' ἐπουριεῖ
ὡς νεαρὸν ἀλλάξαντος ἀνθρώπου τύπον.
Α. *στέργοις ἂν ἤδη ταῦτα, καλλίστη κόρη·*
ὁ γὰρ καταγνοὺς τοῦ κασιγνήτου θανεῖν
ὁ θεσμός, οὐκ ἔγωγε· κεἰ τῷδ' ἀνδρὶ δὴ
ξύναιμος εἴτ' ἀδελφὸς εἴτ' ἄρ' ἦν τέκνον
κἂν ταὔτ' ἔπασχε· χρὴ δ' ἐς αὔριον θανεῖν.
Ι. *ἐς αὔριόν γε; φεῦ, τόδ' ὡς ἄφνω λίαν·*
μέθες, μέθες νιν, οὐ γὰρ ὡραῖος θανεῖν.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἀλέκτορ' εἰς βορὰν νομίζομεν
σφάζειν ἄωρον· μῶν λατρεύοντες θεῷ
ἥσσω νεμοῦμεν μοῖραν ἢ σαρκὸς πάχει;
ἄγ', ὦ φέριστε δέσποτ', ἐνθυμοῦ πάλιν
τίς ἔσθ' ὁ τοῦδε σφάλματος θανὼν ὕπερ;
πολλοὶ γὰρ ἁμαρτόντες.
Λ. *εὖ λέγεις τάδε.*

Leonato. Marry, *thou* dost wrong me, thou dissembler, *thou:*
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
Claudio. Marry, beshrew my hand
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Much Ado About Nothing. Act v. Sc. 1.

Λ. *σύ τοι, σύ μ᾽ ἀδικεῖς, ὦ μάτην εὐσχημονῶν—*
ἔα, τί χεὶρ πρὸς ἔγχος; οὐκ ὀκνῶ χέρα.
Κ. *φεῦ τῆς κακίστης, ὦ θεοί, χειρουργίας,*
εἰ τὸν γέροντα δεξιὰ ᾽φόβει σ᾽ ἐμή.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ πρὸς ἔγχος οὐδὲν ἦν ταύτῃ χρέος.
Λ. *ἴτω· τί παίζεις καί μ᾽ ἐρεσχελεῖς ἄγαν;*
οὐ γάρ τι γήρᾳ ταῦτα χαυνωθεὶς λέγω,
ὡς ἄνδρ᾽ ἔοικεν ἐκτελῆ πυργοῦν ὅσα
νέος δέδρακε κἄτι δῆτ᾽ ἔδρα ποτ᾽ ἂν
εἰ μὴ παρήβα· πρὸς δὲ σὸν λέγω κάρα
ἀδικεῖν σε κἀμὲ καὶ κόρην ἀναίτιον,
ὥστ᾽ οὖν ἀνάγκῃ τοῦ πρέποντος ἐκπεσών,
καὶ λευκόθριξ ὢν καὶ χρόνῳ πολλῷ κοπείς,
σὲ δὴ καλῶ πρὸς πεῖραν ἀνδρείας ἐγώ.
ψεύστην τέ φημι κατὰ κόρης ἀναιτίου·
ἀνθ᾽ ὧν διαμπὰξ διὰ φρενῶν πεπληγμένη
ψύθει πατρῴοις ξὺν νεκροῖς κεῖται νεκρός·
ἵν᾽ οὔποτ᾽ οὐδὲν αἰσχρὸν εἰσέδυ κλέος,
πλὴν δὴ τὸ κείνης, ἐκ κακοῦ πλασθὲν κακῶς.

A. W. V.

Orlando. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

As You Like It. Act II. Sc. 3.

SOLDIER of God, man's friend, not here below,
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.

TENNYSON.

O. τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας;

A. μηδαμῶς, νεανία
τλῆμον, πέρα πυλώμαθ'· ὡς ἔνδον κυρεῖ
ναίων ὁ τὸν σὸν εὐγενῆ μισῶν τρόπον,
ἀδελφὸς οὐκ ἀδελφός· ἀλλὰ παῖς ὅμως—
ἀλλ' οὐδὲ παῖς ἦν· οὐδὲ γὰρ κεκλήσεται
τοῦδ' ὃν παρ' ὀλίγον πατέρ' ἀφικόμην καλεῖν·
ὁ δ' οὖν ἀκούσας κληδόν' ἐκπρεπῆ σέθεν
ἐν εὐφρόνῃ τῇδ' οἶκον ἐμπρῆσαι θέλει
ὅπου μένειν εἴωθας, ἔνδοθεν δὲ σέ.
ἐὰν δ' ἁμάρτῃ μηχανὴν εὑρήσεται
ἄλλην τιν' ὥστε ξυντεμεῖν τὸν σὸν βίον.
τοιαῦτ' ἀκούσας ἔλαθον ἐξηγουμένου.
ἀνδροσφαγεῖον ἦν ἄρα στέγος τόδε·
οὐ καιρὸς ὀκνεῖν· φρίσσε, φεῦγ', ἀποστύγει.

O. τί δ', ὦ φέριστε; ποῖ μολεῖν παρῄνεσας;

A. οὐδὲν διαφέρει τοῦτό γ', ὥστε μὴ μένειν.

H. J.

Ω ΦΙΛΟΦΡΩΝ θνητοῖσι, θεοῦ δ' ἕνεκεν πολεμήσας,
τῆλέ περ ἐν Λιβυκαῖς κείμενέ που ψαμάθοις
ζώεις τοι πάντεσσι διὰ φρενός, εἰδόσιν ἄνδρα
φύντ' ἀγαθόν σ' ἄδολόν τ' εἴ τιν' ἐπιχθονίων.

W. G. H.

Rutilio. My spirits come back, and now Despair resigns
Her place again to Hope.
Guiomar. Whate'er thou art
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth; but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee:
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou hast taken from me
The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me:
Yet my word giv'n to save you I make good,
Because what you did was not done with malice.
You are not known; there is no mark about you
That can discover you; let not Fear betray you.
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,
That I may never see you; and, that want
Of means may be no let unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns: you're at the door now,
And so farewell for ever.
Rut. Let me first fall
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodness; next, all blessings to you,
With full increase hereafter! Living, be
The goddess styl'd of Hospitality.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Custom of the Country*, Act II. Sc. 4.

Ρ. ἤδη τεθάρσηκ' αὖθις, οἷς λέγεις, γύναι·
μεθίσταται δὲ δείματ' ἐλπίσιν μολεῖν.
Γ. ἀλλ' ᾧ γε δοῦσα τυγχάνω σωτηρίαν,
ὅστις ποτ' εἶ σύ γ', ἔξιθ' εὐθαρσεῖ φρενί,
γνώσει δέ μ' ἐμμείνασαν οἷς ὀμώμοκα.
πέπλοις δὲ κρύψον ὄμμα, μή ποθ' ὕστερον
ἄκουσά περ σὸν γνωρίσω δέμας· τί γάρ;
τάχ' ἄν ποτ' ἐκτίσασαν ὅρκιον χρέος
στέργηθρά μ' ὧν ἔτικτον εἰσαῦθις δάκοι.
σὺ δή μ' ἀφείλου, ξεῖνε, καρδίας πνοὴν
ὅσσων τ' ἀμαυρῶν φέγγος, ὅστις ἀρτίως
πιστόν με γηροβοσκὸν ὧδ' ἐνόσφισας.
σώσειν δ' ὑποστᾶς' ἐνδίκως σῴζω σ' ὅτι
ἔδρασας οἷ' ἔδρασας ἀγνοίας ὕπο.
λαθεῖν δ' ἔοικας, ἐμφανὲς δ' οὐδὲν τέκμαρ
πρόσεσθ'· ὅπως μὴ σαυτὸν ἐκφανεῖς ὄκνῳ.
φθάνοις δ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν ὄμμ' ἐρημώσας ἐμόν,
ἵν' εἰσίδω σε μήποθ'· ὡς δὲ χρημάτων
μή του σπανίζων ἄπορον ἐξέλκῃς πόδα,
δέξαι τάδ'· αὕτη δ' ἔξοδος θυρῶν πάρα·
ἤδη δὲ χαίρειν σ' εἰς ἀεὶ προσεννέπω.
Ρ. πρῶτον μὲν οὖν σὰ γόνατα προσπίτνειν χρεών,
ἔχοντά γ' ὧν ὤνησας ἀξίαν χάριν·
ὄλβον δέ σοι παντοῖον εὖ δοίη θεός,
χὠ μακρὸς αἰὼν αὐξάνοι· σὺ γάρ, γύναι,
θεὰ κεκλήσει ζῶσ' ἔθ', ἱκεσία Θέμις.

W. E. H.

Cease your fretful prayers
Your whinings and your tame petitions;
The Gods love courage armed with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute them.
Divine Andate, thou who holdst the reins
Of furious battles and disordered war,
And proudly rollst thy swarty chariot wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcases,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steeled sternness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows on both sides, wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in.

FLETCHER. *Bonduca,* Act III. Sc. 1.

EIN Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Die hat einen Andern erwählt;
Der Andre liebt eine Andre
Und hat sich mit Dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen heirathet aus Aerger
Den ersten besten Mann
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

HEINE.

ΟΥΚ εἶα σιγήσεσθε περιφόβους λιτὰς
κνυζουμένην τ᾽ ἄφιξιν; οὐχὶ δαίμονες
τόλμαν φιλοῦσιν ἐξοπλισθεῖσαν θράσει
λιτάς τ᾽ ἐχούσας οὐρανὸν κατασπάσαι;
ψυχρῶν δὲ θυμῶν δίδυμον ἄψυχον σποράν,
δάκρυά τ᾽ ἄνανδρα καὶ κακοσπλάγχνους φρένας
ἱδρυμένοι γελῶσιν. εἰσακούετ᾽ οὖν
τοιούσδ᾽ ὁποῖα φροιμιάζομαι θεούς.
σὲ δή, σὲ τὴν ἔχουσαν ὀβρίμης μάχης
Ἄρεώς τ᾽ ἀκόσμου ψάλιον, Ἀνδράστη θεά,
νεκρῶν κατ᾽ ἐξόγκωμα καὶ θωμὸν σφαγῶν
τροχοὺς ἐρέσσουσ᾽ ἅρματος κελαινεφεῖς,
φόνου τε σεμνῶς διαπλέουσ᾽ ἐπιρροάς,
σὲ δὴ προσαυδῶ, σκληρότης σιδηρόφρων,
ἐσθλὸν διδοίης τοῖσδε σήμερον θράσος
ἐσθλάς τε πληγὰς διχόθεν, ἠδ᾽ ἐναντίους
ἐσθλοὺς παρεῖναι, τραύμαθ᾽ ὥστ᾽ ἐπίσσυτα
φυγῇ τ᾽ ἀκοινώνητα καὶ φόβῳ βρύειν.

A. H.

ΗΡΑΤΟ τις κούρης ποτ᾽ ἀνὴρ νέος· ἡ δὲ πρὸς ἄλλον
εἶδεν· ὁ δ᾽ οὐ ταύτην ἠγάγετ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ἑτέρην.
ἡ ᾽ραμένη δ᾽ εἰς οἶκον ἔβα τάχα τοὐπιτυχόντος
μηνίσασ᾽· ὁ δ᾽ ἐρῶν τάκετο δυσφορέων.
ἀρχαῖον τόδ᾽, ἀεὶ δὲ δοκεῖ νέον· ᾧτινι δ᾽ ἄν που
αὐτὸ τύχῃ, τούτου θραύεται ἡ κραδίη.

W. G. H.

Dionisius. Let fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyve safetie.

Eubulus. The onely meane to that is, to use mercie.

Di. A milde prince the people despiseth.

Eu. A cruell kinge the people hateth.

Di. Let them hate me, so they feare me.

Eu. That is not the way to lyve in safetie.

Di. My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

Eu. That is sooner procured by mercie and gentlenesse.

Di. Dionisius ought to be feared.

Eu. Better for him to be well beloved.

Di. Fortune maketh all thinges subject to my power.

Eu. Beleeve her not, she is a light goddesse; she can laugh and lowre.

Di. A kinges prayse standeth in the revenging of his enemie.

Eu. A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie.

Di. To suffer the wicked to live it is no mercie.

Eu. To kill the innocent it is great crueltie.

R. Edwards. *Damon and Pithias.*

ΔΙ. εἰ δ' εἶμ' ἀθῷος χαιρέτω δήμου στόμα.
ΕΥ. μί' ἐστὶ τούτου μηχανή, πρᾳ̂ος κλύειν.
ΔΙ. ἀρχῆς καταφρονεῖ πᾶσα μαλθακῆς πόλις.
ΕΥ. ἄναξ δὲ τραχὺς τῇ πόλει στύγος μέγα.
ΔΙ. στύγος γενοίμην, εἴ γε καὶ φόβος πάρα.
ΕΥ. οὐ τοῦτ' ἀθῴου φάρμακον βίου λέγεις.
ΔΙ. ἀλκῇ πρίασθαι χειρί τ' εἰρήνην θέλω.
ΕΥ. οἶκτος τόδ' εὗρε θᾶσσον ἠπία τε φρήν.
ΔΙ. Διονύσιος δ' ὢν ἀξιῶ φόβου τυχεῖν.
ΕΥ. κρεῖσσον πολιτῶν εὐμενῶν τυχεῖν γέρας.
ΔΙ. ὑποχείρι' ἡμῖν πάντ' ἔθηκεν ἡ τύχη.
ΕΥ. γελᾷ σκυθρωπάζει τε κουφόνους θεά.
ΔΙ. ἐχθροὺς τίνεσθαι κοιράνῳ μόνον κλέος.
ΕΥ. μεῖζον δέ γ' εἴ νιν ἠπίᾳ θηρᾷ φρενί.
ΔΙ. κακοὺς δ' ἐᾶν ζῆν οἶκτος οὐκ ἐτήτυμος.
ΕΥ. ἐσθλοὺς δ' ἀναιρεῖν γ' ὠμότης δεινὴ πέλει.

The injured Duchess
By reason taught, as nature, could not with
The reparation of her wrongs but aim at
A brave revenge; and my lord feels too late
That innocence will find friends. The great Gonzaga,
The honour of his order—I must praise
Virtue tho' in an enemy—he whose fights
And conquests hold one number, rallying up
Her scattered troops, before we could get time
To victual or to man the conquered city
Sat down before it; and presuming that
'Tis not to be relieved admits no parley;
Our flags of truce hung out in vain; nor will he lend
An ear to composition, but exacts
With the rendering up the town, the goods and lives
Of all within the walls and of all sexes
To be at his discretion.

MASSINGER. *Maid of Honour*, Act I. Sc. 1.

Η δ' οὖν, παθοῦσα τοιάδ', ἠθέλησε μέν,
λόγον τ' ἔχουσα καὶ φύσιν διδασκάλους,
τὰ πρόσθ' ἀνορθοῦν σφάλματ', ἠθέλησε δὲ
πῶς δ' οὐχί; πράσσειν ἀξίως τιμωρίαν.
ὁ δ' ὀψέ περ μετέμαθεν ὡς, πέρα δίκης
εἰ δυστυχεῖ τις, οὐ σπανίζεται φίλων.
ὁ γὰρ μέγας στρατηγός· αὐδᾶσθαι δὲ χρὴ
ἄνδρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐσθλά, πολέμιόν περ ὄνθ' ὅμως·
οὗν πᾶσι λάμπων ἄστρον ὡς στρατηλάταις,
ὁ μαχόμενος νικῶν τε συμμέτρῳ λόγῳ,
Ἄρην ἀθροίσας τὸν διεσκεδασμένον,
πρὶν σῖτον ἡμᾶς ἢ στράτευμα συλλέγειν,
φθάσας προσῆτο τῇ νεαιρέτῳ πόλει.
καὶ νῦν πεποιθὼς μὴ βοηθήσειν τὸ σόν,
λόγους ἀτιμᾷ πάντας οὐδ' ἐπεστράφη
ἃ πόλλ' ἀφ' ἡμῶν πέμπεται κηρύκια,
κοὐ δέξεταί τι ξυμβάσεις, ἀλλ' ἀξιοῖ
πόλιν μὲν αὐτὴν λαμβάνειν, ἔπειτα δὲ
ὅσους στέγουσι περιβολαὶ πυργωμάτων,
ἄνδρας, γυναῖκας, χὤτι χρημάτων ἔνι,
αὐτῷ 'πιτρέψαι πάνθ' ὅσ' ἂν δοκῇ παθεῖν.

J. P. P.

Ther. Ah, good my lord, be patient; she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live.
If words might serve, our voice had rent the air;
If tears, our eyes had watered all the earth;
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

Tamb. For she is dead! Thy words do pierce my soul!
Ah, sweet Theridamas, say so no more;
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou [*To the body*] shalt stay with me,
And till I die thou shalt not be interred.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'
We both will rest and fame will follow us.
This cursèd town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereaved me of my love:
And here will I set up her statua,
And march about it with my mourning camp
Weeping and wailing for Zenocrate.

MARLOWE. *Tamburlaine*, Act II. Sc. 4.

ΘΗ. κεινη τέθνηκεν, ὥστε καρτερεῖν χρεών,
ὦναξ, ἐπεί νιν οὐκ ἀναστήσειας ἂν
τοιαῦτ' ἀλύων. εἰ γὰρ ὠφέλει βοή,
αἰθὴρ ἂν ἀντήχησεν, εἰ δὲ δάκρυα,
τίν' οὐκ ἂν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἤρδομεν χθόνα;
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ὄφελος τῶνδ', ἄναξ, τέθνηκε γάρ.
ΤΑ. τέθνηκεν, εἶπας; ὥς μ' ἐκέντησας φρένα.
ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σε, μηκέτ', ὦ φίλ', ἀλλά νιν
καὶ φροῦδον οὖσαν ζῆν ἔτ' οἴεσθαί μ' ἔα,
κείνης πόθῳ θνήσκουσαν ὡς θέλξω φρένα.
ἔστω μὲν οὕπερ ἐστι σὴ ψυχή, γυναί,
τὸ σῶμα δ' οὐκ ἄπεισιν εἰς ἐρημίαν
αὐτῷ δέ μοι θανόντι συνταφήσεται·
καὶ κεισόμεσθα κληδόν' ἐκ μεθυστέρων
ἔχοντες οἷόν τ' οὐδὲ Μαύσωλος τάφον.
καὶ τήνδ' ἀραίαν αὐτίκ' ἐμπρήσω πόλιν
ἥτις μ' ἔθηκεν ὀρφανὸν τῶν φιλτάτων,
στήσας δὲ τῆς δάμαρτος ἐνθάδ' εἰκόνα
περισταδὸν πενθοῦντα περιάξω στρατὸν
κλαίοντα καὶ θρηνοῦντα τὴν Ξενοκράτην.

J. D. D.

Dioclesian. I speak but what I know: I say that glory
Is like Alcides' shirt, if it stay on us
Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
Part with it at pleasure; when we would uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living monsters.

Maximian. Would it were come
To my turn to put it on! I'd run the hazard. [*Aside.*

Dio. No; I will not be pluck'd out by the ears
Out of this glorious castle; uncompell'd,
I will surrender rather: let it suffice,
I have touch'd the height of human happiness,
And here I fix *nil ultra.* Hitherto
I have liv'd a servant to ambitious thoughts
And fading glories: what remains of life
I dedicate to Virtue; and, to keep
My faith untainted, farewell, pride and pomp!
And circumstance of glorious majesty,
Farewell for ever!

FLETCHER. *Prophetess,* Act IV. Sc. 5.

ΔΙΟ. *ἀλλ' αὐτὸς εἰδὼς ὑμὶν ἐξερῶ τόδε·*
δόξαν γὰρ Ἡρακλεῖον ἡγοῦμαι πέπλον
ἁβρῷ ξυνοῦσαν καὶ μιγεῖσαν αἵματι·
οὐκ ἔστιν αὐτῆς εὐχερὴς ἀπαλλαγή,
ὅταν δέ νιν θέλωμεν ἐκδῦναι, δέμας
νεύρων θ' ὁμοῦ καὶ σαρκὸς ἐστερημένον
γενήσεται τοὐντεῦθεν ἔμψυχον τέρας.
ΜΑΞ. *εἰ γὰρ λάχοιμι τήνδε γ' ἐνδῦναι στολήν,*
οὗτοι τὸ κινδύνευμ' ἂν ἐκσταίην ὅκνῳ.
ΔΙΟ. *οὐ προστραχηλισθείς ποτ' ἐξωσθήσομαι*
ἐκ τῶνδε σεμνῆς κληδόνος πυργωμάτων·
οὐδ' ἐξ ἀνάγκης ἀλλ' ἑκὼν ἐξίσταμαι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ οἷ' ἄνθρωπος ὢν ἐπ' ἔσχατον
ὄλβου βέβηκα· ταῦτα δ' ἀρκούντως ἔχει
κἀν τῷδε τέρμ' ἄραρεν. ἐν τῷ πρὶν χρόνῳ
δόξῃ φθινούσῃ καὶ τρόποις ὑπερκόποις
ὑπηρετήσας τόν γε λοίσθιον βίον
θεοῖς ἁγίζω· τὴν δ' ἐμὴν ἀκήρατον
γνώμην φυλάσσων ἁβρά τ' ἀγλαΐσματα
τὸ σεμνότιμόν τ' εὐκλεοῦς τυραννίδος
χαίρειν τὸ λοιπόν, πολλὰ δὴ χαίρειν λέγω.

J. D. D.

Phidias. O my dear lord!
Aëcius. No more: go, go, I say!
Shew me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none.
Dare any man lament I should die nobly?
Am I grown old, to have such enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
Then, if you needs must weep your ruined master,
A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,
(Because ye say you yet love old Aëcius)
See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
About my pile, and what I have done and suffered,
If Caesar kill not that too: at your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Valentinian*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

PLUCK no more red roses, maidens,
Leave the lilies in their dew—
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens,
Dusk, oh dusk the hall with yew.
—Shall I seek, that I may scorn her,
Her I loved at eventide?
Shall I ask, what faded mourner
Stands at daybreak, weeping by my side?
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens,
Dusk the hall with yew.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ΦΕΙΔ. ὦ φίλτατ᾽ ἀνδρῶν—
ΑΟΙΚ. παῦε κἀκποδὼν ἴθι.
φείδου γόων μοι· καὶ γάρ εἰμ᾽ ἀνάξιος.
τολμᾷ τις εὖ θανόντα θρηνῳδεῖν ἐμέ;
γέρων καθέστηχ᾽, ὥστε μισεῖσθαι τόσον;
ὅταν δὲ θνῄσκω, λίσσομαί σέ μ᾽ εὐλογεῖν,
μὴ συνθάνῃ μοι μνῆστις ὧν δράσας κυρῶ.
εἰ δ᾽ οὖν σε δεῖ τὸν οὐδὲν ὄντα δεσπότην
κλαίειν, τότ᾽ οὐκ ἄσχημον ἐκβαλεῖν δάκρυ.
ὑμῖν δέ—τοὐμὸν γὰρ λόγοις φιλεῖτ᾽ ἔτι—
μέλοι τὸ φαῦλον σῶμα καίεσθαι φλογί.
πυρᾷ τ᾽ ἐπιστὰς ᾀδέτω τις οἷος ὢν
οἷ᾽ ἔπαθον, ἢν μὴ καὶ τάδ᾽ Οἰδίπους κτάνῃ.
κεῖ τις τύχοι πρὸς δαιτί, τοῦδ᾽ ὀλωλότος,
μόχθους περαίνων τῶν πολυκλαύτων χρόνων,
ὅπως ἔθνῃσκον εἶπατ᾽· ἀρκέσει τόδε.

J. A.

ΜΗ ῥόδα, μή τι, κόραι, ῥόδα πορφυρόεντα δρέπεσθε,
μηδὲ κρίνον κοίτης ὄρνυτ᾽ ἀπὸ δροσερῆς,
ἀλλά, κόραι, κυπάρισσον ἀμήσατε, λευκοπάρειοι,
σμίλακί τ᾽ ὀρφναίῃ στρώσατέ μοι μέλαθρα.
πῶς γὰρ νῦν μετίω σφ᾽, ἵνα κερτομίοισι προσαυδῶ,
τῆς ἔχε δύνοντός μ᾽ ἠελίοιο πόθος;
πῶς εἶπω, τίς ἄρ᾽ ἡ δεδακρυμένη, ὠχριόωσα,
ἥδε μοι ἠῶθεν πρωὶ παρισταμένη;
εἶτα, κόραι, κυπάρισσον ἀμήσατε, λευκοπάρειοι,
σμίλακί τ᾽ ὀρφναίῃ στρώσατέ μοι μέλαθρα.

R. D. A. H.

DEAR is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffered change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.

TENNYSON. *The Lotos-eaters.*

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

WORDSWORTH.

ΜΝΗΜΗ *γλυκεῖα συζυγῶν ὁμαυλιῶν,*
γλυκεῖα δ' ἀλόχων περιβολαῖς ἐν ὑστάταις
δακρυρροουσῶν θερμά· νῦν δ' ἄρ' οὐδαμοῦ
τὰ πρόσθεν· ἡ γὰρ δωματῖτις ἑστία
ψυχρά, γονεῖς δὲ παισὶ κληρούχοις δόμων
ἀπεξενώμεθ' ὄψιν, ὡς δὲ φασμάτων
ἔλθοιμεν ἂν πρόσωπα, λυμανταὶ χαρᾶς.
ἢ καὶ πρόμων γῆς νησιωτικῶν ὕβρις
τὰ χρήματ' ἐκπέπωκε, τοῖς δὲ μέλπεται
πάλαισμ' ἀοιδὸς δεκέτες, Ἰλίου πόνον,
ἡμῶν τε τἀριστεῖα, δυσμαθῆ χρόνῳ.
καὶ δὴ στενή τιν' ἦλθεν εἰς στάσιν πόλις·
εἶεν· τί δεῖ θραυσθέντα γ' ἰᾶσθαι μάτην;
οὐ ῥᾴδιόν τοι θεῶν παραιτεῖσθαι φρένας,
οὐδ' ὄνθ' ἅπαξ ἄκοσμα ῥυθμίζειν πάλιν.

S. H. B.

ΑΑΣΑΜΗΝ, *οὐ θνητὸν ἔχων θράσος· ἦν γὰρ ἰδέσθαι*
ἄψαυστον μοίρης οἷα λαχοῦσα φύσιν.
νῦν δὲ μάτην πάγκωφον ἄκικύ τι δένδρεσιν ἶσα
καὶ πέτραις γαίης δινομένης φερέται.

W. G. H.

O MOTHER, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.

TENNYSON. *Oenone.*

AUS meinen Thränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

HEINE.

Ω ΜΗΤΕΡ, *ὕσταθ' ὡς θανουμένης τάδε,*
ὦ γαῖ' ἀκοῦσον φθέγματ'· οὐ γὰρ οὖν μόνην
θανεῖν δέδοκται, μή με τῶν ἄνω βάλῃ
ἡδὺς γελώντων κέλαδος ἐξορμωμένην
κρυερὰς κελεύθους καὶ δυσηλίους νεκρῶν,
πενθοῦσαν, ἄφιλον, τὸν πρὶν ἀντερώμενον
εὐνητρίᾳ παρεῖσαν Ἀργείᾳ γ' ἔχειν.
ἀλλ' οὖν ἀναστᾶσ' Ἴλιον καθίξομαι,
πρὶν δ' ἐκφανῆναι τἄστρα τὴν φρενοβλαβῆ
ἀμείψομαι κοινοῖσι Κασσάνδραν λόγοις.
πηδᾶν τε γὰρ κατ' ὄμματ' ἀκτῖνας λέγει
βοᾶν τ' ἐν ὠσὶν ἀσπιδηφόρων κτύπον.
καὶ ταῦτα μέν που δύσκριτ'· οἶδα δ' οὖν τόδ' ὡς
νυκτός τε καὶ κατ' ἦμαρ, ἔνθ' ἂν ὦ ποτε,
αἰθὴρ ἐμοὶ καὶ γαῖα πάμφλεκτος δοκεῖ.

S. H. B.

ΠΟΛΛΑ *μοι ἐκ δακρύων καλά τ' ἄνθεα, Δωρί, φύονται,*
οἷα δ' ἀηδονίδων κῶμος ἐμαὶ στοναχαί.
ἦν δὲ φιλῇς μ', ὦ Δωρί, τά τ' ἄνθεα σοὶ τάδ' ἕτοιμα
σοῖς τ' ᾄσει προθύροις γῆρυς ἀηδονίδων.

W. G. H.

I WILL unfold my sentence and my crime.
My crime, that, rapt in reverential awe,
I sate obedient, in the fiery prime
Of youth, self-govern'd, at the feet of Law;
Ennobling this dull pomp, the life of kings,
By contemplation of diviner things.

My father loved injustice, and lived long;
Crown'd with gray hairs he died, and full of sway.
I loved the good he scorn'd, and hated wrong;
The Gods declare my recompense to-day.
I look'd for life more lasting, rule more high;
And when six years are measured, lo, I die!

Yet surely, O my people, did I deem
Man's justice from the all-just Gods was given;
A light that from some upper fount did beam,
Some better archetype, whose seat was heaven;
A light that, shining from the blest abodes,
Did shadow somewhat of the life of Gods.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Mycerinus.*

(*Lancelot speaks to Lavaine, on coming to Camelot.*)

ME you call great: mine is the firmer seat,
The truer lance; but there is many a youth
Now crescent, who will come to all I am
And overcome it; and in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great:
There is the man! (*pointing to the king*).

TENNYSON. *Elaine.*

ΝΥΝ *μ' οἷα δράσανθ' οἷα χρὴ παθεῖν φράσω.*
δρῶ μὲν τόδ'· ἥβῃ θερμὸς ἀκμαίᾳ γεγὼς
ἐμαυτὸν ἐρρύθμιζον, ὥστ' ἐνθουσιῶν
σεμνῇ προσήμην Θέμιτι πείθαρχος φρένας,
εἴ πως δυναίμην τἀν θεοῖς σκοπούμενος
θρόνων ἄμουσον τήνδε λαμπρύνειν χλιδήν.
ἔγνων δ' ἁμαρτὼν Ζηνὶ τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ.
πατὴρ γὰρ ἐφίλει τἄδικ', εἶτ' ἐστεμμένος
λευκαῖσι θριξὶν ἔθανε παγκρατὴς γέρων·
ἐγὼ δ' ἐρασθεὶς ὧν πατὴρ ἀπεστράφη
καὶ θἄτερ' ἔχθων, ποῖον ἄρνυμαι γέρας;
μείζω τιν' ἀρχήν, πλείον' ἐλπίσαντ' ἐτῶν
ἀριθμόν, ἓξ δὴ ξύμμετρόν μ' ἐχρῆν θανεῖν.
ἀλλ' ᾠόμην γάρ, παῖδες, ἀνθρώποις δίκην
τὸν πάνδικον κλύοντα κοινῶσαι Δία,
φέγγος τι κρουνοῦ δεῦρ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ ῥέον,
κάλλιον εἶδος, θρέμμ' ἀληθὲς οὐρανοῦ·
ἐκεῖνο δ' ἁγνὼν στίλβον ἐξ ἑδρῶν σέλας
αἰῶνά πως ἄποπτον εἰκάζειν θεῶν.

C. W. M.

ΓΕΝΝΑΙΟΝ *οὖν ἔμ' εἶπας, ὅς γ' ἵππου κρατεῖν*
ἑδραῖος ἰθύνειν τ' ἀριστεύω δόρυ·
ἀλλ' εἰς ὅσον γάρ εἰμι καὶ τοὐμοῦ πέρα
προβήσεταί τις ἄλλος ἀνδρωθεὶς χρόνῳ
τῶν νῦν ἐφήβων· οὐδ' ἐμοὶ γενναιότης
ἔνεστιν, εἰ μὴ καί τι γενναίας φρενὸς
ἀμαυρόν ἐστ' εἴκασμα τὸ ξυνειδέναι
κάλλιστ' ἐμαυτῷ τοῦτό γ', ὡς ἄρ' οὐκ ἔφυν
γενναῖος· αὐτὸν δ' εἰσόρα τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐκεῖ.

C. W. M.

Gurth. If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall?
But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king;
And if I win, I win, and thou art king;
Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast
Whatever chance, but leave this day to me.

Leofwin (*entering*). And waste the land about thee as thou goest,
And be thy hand as winter on the field,
To leave the foe no forage.

Harold. Noble Gurth!
Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall—
The doom of God! How should the people fight
When the king flies? And, Leofwin, art thou mad?
How should the King of England waste the fields
Of England, his own people?

TENNYSON. *Harold*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.

TENNYSON. *Enoch Arden*.

ΓΥ. ἆρ' οὐκ ἄνακτος ἂν πεσόντος οἱ θρόνοι
ὁμοῦ τάχ' ἂν πέσοιεν; ἀλλ' ἐγὼ μάχῃ
πεσὼν πέσοιμ' ἂν στάς τε κἂν σταίην, σὺ δὲ
ἄναξ ὁμοίως στάντος ἢ πεσόντος εἶ.
σὺ μέν νυν ἐλάσας τὴν Πόλιν φράξον καλῶς
εἰς τἀπιόντα, δὸς δ' ἐμοὶ τὰ σήμερον.
ΛΕ. ὅποι δ' ἂν ἔλθῃς, τέμνε τοὺς πέριξ ἀγροὺς
βαρύς τ' ἀρούρᾳ σκῆπτε χειμῶνος δίκην,
ἐναντίοισιν ὥστε μὴ σῖτον λιπεῖν.
ΑΡ. ὦ τέκνον ἐσθλοῦ πατρὸς ἀξιώτατον,
πέσοιμ' ἂν εἰ πέσοιμι, κραίνοντος Θεοῦ
τὸ μέλλον· ἀλλ' ἄνακτος ἂν πεφευγότος
πῶς λαὸς ἂν μάχοιτο; σὺ δέ, νεανία,
ἆρ' ἐκμέμηνας, ὅς γ' ἄνακτα τῆσδε γῆς
τῶν ὧν πολιτῶν ἤθελες τέμνειν ἀγρούς;

C. W. M.

ΣΥ δ' ὅς μ' ἀνεῖχες μοῦνον ἐν νήσῳ μόνῃ,
ἄνισχέ μ' ἀλλὰ σμικρόν, ὦ Πάτερ, χρόνον
μόνῳ ξυνὼν ἀρωγός, ὥστε καὶ σθένειν
μὴ ταῦτ' ἐκείνῃ μηδαμῇ σαφηνίσαι,
μηδ' ἡσύχως ἄγουσαν ἐκπλῆξαι λόγῳ.
ἆρ' οὐδ' ἐμοὶ τὰ τέκνα προσφωνεῖν θέμις;
φαίνοιμι δ' ἄν μ' ὅς εἰμι τοῖν οὐκ εἰδότοιν.
οὐ δῆτα· πατρὶ θυγατέρ' οὐ φιλητέον,
τὴν μητρὸς εἰκόν', οὐδ' ἐμὴν υἱὸν γονήν.

C. W. M.

Agrippina. Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed 'em: tell him too, that one
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me! say
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in ease
And pleasure's flow'ry lap?—Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance; and a call
Like mine might serve belike to wake pretensions
Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

GRAY. *Agrippina.*

ΟΥΤΩ γ᾽ ὁ σώφρων χἠσυχῆ χωρῶν λόγος
ψυχρῶς ἀεὶ λυσσήματ᾽ ἐμμανῆ φρενοῖ,
ὡς δὴ σβέσων πῦρ αὐτὸς οὐ πυρούμενος.
ἡμῖν σὺ σιγᾶν καὶ φυλάσσεσθαι λέγεις,
τρέμειν τε δεῖμ᾽ ἐκεῖν᾽ ὃ κἀκινήσαμεν;
κείνῳ σὺ ταῦτα πτῆσσε βουλεύουσ᾽· ἴσως δ᾽
ἐπιστρέφοιτ᾽ ἂν κεῖνος· ἐν δὲ καὶ τόδε,
ὡς τοῖς τοσαῦτα δοῦσιν ἀφθόνῳ χερὶ
λαβεῖν πάλιν τὰ δῶρα κύριον μένει,
ζάλην τ᾽ ἐπαίρειν ἢ τάδ᾽ εἰς ἐκεῖν᾽ ὅθεν
τὸ πρὶν ξυνέστη καὶ πάλιν διασκεδᾷ.
ἀλλ᾽ εἰπέ μοι δὴ τόνδε τὸν μεγασθενῆ
τὸν ἔμφοβον στρατηγόν, ἦ ποτ᾽ εἶδ᾽ ὅπως
μάχην κορύσσει γοργὸς ἀστράπτων Ἄρης;
ἦ γνωτὰ σάλπιγξ τοῖσιν ὠσὶ τοῖς ἁβροῖς
κλάζει διατόρος φόνιά τ᾽ ἀμβοάματα;
ἦ πού σφ᾽ ὁπλίτην χάλκεος τείρει πόνος;
οὔ νιν τρυφῆς γέννημα μαλθακῆς σχολὴ
ἤταλλε κόλποις ἡδοναί τ᾽ ἀνθεσφόροι;
Ῥουβέλλιος δὲ ζῇ γ᾽ ἔτ᾽ οὐδέ πω φίλων
Σύλλας ἔρημος, κεἴ σφε ῥυθμίζων φόβος
σαίνειν διδάσκει γονυπετῆ θωπεύματα,
καιροῖσι δουλεύοντας εὐπρεπῆ χάριν.
κλήσει δ᾽ ἂν οὗτοι τῇ γ᾽ ἐμῇ πειθοίατο
καὶ μεῖον ἂν πνέοντες οἷσί γ᾽ ἐγγενὴς
κρατῶν ὅδ᾽ οἶκος πανδίκως κομπάζεται.

J. P. P.

Lo now, see
If one of all you these things vex at all.
Would God that any of you had all the praise,
And I no manner of memory when I die,
So might I show before her perfect eyes
Pure, whom I follow, a maiden to my death.
But for the rest let all have all they will;
For is it a grief to you that I have part,
Being woman merely, in your male might and deeds
Done by main strength? yet in my body is throned
As great a heart, and in my spirit, O men,
I have not less of godlike. Evil it were
That one a coward should mix with you, one hand
Fearful, one eye abase itself; and these
Well might ye hate and well revile, not me.
For not the difference of the several flesh
Being vile or noble or beautiful or base
Makes praiseworthy, but purer spirit and heart.

SWINBURNE. *Atalanta in Calydon.*

ΜΩΝ *αὖ τις ὑμῶν τοῖσδε δυσφόρως ἔχει;*
ὑμῖν γὰρ εἴθε πᾶν κομίζεσθαι κλέος
γένοιτ', ἐμοῦ δὲ μηδὲ λειφθῆναι λόγον,
ὥσθ' ἁγνὰ τἀμὰ τῇ γε δεσποίνῃ δοκεῖν,
ᾗ πάντ' ἀκραιφνεῖ ζῶσα παρθενεύσομαι.
τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐάσω τῷ θέλοντι τυγχάνειν.
ἦ γὰρ δάκνει τόδ', ὡς γυνὴ γεγῶσ' ἐγὼ
οὐκ εἰμ' ἀκοινώνητος ὥνπερ ἄρσενες
ῥώμῃ χεροῖν ἀθλεύετ'; ἀλλὰ κἄμ' ἴσον
ἵζει κατ' ἄρθρα θάρσος, οὐδ' ἄνευ θεοῦ
λῆμ' ἐστιν, ὦνδρες. πῆμα δ' ἦν ἂν εἷς βροτῶν
ξυνὼν ἄναλκις, δεξιὰ πασῶν μία
ἀργή, κατηφὲς ὄμμα. ταῦτ' ἂν ἐνδίκως
στυγοῖτ' ὀνειδίζοντες, οὐ τοὐμὸν κάρα.
οὐ γὰρ τὸ τὸν μὲν ὧδε τὸν δ' ἄλλως ἔχειν
σαρκὸς πρὸς ὄψιν, κἂν καλὸς κἂν αἰσχρὸς ᾖ,
ἔχει τιν' αἶνον, ἀλλὰ φρὴν ἀκήρατος.

S. H. B.

O WOMEN, O sweet people of this land,
O goodly city and pleasant ways thereof,
And woods with pasturing grass and great well-heads,
And hills with light and night between your leaves,
And winds with sound and silence in your lips,
And earth and water and all immortal things,
I take you to my witness what I am.—
There is a god about me like as fire,
Sprung whence, who knoweth or hath heart to say?
A god more strong than whom slain beasts can soothe,
Or honey, or any spilth of blood-like wine,
Nor shall one please him with a whitened brow
Nor wheat nor wool nor aught of plaited leaf—
For like my mother am I stung and slain,
And round my cheeks have such red malady,
And on my lips such fire and foam as hers.

SWINBURNE. *Phaedra.*

Thus he spake,
Nor spake unheeded: in the ample hall
His daughter heard, where by the cedar fire,
Amidst her maidens, o'er the ivory loom
She passed the threads of gold. They hush'd the song;
And forth with all her damsels Ada came,
As mid the stars the silver-mantled moon,
In stature thus and form preeminent,
Fairest of mortal maids.

HEBER. *The World before the Flood.*

ΞΕΝΑΙ, χθονὸς τῆσδ' εὐμενεῖς οἰκήτορες,
ὁδοί τε τερπναὶ τῆσδ' ἐφιμέρου πόλεως,
κρουνοῖς τ' ἐν εὐδρόσοισιν εὔλειμος νάπη,
φέγγος τ' ἀφεγγὲς αἰόλης ὄχθων φοβῆς,
σιγήν τ' ἔχουσαι φθέγμα τ' ἄφθογγον πνοαί,
χέρσον θ', ὕδωρ τε, φῦλά τ' ἀμβρότων καλῶ,
τὴν ἀθλίαν ἴδεσθέ μ' οἵ' ἔχω κακά.
χρίει με θεός τις οἷα πῦρ· πόθεν δ' ἔφυ,
βροτῶν τίς εἰδὼς εἶτα καὶ φαίνειν ἔτλη;
κρείσσων τις ἢ σχεῖν ἐμπύρων μειλίγματα,
ἢ καὶ μελίσσης αἴθοπός τ' οἴνου χοάς·
οὐ μή τι κάμψῃς, οὐδὲ λευκαίνων ὀφρύν,
οὐ πλεκτάνην οὐ μαλλὸν οὐδ' οὐλὰς φέρων.
τοιαῦτ' ἄρ' εὑροῦσ' ἥδε μητρόθεν κακὰ
δηχθεῖσ' ὅλωλα, φοινίῳ νόσῳ γένυν
στάζουσ' ἀφρῷ τε χεῖλος αἱματοσταγεῖ.

A. W. S.

ΩΣ ἔφατ'. οὐδὲ ἄνακτι ἐτώσιος ἔπλετο μῦθος,
αὐτίκα δ' ἔντοσθεν θαλάμου κλύεν ὑψηλοῖο
ἱστὸν ἐποιχομένη θυγάτηρ ξεστοῦ ἐλέφαντος,
ἔνθα μετὰ δμωῇσι παρ' ἐσχάρῃ ἄμφεπε ἔργον
καλόν, χρύσειον· πᾶσαι δ' ἄρα λῆξαν ἀοιδῆς,
βῆ δὲ σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι δόμων ἐκ δῖα γυναικῶν,
ὡς μήνη πρέπει ἀργυρέη μετὰ τείρεσιν ἄλλοις,
καλλίστη τε φυὴν μέγεθός τε μέγ' ἔξοχ' ἀρίστη,
ὅσσαι ἐπιχθονίοισι μετ' ἀνδράσι παρθένοι εἰσίν.

G. W. B.

KEEP in, let no man slip across of you;
Hold well together; what face I miss of mine
Shall not see food tomorrow; but he that makes
So dull a mixture of his soul with shame
As spares the gold hair or the white, shall be
Dead flesh this hour. Take iron to your hands,
Fire to your wills; let not the runagate love
Fool your great office; be pity as a stone
Spurned either side the way. That breast of woman
That suckles treason with false milk and breeds
Poison i' the child's own lip, think not your mother's:
Nor that lank chin which the gray season shakes
Hold competent of reverence. Pluck me that corn
Which alters in the yellow time of man;
And the sick blade of ungrown days disroot,
The seed makes rot the flower.

SWINBURNE. *Queen Mother*, Act v. Sc. 4.

ΞΥΓΚΛΗΙΣΑΘ' *οὗτοι, μή τις ἐκφύγῃ λαθών,*
εὖ ξυστραφέντες· ὅντιν' ἐξ ἐμῶν ποθῶ
τὴν αὔριόν γ' ὅδ' οὐκ ἐσόψεται βοράν·
κεῖ τις φρεσὶν νωθραῖσι συγκραθεὶς κομῶν
ξανθῶν τε λευκῶν τ' αἰδόφρων ἀφέξεται,
κεῖνός γε σὰρξ ἄψυχος αὐτόθεν πίτνει.
χερσὶν δὲ πᾶς τις χαλκὸν εὐτρεπιζέτω
μένος δὲ θυμῷ· μηδὲ κουφόνους ἔρως
σφήλῃ χρέος μέγιστον· ἐρρέτω λίθος
ὡς λακπάτητος οἶκτος ἐξαποφθαρείς·
μαστὸς γὰρ εἴ τις θῆλυς αἰσχίσταις στάσιν
τροφαῖς ἀτάλλει, κἀπὶ χείλεσιν βρέφους
στάζων τὸ δύσφρον μὴ σὺ μητρῷόν γ' ἔχε·
μηδ' ἢν γένυν προύσεισε λευκανθὲς κάρα
αἰδοῖον ἡγοῦ· τόνδ' ὅπως δρέψεις στάχυν,
ξανθαῖς ξὺν ὥραις οἷος ἀκμάζειν σθένει·
νοσερὰν δ' ὅπως ἄωρον ἐκτρίψεις πόαν
ὡς ἂν σαπέντων ἐκ σπορᾶς βλαστημάτων.

A. W. S.

I SEEMED to stand between two gulfs of sea
On a dark strait of rock, and at my foot
The ship that bore me broken; and there came
Out of the waves' breach crying of broken men
And sound of splintering planks, and all the hull
Shattered and strewn in pieces; and my head
Was, as my feet and hands, bare, and the storm
Blew hard with all its heart upon me; then
Came you, a face with weeping eyes, and hair
Half glimmering with a broken crown that shone
Red as of molten iron; but your limbs
Were swathed about and shrouded out of sight,
Or shown but as things shapeless that the bier
Shows ready for the grave; only the head
Floated, with eyes fast on me, and beneath
A bloodlike thread dividing the bare throat
As with a needle's breadth, but all below
Was muffled as with cerecloths, and the eyes
Wept.

SWINBURNE. *Bothwell*, Act III. Sc. 13.

ΜΕΤΑΙΧΜΙΟΣ *γὰρ διπτύχου κόλποιν ἁλὸς*
ὑπὲρ κελαινῆς δειράδος στῆναι 'δόκουν·
καὶ πομπίμου γ' ἐρείπι' ἐν ποσὶν νεὼς
ἐσάλευε, ῥαισθέντων δὲ ῥαχίας ἄπο
ἦν κλαυθμὸς ἀνδρῶν καὶ ξύλων κτυπήματα,
σκάφος τ' ἀραχθὲν πᾶν διεσπαράσσετο·
πανθυμαδὸν δ' ἀήματ' εἰσέπιπτέ μοι
χέρας πόδας τε κρᾶτά τ' ἐψιλωμένῳ.
κᾆτ' ἦλθε σὸν πρόσωπον, ὀμμάτων δρόσοις
σταλάσσον, ἐν χαίταις δὲ λυμανθὲν στέφος
μύδρος τις ὡς ἀμαυρὸς ἠρυθαίνετο·
μέλη δ' ἀδήλοις περιπετῆ πέπλοισιν ἦν,
ὅπως περισταλέντος ἐν κτερίσμασιν
ἄσημα τοῦ θανόντος εἰκάσαι πάρα.
κάρα μόνον δ' ἐνήχετ', ἀστρόφοις κόραις
ἐπιβλέπον με· φοινίῳ δ' οἷον μίτῳ
λευκὴν διεῖλεν ὅρμος αἵματος δέρην·
τὰ δ' ἄλλα κηδείοισιν ἀμφιέσμασιν
ἤσκηθ', ὑπὲρ δ' ἔρραινεν ὀφθαλμῶν λίβας.

R. D. A. H.

THE gods are wise who lead us—now to smite
And now to spare: we dwell but in their sight
And work but what their will is. What hath been
Is past. But these, that once were king and queen,
The sun, that feeds on death, shall not consume
Naked. Not I would sunder tomb from tomb
Of these twain foes of mine, in death made one—
I, that when darkness hides me from the sun
Shall sleep alone, with none to rest by me.
But thou—this one time more I look on thee—
Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not mine,
Sleep sound—and God be good to thee, Locrine:
I was not.
Sleep, queen and king,
Forgiven; and if—God knows—being dead, ye live,
And keep remembrance yet of me—forgive.

SWINBURNE. *Locrine*, Act v. Sc. 2.

ΣΟΦΩΣ ὁδηγεῖς, δαῖμον, εἴτε χρὴ θενεῖν
εἴτ᾽ οὖν ἐπισχεῖν χεῖρα μαιμῶσαν φόνου·
ἐν θεοῖς γάρ ἐσμεν ζῶντες, ὧν βουλαῖς ἀεὶ
ὑπηρετοῦμεν· καὶ τὰ μὲν παροίχεται,
τούτω δέ, γαίας δίθρονον ζεῦγός ποτε,
οὐ μὴ μαράνῃ Φοῖβος, ὠμηστὴς νεκρῶν,
γυμνώ· τάφους τοῖνδ᾽ οὐ διαζεῦξαι θέλω
δισσοῖν περ ἐχθροῖν ὧ τὸ συνθανεῖν ἑνοῖ.
ἐγὼ γάρ, εὖτ᾽ ἄν μ᾽ ὄμμα νὺξ ἀνήλιος
λάβῃ, συνεύνων χωρὶς εὐδήσω μόνη.
σὺ δ᾽ οὖν, τανῦν γάρ σ᾽ εἰσορῶ πανύστατον,
ὦ λαμπρὸν ὄμμ᾽, ὦ χειρὸς ἀνδρείας βία,
ὦ λῆμα θῆλυ κοὐχὶ τῆσδ᾽ ἐρῶν, καλῶς
εὔδοις, Λοκρῖνε, καὶ καλῶς δοίη θεός,
ἐγὼ γὰρ οὔπω· σχόντ᾽ ἐμὲ ξυγγνώμονα
εὕδοιτ᾽, ἄνακτε, κεἰ θανόντ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἔστε που—
θεός γ᾽ οἶδε—κἀμοῦ μνήμονες, σύγγνωτέ μοι.

J. A.

Cruzado. We stay not long.

Preciosa. What! march again?

Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far off mountain tops.

Pre. God speed thee on thy march—I cannot go.

Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art.
Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more,
Bartolomè Romàn—

Pre. O, I beseech thee!
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone.

Cruz. O child, child, child!
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.

LONGFELLOW. *Spanish Student*, Act II. Sc. 1.

Κ. μείναντες ὀλίγον Π. εἶτ' ἀπαίρομεν πάλιν;
Κ. καὶ σὺν τάχει γε· πολύοχλον μισῶ πόλιν,
ἔσω δὲ πύργων ἄγχομαι κεκλῃμένος.
αἴθρης με δεῖ, δεῖ φωτός, ἀφθόνου πνοῆς·
ὁρμᾷ πρόσωπον εὐφιλῶν ἀημάτων
ὁρμᾷ δέ μοι ποὺς εὐφιλοῦς θιγεῖν χλοῆς,
ἔνθ' ἔστ' ἄφρακτα πεδία, τέρμονές τ' ὄρη.
Π. χαίρων ὁδεύοις, ἀλλ' ἔμοιγ' ἀμήχανον.
Κ. τίς οὖσα πρὸς τίν' εἶπες; ἆρ' ἐλανθάνου;
σιγῶσ' ἀνάσχου, πρὸς δ' ἐπισκήπτω τόδε,
τὸν μελλόνυμφον—
Π. ἀλλά σ' αἰτοῦμαι, πάτερ,
εἰ τοὐμὸν ἔς σ' ἄμεμπτον εὐσεβές τ' ἀεὶ
εἰ σῶφρον, εἰ πείθαρχον εὐκόσμῳ φρενὶ
ἐς πάντα σοὶ παρεῖχον, ὥστ' ἐποικτίσαι
σμικρᾶς μ' ἕκατι χάριτος, εἴ τ' ἔφυς ἄρα
πατὴρ ἀληθῶς, ἔν τ' ἐμαῖς φωναῖς πάρα
πρὸς τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἐν τύποισί τ' εἰκάσαι
σμικράν γε μνήμην, ταῦτά μοι συνήγορα
δέχου λιταῖσιν ἀσθενοῦς οὔσης ἐμοῦ
κόρης μάχεσθαι, μηδέ μ' ἐξαναγκάσῃς
κείνῳ γαμεῖσθαι· κεῖνον ἐκφοβούμεθα,
φοβούμεθ', οὐκ ἐρῶμεν· ἀλλὰ προσπίτνω,
μηδὲν βιάζου, μηδ' ἀνηκέστῳ τάχει
τεύξῃς ἄφευκτον ἄλγος.
Κ. ὦ τέκνον, τέκνον,
τὰ πολλά τοι προβλήμαθ', ὡς νεοσσίαν
ὄρνις, τὸ κρυπτὸν ἐξεμήνυσεν σέθεν.

Bartolome. Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I am hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfil thy promise.

Preciosa. 'Twas my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart. False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

Prec. Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What would'st thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.

LONGFELLOW. *Spanish Student*, Act III. Sc. 5.

Β. εὔορκος ἴσθι, νῦν γὰρ εὐορκεῖν ἀκμή·
ἐλαύνομαι γὰρ ἐκ χθονὸς λύκου δίκην,
σὺ δ' ὡς ὑπέσχου δρᾶσον, οὖσ' ἐνώμοτος.
Π. πατρός γ' ἔλεξας ὅρκον· οὔτ' ἐγὼ γάμους
οὔτ' οὖν ἔρωτας οὐδέπω προὔτεινά σοι.
Β. γλώσσης γ' ἔρωτα προδότιδος ψευδέστερον.
Π. ὅμως δ' ἄκουσον χρωμένης παρρησίᾳ·
ὁ σός μ' ἔρως οὔτ' ἔσχεν οὔτ' ἔχειν θέμις,
τούτου δὲ πότμος, οὐκ ἐγώ, παναίτιος.
σὺ γὰρ βίαιος καὶ περισπερχὴς ἀνὴρ
ἐμοὶ τί χρήσει ταχυμόρῳ γε παρθένῳ
δυσέρων νοσούσῃ καὶ δυσίατον νόσον;
εὑρὼν δ' ἀμείνω τῆσδε καλλίω θ' ὅπως
μὴ 'ποξενώσεις ὀργίλῃ σφ' αὐθαδίᾳ.
ἐγὼ δὲ τῶν σῶν ἱμέρων ἀνίμερος
θήραν μὲν οὐ 'θήρευσά σ' οἰκτείρω δ' ὅμως,
καὶ θερμοβούλου πλεῖστον οἰκτείρω φρενός,
ἀτῶν κραταίου καὶ φόνων ἀρχηγέτου.

A. W. V.

I HAVE marked it well—it must be true—
Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only!
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,
Lest the dead there under the sod,
In the land of the strangers, should be lonely.
Ah me! I think I am lonelier here!
It is hard to go, but harder to stay.
Were it not for the children I should pray
That Death would take me within the year.
And Gottlieb, he is at work all day
In the sunny field or the forest murk,
But I know that his thoughts are far away,
I know that his heart is not in his work!
And when he comes home to me at night
He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,
And I see the great tears in his eyes,
And try to be cheerful for his sake.
Only the children's hearts are light.
Mine is weary and ready to break.

LONGFELLOW. *Golden Legend.*

ΗΔΗ τόδ' εἶδον οὐ διχορρόπως· μόνους
οὐχ ἥρπασ' Ἅιδης ἀλλὰ πρὸς νεκρῷ νεκρόν·
θύραν δ' ἀμείψας, εἴτε καρφηρὸν στέγος
εἴτ' οὖν ζάχρυσον, οὐκ ἐπάκτωσεν λιπών,
ὡς αὖθις ἥξων οὐκ ἐτησίῳ τριβῇ.
μόνους δ' ἀπ' οἴκων οὐκ ἀποζεῦξαι θέλει·
ἔστιν δὲ δήπου δαιμόνων χάρις, κάτω
μή τις φίλων ἔρημος ἀλγοίη μολών.
μᾶλλον δ' ἔρημος ἐνθάδ' ἡ τάλαιν' ἐγώ·
ἄλγος γὰρ οἰχνεῖν, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἄλγιον μένειν·
καὶ πλὴν τέκνων ἕκατι θεῷ προσηυχόμην
ἐν τῷδ' ἑλεῖν ἂν κἀμὲ παμμήνῳ κύκλῳ.
ἀνὴρ δὲ τρίβει τοὺς καθ' ἡμέραν πόνους,
ὕλῃ σκιασθεὶς ἢ 'ν ἀγροῖς ὑπαίθριος·
φροντὶς δ' ὅμως ἔκδημός ἐστ', εὖ οἶδ' ὅτι,
καί πως πόνους μὲν σῶμ' ἄγει, σχολὴν δ' ὁ νοῦς.
ἐλθὼν δὲ νύκτωρ ἀντὶ τοῦ φαιδροῦ τρόπου
στένων καθῆται, χὡς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ἁδρὸν
ὁρῶ δάκρυμα, τἀνδρὶ πρὸς χάριν τότε
βίᾳ γ' ἐμαυτῆς ἐκπονῶ φαιδρὸν τρόπον.
μόνοις γε μέντοι παισὶν εὔτολμοι φρένες,
ἡμὴ δ' ἄτλητον δυσφορεῖ κακῶν βάρος.

A. W. V.

The Blind Monk.

COUNT Hugo once, but now the wreck
Of what I was. O Hoheneck!
The passionate will, the pride, the wrath
That bore me headlong on my path,
Stumbled and staggered into fear,
And failed me in my mad career,
As a tired steed some evildoer,
Alone upon a desolate moor,
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,
And hearing loud and close behind
The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer....
Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,
With tranquil waters overflowed;
A lake whose unseen fountains start,
Where once the hot volcano glowed.
And you, O Prince of Hoheneck!
Have known me in that earlier time
A man of violence and crime,
Whose passions brooked no curb nor check.
Behold me now, in gentler mood,
One of this holy brotherhood.

LONGFELLOW. *Golden Legend.*

ΚΕΙΝΟΣ *μὲν ἦ, νῦν δ' εἰμὶ τοῦ πρόσθεν σκιά·*
ἦν γὰρ τότ' ἦξα φερόμενος φρενῶν ὁδόν,
πλανήματ' αὐτόβουλα δυσπειθοῦς χολῆς,
σφαλεὶς ἐπέστην αὖθις εἰς φόβον πεσών,
καὶ προὔλιφ' ὕβρις μ', ὡς καμὼν ἵππος ποτὲ
ἁλόντ' ἐρήμοις φυγάδα προὔλιπεν τόποις,
ὁ δ' ἦσθετ' ἄφρων, ἄπορος ἡγητοῦ, πλάνης,
ἔρποντος ἐγγὺς τοῦ μόλις λελειμμένου.
τὰ νῦν δὲ λίμνῃ θυμὸν εἴκασμαι βαθύν,
εὖδει κλύδων, εὕδουσιν ἄψοφοι ῥοαί·
τυφὼς δ' ὅθεν ποτ' ἐξανέζεσεν φλόγα,
πηγῶν ἄφαντα νάματ' ἐξανίεται.
ὦναξ, σὺ δ' εἰδὼς μ' αὐτός, οἷος ἦ τότε,
βίᾳ πανοῦργον οὐδ', ὅσων ὠρεξάμην,
τολμῶνθ' ὑπείκειν οὐδέν, ἆρ' ὁρᾷς μ', ἄναξ,
ἱροῖς ξύνοικος τοῖσδ' ὅπως ῥυθμίζομαι;

A. W. V.

AND Phaethon they found or what seemed he,
There with his eyes in ashes, and the once
So radiant locks by cruel thunder scathed,
Recumbent in the reeds, a charr'd black mass,
Furrowed with trenchant fire from head to foot.
Whom yet with reverent hands they lifted up,
And bare him to the bank, and washed the limbs
In vain ; and for the burnt shreds clinging to him
Robed the cold form in raiment shining white.
Then on the river margin they scooped a grave,
And laid him in the dank earth far apart,
Near to none else ; for so the dead lie down,
Whom Zeus the thunderer hath cut off by fire,
And on the tomb they poured forth wine and oil,
And sacrificed much substance thirty days.
Nor failed they to record in distich due
How from a kingly venture kingly fall
Resulted, and a higher than human fame.

WORSLEY.

ΦΑΕΘΟΝΤΑ δ' εὗρον, τοῦ πρὶν εἴδωλόν γ' ὅμως,
κατανθρακωθέντ' ὄμματ', αὐανθέντα δὲ
κόμην πάρος χλιδῶσαν ἀγρίῳ βέλει.
ἔκειτο δ' ἐν δόναξι διαβόρῳ πυρὶ
ἅπας χαραχθεὶς καὶ κατηθαλωμένος.
ὅν γ' εὐσεβὲς βάσταγμα ποταμίους ἐπὶ
κατῆραν ὄχθους, λουτρὰ δ' ἄψυχον μάτην
ἔλουον, ἡμίφλεκτα δ' ἐκδῦσαι ῥάκη
τὸν ψυχρὸν εὖ κοσμοῦσι παλλεύκοις πέπλοις.
τάφρῳ δὲ ῥείθρων πλησίον κατασκαφεῖ
πόρρω νιν ἐγκρύπτουσιν ὑδρηλῇ χθονί,
ἄλλων ἄθικτον· ὧδε γὰρ κεῖσθαι νόμος
οὓς ἐξέπραξε Ζεὺς κεραύνιος φλογί.
χοὰς δ' ἐπισπένδουσι τῷ νεκρῷ διπλᾶς,
ἔλαιον οἶνον, πολλὰ θύουσαι χρόνον
πάμμηνον· οὐδὲ θεσμὸς οὐπιτύμβιος
ἀπῆν, στίχων μνημεῖα διπτύχων τάδ', ὡς
τύραννα τολμῶν καὶ τυραννίκ' ἐσφάλη
λαχών τι μεῖζον ἢ κατ' ἄνθρωπον κλέος.

S. H. B.

A DEATHWHITE mist slept over sand and sea:
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist.

TENNYSON. *The Passing of Arthur.*

ΑΙΔΟΥ δ' ἐκοίμα ῥαχίαν ψάμμον τ' ἀχλύς,
ῥιγῶσα χλωρά, κεΐ τις ἐγκάπτοι κρύος
ὑφ' ἧπαρ ἔσπα, πᾶν δ' ἐπαχνώθη κέαρ
φόβῳ ματαίῳ, χἄμ' ἐν Ἀτρείδῃ πίτνει
ταραγμὸς ἀγνὼς ᾧ μάχην ξυνήψατο·
ἐχθρῶν γὰρ οὐκ ἦν πλὴν σκιὰ νέφους ὕπο,
φίλος φίλον δ' ἔκτεινεν οὐδ' ᾔδει κτανών.
κἄσθ' οἵσι χρυσᾶς φάσματ' ἐξ ἥβης παρῆν,
τοῖς δ' αὖ πρόσωπα τῶν πάλαι φθιτῶν μάχην
ἐπεῖδεν αὐτοῖς· πολλὰ δ' ἦν ἐνὶ σκότῳ
αἰσχροῖσιν ἐσθλὰ ξυμμιγῆ, τύχη θ' ὁμοῦ
τέχνη θ' ἅμ' ἀλκῇ τῆς μονοστόλου χερός,
πολλοῖς τε πολλῶν ξυμβολαὶ χρόνου διά,
καὶ θραύσματ' ἐγχῶν καὶ περισκελῶν ὅπλων
σχισμός, ῥαγεισῶν τ' ἀσπίδων ξυρράγματα
ξιφῶν, κυναῖσι δ' ἐν τετρημέναις βαρὺς
δοῦπος πελεκέων, κἀπιθειασμοὶ βροτῶν
ὅσοι χαμαὶ πεσόντες οὐρανὸν μάτην
ἀθροῦσ' ὁρῶντες οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλήν γ' ἀχλύν.

A. W. S.

AT sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fix't he stood, as one who pray'd
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes.*

ΙΔΩΝ δ' ὁ δῆμος διατόροισιν οὐρανοῦ
βοαῖς ἐπωρθίαζεν εὐλογῶν θεὸν
οἷον τὸν ἐχθρὸν ὧδ' ἐδούλωσεν σφίσιν·
κεῖνος δ' ὑπείκων πάντ' ἀτάρβητός περ ὢν
ἦλθ' οἷ προῆγον· ἆθλα δ' εἰ προκείμενα
ἀνύστ' ἐφηῦρεν ὡς ἀνομμάτῳ τελεῖν,
εἴθ' ἑλκύσαι ῥῖψαι τε τοὔργον εἴτ' ἄγειν
εἴτ' ἦν κατάξαι, πάντα πειρατήρια
νικῶν ἀπηύρα, θαῦμ' ἰδεῖν σμερδνῆς βίας.
τολμᾷ δ' ἐσελθεῖν οὔτις ὡς ἀντηρέτης.
τέλος δέ νιν καθῖσαν ἐν στύλοις μέσον
ἀναψυχῆς ἕκατι· κᾆτ' ᾐτήσατο,
ὡς γ' εἶπεν ὅστις πλησιαίτερος παρῆν,
τὸν παιδαγωγοῦνθ', ὡς λίαν καμών, ἐᾶν
πλευρὰν ἐρείδειν αὐτὸν ἀμφιδέξιον
ὀρθοστάταις δισσοῖσιν, οἷς τὸ βρῖθος ἦν
κατηρεφοῦς ἀψῖδος ἐστηριγμένον.
χὠ μὲν προῆγεν αὐτὸν οὐ ξυνεὶς δόλον,
εἰδὼς δὲ Σάμψων ὠλέναις στύλους ἔχων
ἔραζε νεύει κρᾶτα, χρόνιος ὄμμασι
στὰς ἀστρόφοισι, θεοκλυτοῦντος ἐν τρόποις
ἢ πρᾶγμα καλχαίνοντος οὐ φαῦλον φρεσίν.

N. W.

Prometheus. Monarch of Gods and Daemons, and all
Spirits,
But One, who throng these bright and rolling worlds,
Which thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requitest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair,—these are mine empire.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound.*

ES liegt der heisse Sommer
Auf deinen Wängelein;
Es liegt der Winter, der kalte,
In deinem Herzchen klein.

Das wird sich bei dir ändern,
Du Vielgeliebte mein!
Der Winter wird auf den Wangen,
Der Sommer im Herzen sein.

HEINE.

ΘΕΩΝ *τύραννε δαιμόνων θ', ἐνὸς δίχα,*
ὅσοι φλογωποὺς τούσδ' ἐποίχονται κύκλους,
ὧν νῦν χορείας νώ γ' ἐν ἐμψύχοις μόνω
ὅσσοις ἀκοιμήτοισιν εἰσορώμεθον,
γῆν τήνδ' ἄθρησον μυρίῳ δουλεύματι
σέθεν βρύουσαν, οἷς σὺ γονυπετεῖς λιτάς,
ὕμνους, ἀγῶνας, ἀλγέων ἀνήριθμα
θυμοφθόρων ἀγνίσματ' ἠμείψω φόβοις
μώμῳ θ' ἑαυτῶν ἐλπίσιν τ' ἀνηνύτοις.
κἄμ' αὖ τὸν ἐχθρὸν ὀμματοστερὴς χόλῳ
κρατοῦντα κἀνάσσοντα, λῦμα σόν, τίθης
ἐμῆς τ' ἀνίας σοῦ τ' ἀμηχάνου κότου.
τρισχιλίων γὰρ αἴθριον φρούρημ' ἐτῶν
βάσεις γ' ἑκάστας ἄχεσιν ἐνδατουμένων
μήκους ἐτείου μᾶσσον, αἰανῆ θ' ὕβριν,
ἐρημίαν τ' ἀνέλπιδ' ᾗ ξύνειμ' ἀεί,
ταύτην Προμηθεὺς τὴν μοναρχίαν νέμω.

R. D. A. H.

ΝΥΝ *θερινὸν μὲν σῇσι παρηΐσι θάλπος ἐπανθεῖ,*
χειμὼν δ' ἐν κραδίῃ ψυχρὸς ἔτ' ἐνδιάει.
θάρσει μήν, τάδ' ἔναλλα γενήσεται, αὐτίκα δ' ἔσται
χειμὼν ἐν χροιῇ καὶ θέρος ἐν κραδίῃ.

W. G. H.

HERMIONE, you ask me if I love:
And I do love you. But indeed we drift
Fast by the flying fleeting banks of life
Towards the inevitable seas. It seems
But yesterday I saw, as in a dream,
Childhood—a flame of glory—come and go.
And lo! today these hairs are flecked with time
Already; and all the silver minutes glide
More dreamily than ever for the love
I bear you: hand in hand, and hour by hour,
Floating beside you to the sounding falls,
Whence we must leap together into night.
Are we not happy? Is not life serene?
We do but pass, you say, from one bright shore
Upon a brighter! Dear Hermione,
Be glad there is no shadow on your eyes:
But this I know, that all the world beside
Seems faint with pain; the rose upon your breast
Is not more full of perfume than the world
Of pain. I hear it even at your side
By day and night—the illimitable sigh
Breathed upward to the throne of the deaf skies—
A cry of hollow-cheeked and hungry men
Burning away life's fire for little ends;
And women with wan hearts and starving eyes
Waiting for those they love to come again
From strange embraces—ruined womanhood,
And barren manhood, fruitful but of pain.

ΓΥΝΑΙ, σὺ δ' ἤρου πότερα σοῦ μ' ἔρως ἔχει·
φιλῶ μέν, ἴσθι, ῥεῖ δ' ἀεὶ ταχὺς βίος,
ὄχθας δ' ὅπως τις ποταμίας λείπει πλέων,
οὐ φύξιμον πρὸς πέλαγος ἐξορμώμεθα.
τὸ γὰρ νεάζον, χαρμάτων λαμπρῶν βρύον,
ὡς ἦλθε μὲν βέβηκε δ' ἀρτίως ὄναρ
παρεστάθη μοι· νῦν δὲ λευκανθὲς κάρα
ἤδη χνοάζω, κἀξ ἀκινήτου ποδὸς
γῆρας μ' ἐφέρπει σῇ γ' ὁμιλίᾳ λαθόν.
καὶ μοῖρά γ' ἡμᾶς πόμπιμος λίαν ἄγει
συννανστολοῦντας πρὸς καταρράκτην ὁδόν,
καταιβάτου βρέμοντα νάματος κτύπῳ·
οὗ δὴ σκοτεινὸν ἅλμα κουφίσαι χρεών.
ΕΙΕΝ.
ἆρ' οὐ βίος νῷν ἡδὺς οὐρίῳ τύχῃ;
ἐρεῖς, λιπόντες εὐσταλεῖ καλὴν στόλῳ
οὕτως ἀμειψόμεσθα γῆν καλλίονα·
χαίροις ἂν ὀρθόν, Ἑρμιόνη, βλέπουσα σύ;
ὁρῶ δὲ πημοναῖσι πάντ' ἐγὼ πάλαι
νοσοῦντα· καὶ γὰρ οὐ πλέον γ' εὐοσμίᾳ
πρέπει τόδ' ἄνθος σῶν ἐπὶ στέρνων ῥόδου
ἢ πᾶσα λύπης γῆ δυσιάτου γέμει·
καὶ δὴ δι' ὤτων (οὐδ' ἀποστέγεις σύ μοι
παροῦσα) βάλλει τῶν παρημελημένων
ἀνήριθμον στέναγμα, προσκυνοῦσ' ὅσοι
θεοὺς ἄλυπον σέλμ' ἄνω καθημένους.
βίοτον γὰρ ἐκπονοῦσιν εὔφρονος βίου
χαρις κατέσβη, μισθὸν ἀλγίστων πόνων,
ἀεὶ δὲ λιμὸς καὶ τὸ τητᾶσθαι πάρα.
ὅσαι δ' ἐπ' ἄλλοις ἐκπεπληγμένον πόσιν
μένουσι λέκτροις, ἢν μεταστραφῇ χρόνῳ,
δυσέρωτι συντήκουσι καλλονὴν πόθῳ.
τοὺς δ' ἐκτραφέντας πῆμ' ἔχει δηκτήριον.

Such is the shore we float from: for the shore,
The brighter shore we reach, I only know
That it is night, Hermione, mere night,
Unbroken, unillumined, unexplored.
Come closer, lay your hand in mine: your love
Is the one sure possession that will last.
Let us be brave, and when the shadow comes,
To beckon us to the leap, rise lightly up
And follow with firm eyes and resolute soul.

LORD BOWEN.

A WOMAN, O my friends, has one desire—
To see secure, to live with, those she loves.
Can Vengeance give me back the murdered? no!
Can it bring home my child? Ah, if it can,
I pray the Furies' ever-restless band,
And pray the Gods, and pray the all-seeing Sun—
"Sun, who careerest through the height of Heaven,
When o'er the Arcadian forests thou art come,
And seest my stripling hunter there afield,
Put tightness in thy gold-embossed rein,
And check thy fiery steeds, and, leaning back,
Throw him a pealing word of summons down,
To come, a late avenger, to the aid
Of this poor soul who bore him, and his sire."

M. ARNOLD. *Merope.*

καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ λειπτέον, γύναι, τάχα·
ἐκεῖ δ' ὁποίαις χρησόμεσθ' ἐπιστροφαῖς
οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν· νὺξ δυσόρφναιος μία
φάους ἀλαμπὴς τοῦδε πάντ' ἐπισκοπεῖ.
ἀλλ' ἆσσον ἐλθέ, δεξιὰν δ' ἔμβαλλέ μοι·
ἐρῶν σ' ἐρῶσαν τοῦτ' ἔχω φερέγγυον
πίστωμα, κοὐδὲν ἄλλο, καρτερεῖν δ' ἀκμή.
ὅταν δὲ Θάνατος πρὸς πανύστατον καλῇ
πάντων ἀγῶνα, κοῦφον αἴρωμεν πόδα,
ὡς ἀστρόφοις ἰόντες ὄμμασιν πρόσω.

C. E. S. H.

ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ μὲν τόδ' ἓν προσίεται, φίλαι,
ἰδεῖν ξυνοῦσαν τὴν φίλων εὐπραξίαν.
ἆρ' ἔσθ' ὅπως τὸν ἀθλίως θανόντ' ἐμοὶ
παῖδ' ἐς δόμους στήσειεν ἡ δίκη πάλιν;
οὐκ ἔστιν· εἰ δέ πως γένοιτο, τοὺς θεοὺς
ἐρινύων τε τὴν ἀκοίμητον στάσιν,
καὶ τὸν πανόπτην ἐννέποιμ' ἂν Ἥλιον·
Ἥλιε, τὸν αἰπὺν οὐρανὸν διφρηλατῶν,
ὅταν προσέλθῃς Ἀρκάδων βησσῶν ὕπερ
θηρῶν τ' ἐπ' ἄγραν βάντα τὸν νεανίαν
ἴδῃς, ἐπισχὼν χρυσόνωτον ἡνίαν,
στήσας τε πώλων πυρπνόων ὀξὺν δρόμον,
κύψον τι πρὸς τοὔπισθε, θώυξον δέ νιν
ὑπέρτονον γήρυμα προσφωνῶν, ὅπως
χρόνῳ ποτ' ἔλθῃ μητρὶ τῇ παναθλίᾳ
καὶ τῷ θανόντι πατρὶ τιμωρὸς φόνου.

R. B.

Vane. Plead for us!
When Strafford spoke, your eyes were thick with tears!
Hampden. England speaks louder: who are we, to play
The generous pardoner at her expense,
Magnanimously waive advantages,
And, if he conquer us, applaud his skill?
Vane. He was your friend.
Pym. I have heard that before.
Fiennes. And England trusts you.
Hampden. Shame be his, who turns
The opportunity of serving her
She trusts him with, to his own mean account—
Who would look nobly frank at her expense!
Fiennes. I never thought it could have come to this.
Pym. But I have made myself familiar, Fiennes,
With this one thought—have walked, and sat, and slept,
This thought before me. I have done such things,
Being the chosen man that should destroy
The traitor. You have taken up this thought
To play with, for a gentle stimulant,
To give a dignity to idler life
By the dim prospect of emprise to come,
But ever with the softening, sure belief,
That all would end some strange way right.

BROWNING. *Strafford*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

ΟΥ. ἡμῶν ὕπερ λέξον σύ· καὶ γὰρ ὄμμα σὸν
κείνου λέγοντος δακρύων ἐπίμπλατο.
ΑΜ. φωνεῖ δὲ μεῖζον ἡ πόλις γ'· ἡμεῖς δὲ πῶς
ταύτης ἀφειδεῖν κύριοι καθέσταμεν
αἰδῶ νέμοντες τῷδε, γενναίως γε δὴ
κρείσσους λαβὰς μεθέντες, ὡς ἐς ὕστερον
τέχνης νιν ὀλβίσωμεν ᾗ κρατούμεθα;
ΟΥ. ἀλλ' ἦν φίλος σός.
ΠΥ. οἶδα καὶ πάλαι κλύων.
ΦΙ. πόλις δὲ σοὶ πέποιθεν·
ΑΜ. αἰσχρὸν οὖν, ὃς ἄν,
κείνην γε πιστεύουσαν ὠφελεῖν παρόν,
ἐκ τῶνδ' ἑαυτῷ κέρδος αἰκὲς ἐμπολᾷ
κλύειν θέλων γενναῖος ἐκ πόλεως βλάβης.
ΦΙ. οὔ τἂν προβῆναι δεῦρ' ἐγὼ τάδ' ἤλπισα.
ΠΥ. ἐμοὶ δέ γ' ἥδε φροντὶς ᾠκειωμένη
μόνη παρέστηκ' ἐν πόροις ξυνέμπορος
θακοῦντι πάρεδρος, ἐν λέχει ξυνευνέτις.
τοιαῦτ' ἔδρασ' ἀνὴρ ὅδ', οἷα δή τις ὢν
ἐκλεκτὸς ὥστε τὸν προδόντ' ἀπολλύναι·
ὑμεῖς δὲ τοῦδ' ἥρασθε πράγματος μέρος
φρενῶν ἄθυρμα κἀρέθισμα μαλθακόν,
κόσμημα σεμνὸν τοῦ σχολαιτέρου βίου,
τυφλόν τι προσδόκημα μελλούσης τινὸς
ἔργων ἀφορμῆς· ἐν δὲ τοῖσδ' ὑμῖν ἀεὶ
μαλάσσεται φρονήμαθ' ὡς πεποιθόσιν
ὑπερφυῶς πάντ' εὖ τελευτήσειν γέ πως.

T. G. T.

FAIN would I fade away, as I have lived,
Without a cry, a struggle, or a blow,
All vengeance unattempted, and descend
To the invisible plains, to roam with thee,
Fit denizen, the lamp-less underworld—
But with what eyes should I encounter there
My husband, wandering with his stern compeers?
No, something must be dared: and, great as erst
Our dastard patience, be our daring now!
Come, ye swift Furies, who to him ye haunt
Permit no peace till your behests are done:
Come Hermes, who dost watch the unjustly killed,
And canst teach simple ones to plot and feign;
Come, lightning Passion, that with foot of fire
Advancest to the middle of a deed
Almost before 'tis planned; come, glowing Hate;
Come, baneful Mischief, from thy murky den
Under the dripping black Tartarean cliff
Which Styx's awful waters trickle down—
Inspire this coward heart, this flagging arm!
And ye, keep faithful silence, friends, and mark
What one weak woman can achieve alone.

M. ARNOLD. *Merope.*

ΕΙΘ' *ἀσφάδαστος μηδ' ἀπεικότως βίῳ*
ἀποφθίνουσα, τραύματος βοῆς τ' ἄνευ,
τιμωρίας ἄπληστος, ἰκνοίμην κάτω,
ἐπαξία μέτοικος, ἀσκόπους πλάκας,
νεκρῶν ἀλαμπὲς δῶμ' ἐπιστρωφωμένη.
φερ' εἰπὲ ποίοις ὄμμασιν τὸν ἄνδρ' ἴδω
γοργοῖς ἀλήτην γοργὸν ἐν παραστάταις;
τόλμης μὲν οὖν δεῖ· τῇ πάλαι ῥᾳθυμίᾳ
νῦν ἐξισοῖτο θάρσος εὔψυχον χερός.
ἴθ' οὖν ἀλιτρὸν ἥτις οὐδ' εὔδειν ἐᾷς,
ταχεῖ' Ἐρινύς, πρὶν τελεσφόρος τυχεῖν,
Ἑρμῆ δ' ἐπόπτα παρανόμως τεθνηκότων,
δόλων ἁπλοῖσι ποικίλων εὐμήχανε,
σὺ δ' ἥτις ἔργον ἀστραπηφόρῳ βάσει
σχεδὸν προσῆλθες, δεινόπους ὀργή, μέσον,
οὔπω τεχνασθέν, πύρπνοον δ' ἔχθους μένος,
ἄτη τ' ἀνήκεστ' ἐκλιποῦσα Ταρτάρου
κευθμῶν' ὕπαυλον δειράδος νυκτηρεφοῦς
καθ' ἧς μυδώσης νᾶμα λείβεται Στυγὸς
φρικῶδες αἰέν· ἀσθενῆ βραχίονα,
δειλὸν φρόνημα, ζωπυρεῖτ' ἐμοὶ τόδε·
ὑμᾶς δ' ἄρ' εὐφημοῦντας εὖ σκοπεῖν χρεὼν
οἵ' ἔργ' ἄναλκις δρᾶν σθένει γυνὴ μία.

A. W. S.

Palinurus.

TRIS Notus hibernas inmensa per aequora noctes
vexit me violentus aqua; vix lumine quarto
prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda.
paulatim adnabam terrae; iam tuta tenebam,
ni gens crudelis madida cum veste gravatum
prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis
ferro invasisset, praedamque ignara putasset.
nunc me fluctus habet, versantque in litore venti.
quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras,
per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli,
eripe me his, invicte, malis: aut tu mihi terram
inice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos;
aut tu, si qua via est, si quam tibi diva creatrix
ostendit—neque enim, credo, sine numine divom
flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem—
da dextram misero, et tecum me tolle per undas,
sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam.

VIRGIL. *Aeneid*, VI 352—371.

ΤΡΕΙΣ *ἐμὲ χειμερινὰς νύκτας κατ᾽ ἀπείρονα πόντον*
πλᾶζεν ἐπεσσύμενός τε Νότος καὶ κύματα μακρά·
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε τέτρατον ἦμαρ ἔην, τότε δὴ μόγις ἀκτὴν
Ἰταλίας ἔσιδον μεγάλου ὑπὸ κύματος ἀρθείς.
ἔνθα νέων κεν ἐς ἠπείρου ξερὸν ἐξεσαώθην
ἐξ ἁλός, εἰ μή μ᾽ ἄνδρες ἀνάρσιοι ὀξέι χαλκῷ
χείρεσσι γναμπτῆς ὄρεος κορυφῇ τρηχείῃ
προσφύντ᾽, ἠδὲ βαρυνόμενον περὶ εἵμασιν ὑγροῖς,
πλῆξαν, ἀιδρείῃ τ᾽ ἔφασάν σφισι κύρμα γενέσθαι.
νῦν δέ με κύματ᾽ ἔχει, φορέει δ᾽ ἐν θινὶ θύελλα.
ἀλλά σε πρὸς φάεος τερψιμβρότου ἠελίοιο,
πρὸς πατρὸς κέλομαί τε, νέου τ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἐόντος Ἰούλου,
εἴρυσθαί με κακῶν, νεκρῷ δ᾽ ἄρα γῆν ἐπιχεῦαι,
διογενές, δύνασαι γάρ, Ἐλείων τ᾽ ἐς λιμέν᾽ ἐλθεῖν,
ἤ, ὁδὸς εἴ τις ἄρ᾽ ἔστιν, ἔδειξε δὲ πότνια μήτηρ
(οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀθανάτων μέλλεις ἀέκητί σ᾽ ὀίω
τοσσούτους ποταμοὺς διαβαίνειν καὶ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ),
δυστήνῳ δὸς χεῖρα λαβεῖν, σὺ δ᾽ ὑπὲρ ῥόον αἶρε,
ὄφρα ποτ᾽ εἰν Ἀΐδαο ὀιζύος ἐκλελάθωμαι.

G. W. B.

NO, no, ye stars! there is no death with you,
No languor, no decay! Languor and death,
They are with me, not you! ye are alive!
Ye and the pure dark aether where ye ride
Brilliant above me! And thou, fiery world,
That sapp'st the vitals of this terrible mount
Upon whose charr'd and quaking crust I stand,
Thou, too, brimmest with life!—the sea of cloud
That heaves the white and billowy vapours up
To moat this isle of ashes from the world,
Lives!—and that other fainter sea, far down,
That mild and luminous floor of waters lives,
With held-in joy swelling its heart!—I only,
Whose spring of hope is dried, whose spirit has fail'd—
I, who have not, like these, in solitude
Maintain'd courage and force, and in myself
Nursed an immortal vigour—I alone
Am dead to life and joy; therefore I read
In all things my own deadness.

M. ARNOLD. *Empedocles on Etna.*

ΦΕΥ ΦΕΥ

οὐ γὰρ παρ᾽ ὑμῖν, ἄστρα, θάνατος, οὐ φθορά,
ὑμῶν δ᾽ ἀγήρως ἰσχύς· ἀλλ᾽ ἐμοὶ μόνῳ
κάματος φθορά τ᾽ ἔνεισιν οὐδ᾽ ὑμῖν μέτα.
ἀεὶ γὰρ ὑμεῖς ζῆτε, κἀν βάθει πόλου
ζῇ καθαρὸς αἰθὴρ κυανέαν τείνων ὑφὴν
ἐν ᾗ διφρηλατεῖτε, πάμπρεπτον σέλας.
ζῶσιν δ᾽ ὄρους ἔνερθε τοῦδ᾽ ἀείρυτοι
ποταμοὶ πυρὸς γέμοντες, ἠνθρακωμένον
ὃ νῦν ἐπῆλθον πᾶν κραδαίνοντες πέδον,
Αἴτνης κέαρ δάπτοντες. οὐδ᾽ ἧσσον βρύει
ζωῆς νεφῶν τάδ᾽ οἴδματ᾽ ἐκφυσῶντ᾽ ἄνω
καπνοῦ κλύδωνας καὶ ζάλης λευκοπτέρου,
κἀν τοισίδ᾽, ὡς νῆσόν τιν᾽, ἐξερριμμένης
τέφρας κελαινὸν χεῦμα. σὺν δὲ χὴ πρόσω
θάλασσα μαρμαίρουσα, νηνέμοις ἔτι
ῥείθροισι ποικίλλουσ᾽ ἀνήριθμον γέλων,
ψυχήν τ᾽ ἔσω κρατοῦσα πάλλουσαν χαρᾷ.
ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ οἷος θυμὸν ἰσχναίνω πάλαι
γλυκεῖαν αὐτὸς ἐλπίδ᾽ ἐγκατασβέσας
οὐδ᾽ ἐν φρενῶν μυχοῖσιν αὐτόνουν ἔτλην
γνώμην ἀτάλλειν, ἄφθιτον θάρσους ἕδραν.
χαρὰ βίος τ᾽ ἔμ᾽ ἔφυγε, κἀν ζῶσιν νεκρὸς
φοιτῶν νομίζω τἄλλα πάντ᾽ ὀλωλέναι.

R. S. C.

Wal. Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And, like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True in this present moment I appear
Fall'n low indeed: but I shall rise again:
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb.

Gor. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
Let the night come before we praise the day.
I would be slow from long continued fortune
To gather hope: for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.

S. T. Coleridge *from Schiller.*

DIE Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,
Wird täglich abgeschmackter!
Sie spricht von dir, mein schönes Kind,
Du hast keinen guten Charakter.

Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,
Und dich wird sie immer verkennen;
Sie weiss nicht wie süss deine Küsse sind,
Und wie sie beseligend brennen.

Heine.

ΟΥ. *τίς νῦν τύχην ἄπιστον ἀποκαλῶν ἔχει;*
πιστὴ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ τῷδ' ἔφυ, μάλ' εὐμενῶς
ὄχλου με τοῦ τυχόντος ἐξαιρουμένη,
θεά θ' ὅπως τὸν παῖδά μ' ἰσχυρᾷ χερὶ
σπεύδουσ' ἐπῆρε πόλεος εἰς πρῶτον ζυγόν.
κοινὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν λαγχάνω, κοινὸν χερὶ
τἀνόντα τῇδε σήματ' οὐκ αἰνίσσεται.
εἶτ' ἔσθ' ὁ μοῖραν τὴν ἐμὴν σαφηνιῶν
τὸν παντόφυρτον ὡς τελοῦσαν εἰς ὄχλον;
εἰ καὶ γὰρ ἐν τῷ νῦν παρόντι φαίνομαι
πεσὼν κάτω δῆτ', αὖθις ἐξορθώσομαι
κἄπεισί τοι πλημμυρὶς ἐξ ἀμπώτεως.
Γ. *τοῦ μὴν πάλαι λεχθέντος εὖ μνήμην ἔχω,*
πρὶν ἂν θάνῃ τις μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν βροτῶν.
κοὐ ῥᾳδίως ἂν οὕνεκ' εὐτυχῶ πάλαι
ἐγὼ τρέφοιμ' ἂν ἐλπίδ', ἣν τοῖς ἀθλίοις
συνέμπορον δίδωσιν οἰκτίρων θεός.

N. W.

ΜΩΡΟΙ, *τυφλοὶ ἅπαντες, ἀεί τ' ἐπὶ μεῖζον ἄμουσοι·*
καλλίστη, σὲ δέ φασ' οὐ μάλα σωφρονέειν.
μῶροι· κρίνουσιν δέ σ' ἀπὸ σκοποῦ, εἰδότες οὐδὲν
ἐκ ψυχῆς γλυκεροῖς χείλεσιν οἷα φιλεῖς.

W. G. H.

A missed destiny.

WEARY of life, but yet afraid to die,
Sated and soured too, he slowly sinks,
With genius, knowledge, eloquence and wit,
And all the gifts of fortune vainly given:
Some morbid fly that flaws the heart or brain,
Some strange infirmity of thought or will
Has marred them all: nothing remains behind
But fragmentary thoughts and broken schemes,
Some brilliant sayings and a social fame
Already fading; but his mind is yet
Keen, clear, and vivid, though his nerveless will
Can never win to action: so he ends—
The eagle's eye without the eagle's wing.

LECKY.

AUS meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder;
Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder
Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen.

Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten,
Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen,
Und klagen und wollen nicht sagen
Was sie im Herzen schauten.

HEINE.

ΘΑΝΕΙΝ μὲν ὀκνῶν, καίπερ ἐκκάμνων βίον,
μεστός τ' ἀηδής τ' ἐν βραδεῖ διόλλυται,
εὔγλωσσος ὢν ἀστεῖος εὐφυὴς σοφός,
τύχης ἄδωρα δῶρα πάντ' ἔχων μάτην,
ὅτῳ φρενῶν γνώμης τε πάμφθαρτος νόσος,
ὡσεὶ διέστηκ' ἤτριον, φρονήσεως
δόξης τ' ἄσημος ἀσθενὴς δ' ἀβουλία
τὸ πᾶν διέφθειρ'· οὐδὲ λείπεταί τι πλὴν
πρᾶξίς τ' ἄπρακτος φροντίδες τ' ἐσφαλμέναι
ἔπη τε κομψά, κἀν βροτῶν λέσχαις κλέος
ἤδη παρηβῶν· ὀξύφρων δ' ὅμως ἔτι
ζῇ νοῦς ἀκραιφνής, κἂν ἀνειμένος σθένῃ
ὁρμᾶν ἐς ἔργον μήποθ'· ὧδ' ἀποφθίνει
ὡς ἀετός τις ὀξὺς ἄπτερός γε μήν.

A. W. S.

ΤΑΣ μικρὰς μεγάλης λύπης ἄπο τεῦχον ἀοιδάς·
καὶ πτερὰ φωνήεντ' ἦλθον ἐναψάμεναι
τῆς καλῆς πρὸς στῆθος· ἄφαρ δ' ἄρα μ' αὖθις ἵκανον
κλαίουσαι, τὰ δὲ κρύπτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι φράσαι.

W. G. H.

RIDE your ways [*said the gipsy*], ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings of Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearth-stane at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for?—There 's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets[1], and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes—there 's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up: not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that 's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father!—And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words that ever ye 'll hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan. [*So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road.*]

SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Guy Mannering*, Chap. VIII.

[1] Delicacies.

Ω Τλησιπολέμων ἱππότ' εὐγενῶν ἄπο,
ἔρρ', Ἰφικλεῖδ', εὔιππον ἔρρ', ἄναξ, ὁδὸν
σπέρχων, ταχύνων· ἀλλὰ τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
ἔπτ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἑστιῶν σβέσας καπνοὺς
τὴν σὴν φλογισμοῖς μὴ οὐδὲν εὐφραίνῃς ὅρα·
ὅρα δὲ καλυβῶν ἔπτ' ἀποδρύψας στέγην
ὅπως σὺ σαυτῷ μᾶλλον ἱδρύεις δοκόν.
μή πως ἐκεῖσε βοῦς μὲν οἰκίζεις, σὰ δὲ
μέλαθρα παρέξει κοῖτον, ἢν τύχῃ, λαγῷ;
φέρου, πορεύου· τούσδε τί βλέπεις ἔχων;
τρισσαὶ μὲν αἵδε δεκάδες, οἳ πάσης ποτέ,
σὺ μὴ σπανίζοις τῆς τρυφῆς, ἑκόντες ἂν
τροφῆς ἀπεστερούμεθ', οἳ ψυχὰς φίλας,
σὺ μή τι φαῦλον αἵματος, προίεμεν·
τρισσὰς δέ, φημί, δεκάδας ἐκβάλλεις δόμων,
καὶ γραῦς ὁμοίως ἑκατὸν ἐκπλήσασ' ἔτη
παύρους θ' ὁμοίως ἡμέρας γεγὼς βρέφος
γυψίν τ' ὀρεινοῖς καὶ ξυνευδήσει λύκοις.
ἔρρ', ἔρρ' ὁδεύων· ἡμὶν ἤρτηται τέκνα
κάμνουσιν ἐξόπισθεν, ἀλλὰ σοῖς ὅπως
στρωθῇ τέκνοις ἐκ τοῦδε καλλίω λέχη
σαυτῷ μελέσθω. πλὴν τύχοι μηδὲν κακὸν
μήθ' ὃν τρέφεις νῦν μήθ' ὃν ἂν μέλλῃς γόνον.
τούτους μέν, ὦ θεοί, σῴζεθ', ὡς οἰκτίρμονας
πτωχοῖς τιθέντες τοῦ πατρός τ' ἀμείνονας.
τὸ λοίσθιον δ' αὖ τοῦτ', ἔχων τὸν ὕστατον
σὺ μὲν πορεύου τοῦτον ἐξ ἐμοῦ λόγον,
τὸ δ' ὕστατον δὴ τοῦτο τῶν φίλων ἐγὼ
ἔρνος τεμοῦσα τῇδ' ἐν Ἰφίκλου χθονί.

'WHAT are ye come here for, young men?' he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; 'are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his laws? Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities, that are but clay and dust, like those who built them; and are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last while aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a long account at the close o't? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? and is this the way ye tak to make them childless, and brotherless, and friendless? Ohon! it's an ill feight whar he that wins has the warst o't! Think on't, bairns—I'm a puir man—but I'm an auld man too—and what my poverty takes awa frae the weight o' my counsel, grey hairs and a truthfu' heart should add to it twenty times.—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads—the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae feighting eneugh.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT. *The Antiquary*, Chap. XX.

ΛΕΓΕΙ δὲ τοιαῦτ', οἱ δὲ θαυμάζουσ' ἔπη.
τί χρῆμα δεῦρ' ἐξήλθετ', ὦ νεανίαι;
ὅποι τὰ κάλλιστ' ᾤκισ' ὁ κτίσας πατήρ,
στέλλεσθ' ἐφ' οἷς ἀπεῖπε; καὶ τὰ μὲν πόλεως
οἰκημάτων τε πηλόπλαστα γηίνου
γένους λιπόντες ἔργα, ταῦτ' ἠλλάξατε,
ὄρους τάδ' ἡσυχαῖα καὶ λίμνης ἕδη,
οἷς, εἴ τι τῶνδε χρόνιον, ἀστεμφὴς ἕδρα·
αὐτοὶ δ' ὀλεῖτε τῇδε τοὺς αὑτῶν βίους;
οἷς οὐδ' ὁ λοιπὸς ἱκανός, εἰ δράμοι, χρόνος
ἃ πάντ' ὀφείλετ' εἰς προθεσμίαν τελεῖν.
ἆρ' ἔστ' ἀδελφοῦ καὶ κασιγνήτης ἄτερ;
οὐ πατέρες ἐξέθρεψαν, οὐχὶ μητέρες
ὑπὲρ τόκων τε προυπόνουν φίλοι θ' ὑπὲρ
φίλων, ἔθεντο δ' ἆσσον οὐδ' αὑτῶν φρένας;
ὑμεῖς δ' ἀτέκνους, ξυγγόνων τε καὶ φίλων
θήσοντες ἥκετ' ὀρφανούς; φεῦ τῆς μάχης,
ὅπου γ' ὁ νικῶν δυστυχέστερος πέλει.
ὦ τέκνα, σωφρονεῖτε. καὶ γάρ εἰμ' ἐγὼ
ἀνὴρ πένης μὲν ἀλλὰ γηραιός γε μήν·
βουλαῖς δὲ ταῖς ἐμαῖσιν ὡς πτωχοῦ μὲν ἂν
βάρος γένοιτ' ἂν ἧσσον, ἀλλ' ἀντίρροπον
καὶ πολλαπλάσιον αἵδε λευκανθεῖς τρίχες
γνώμη τ' ἀληθής. ἀλλὰ παιδεύεσθε δὴ
στρέψαντες αὖ πρὸς οἶκον, ὡς παῖδας πρέπει.
ἐχθροῦ δ' ἐπεισπλεύσαντος οὐ πολλῷ χρόνῳ,
οὐκ ἂν δέοι τῳ τῆς μάχης ὅσον θέλοι.

A. W. V.

YE gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withal.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this under-standing child of mine;
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

FLETCHER. *Philaster*, Act II. Sc. iv.

RAIN, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.

TENNYSON. *The Coming of Arthur.*

Ω ΘΕΟΙ, *σάφ' ἔγνων οὔνεκ', ἤν τις ἐκδίκως*
ἀποστερήσῃ πλοῦτον ἢ τιμήν τινα,
πράσσει κακῶς ὅδ' ἔνθ' ὁ μέτριος καλῶς.
ἄρσην γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὕστερον λελείψεται
ἔγκληρος ὥστε μὴ 'ξαλειφθῆναι χθονὸς
ὄνομα πατρῷον· ἢν δ' ἔχῃ θῆλυν γόνον,
αὕτη ξυνάψαι δυσγάμους μέλλει γάμους
σπείρουσι δ' οἱ θεοὶ πρὸς πόσιν κακὴν ἔριν.
ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ ξύγγνωτε τὴν ἁμαρτίαν
ἣν αὐτὸς ἡμάρτηκα· μὴ κολάζετε
τὴν ἐξ ἐμοῦ γεγῶσαν ἀντ' ἐμοῦ κόρην
ἥ γ' οὐ παρημέλησε τῶν θείων νόμων.
καίτοι τί τοὺς θεοὺς εἰκὸς ἦν πεποιθέναι,
οὓς δρᾶν ἀνάγκη τἄνδιχ', ἱκετεύοντί μοι
ἐκ τῆσδε γῆς ἣν ἐκδίκως ἐκτησάμην;

H. J.

ΗΛΙΟΣ *πολὺν μετ' ὄμβρον· Ἶρις ἐμπρέπει πόλῳ·*
ἐν χρόνῳ νεανίας πως γίγνεται σοφώτερος,
πρὶν θανεῖν δὲ τοῦ γέροντος νοῦν ἀπαμβλύνει χρόνος.
ἥλιος πολὺν μετ' ὄμβρον· Ἶρις ἐνσκήπτει πέδῳ·
τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ τἀληθές ἐστι, σοὶ δ' ἐκεῖνο· τοιγαροῦν
χρῆν ἐᾶσαι, γυμνόν ἐστιν εἴτε καὶ κεκρυμμένον.
ὄμβρος, ἥλιος μετ' ὄμβρον· καὶ τέθηλεν ἡ κάλυξ·
ἥλιος κἀντεῦθεν ὄμβρος· καὶ τίς αὖτ' ἐπίσταται;
ἐκ βύθου γὰρ ἦλθ' ἔπειτα δ' ἐς βύθον κατέρχεται.

E. D. S.

NO light, save yon faint gleam, which shows me walls
Which never echo'd but to sorrow's sounds,
The sigh of long imprisonment, the step
Of feet on which the iron clank'd, the groan
Of death, the imprecation of despair!
And yet for this I have returned to Venice,
With some faint hope, 'tis true, that time, which wears
The marble down, had worn away the hate
Of men's hearts; but I knew them not, and here
Must I consume my own, which never beat
For Venice but with such a yearning as
The dove has for her distant nest, when wheeling
High in the air on her return to greet
Her callow brood.

BYRON. *The Two Foscari*, Act III. Sc. 1.

O LOVE, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee;
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Circa 1600.

ΤΟ φῶς ἀμαυρὸν ἀσθενεῖ φαίνει βολῇ
τοῖχον ξυνῳδὸν δυστυχῶν θρηνήμασιν
αἰέν, δεθέντων τ' ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου στόνοις,
κλαγγῇ τε δεσμῶν ἐν ποσὶν χαλκηλάτων,
οἰστρωμένων τ' ἀραῖσι θανασίμῳ τ' ἄχει.
τοιαῦτ' ἀπηύρων τῆσδε νόστιμος πόλεως,
οἳ' ἐλπίσας τὸν τὰς πέτρας νικῶντ' ἀεὶ
χρόνον φθονούντων λῆμα νικήσειν βροτῶν.
ἀστῶν δ' ἄιδρις καρδίας πεφασμένος
αὐτός γε τείρω τὴν ἐμήν, ἥτις πόλεως
πόθῳ πέπαλται πόλλ', ὁποῖ' ἀπουσίᾳ
τέκνων πελειὰς ἱμέρῳ πληγεῖσ' ὁδὸν
σπεύδει παλιντρόποισιν αἰωρουμένη
στροφαῖς, νεοσσὸν μαλακὸν ὡς θάλπῃ πτεροῖς.

J. S. R.

ΠΟΛΛΑ σ', Ἔρως, ἀδικοῦσιν ὅσοι σεό φασι πικρίζειν
καρπόν, ἐπεὶ πάντως ἄδιον οὐδὲν ἔφυ.
ὦ ἔδος εὐφροσύνης, Χαρίτων δόμος, οἶδά σ' ἔγωγε,
οἶδα, καὶ εὐσεβέων ἐκ φρενὸς αἰδέομαι.

W. G. H.

YET hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

TENNYSON. *Tithonus.*

Epitaph on Stratford de Redcliffe.

THOU third great Canning, stand among our best
And noblest, now thy long day's work hath ceased,
Here silent in our Minster of the West
Who wert the voice of England in the East.

TENNYSON.

ΣΥ δ' ἀλλὰ νῦν με λῦσον· οὐ τῶν ἀντολῶν
ἄμοιρον ἔγνως; οὐκ ἀνάρμοστον φύσει
τῇ σῇ γεγῶτα; πορφυραῖσι γὰρ σκιαῖς
ψυχρόν με βάπτεις, τί δὲ σέλας μὴ ψυχρὸν ὂν
ἔσκηψε; ῥιγῶ δ' ὀρθρίοισιν ἐμβεβὼς
ὁ ῥυσὸς οὐδοῖς, ἡνίκ' ἀναδέδυκ' ἀτμὸς
ἀγρῶν ἀπόπτων οὕπερ ἄνδρες εὐτυχεῖς
ἐξὸν θανεῖν οἰκοῦσιν, εὐτυχεστέροις τ'
ἔπεστι χλωρὸν χῶμα τοῖς τεθνηκόσιν.
μή νυν κάτισχέ μ' ἀλλὰ κἀπόδος χθονί·
σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἥτις πάνθ' ὁρᾷς ὄψει μ' ὅπου
κέκευθα· σὺ μὲν ἑῷον ἐνδύσει νέον
κάλλος κατ' ἦμαρ, ἐν κόνει δ' ἐγὼ κόνις
αὐλῶν τ' ἐρήμων τῶνδε καὶ σέθεν τροχοῖς
ἐπ' ἀργυροῖσι λήσομαι παλινδρόμου.

C. W. M.

Ω γένος ἐξάρας σὺ τριῶν τρίτος, ἐν παναρίστοις
κεῖσο μέγας μακρῶν παυσάμενος καμάτων·
ὃς τότε μὲν λαοῖς στόμα πατρίδος ἦσθ' ἐν ἑῴοις,
ἤδη δ' ἐσπερίην πατρίδ' ἄφωνος ἔχεις.

W. E. H.

THERE in a secret olive-glade I saw
Pallas Athene climbing from the bath
In anger; yet one glittering foot disturbed
The lucid well; one snowy knee was prest
Against the margin flowers; a dreadful light
Came from her golden hair, her golden helm
And all her golden armour on the grass,
And from her virgin breast and virgin eyes
Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark
For ever, and I heard a voice that said
'Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much,
And speak the truth that no man may believe.'

TENNYSON. *Tiresias.*

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

ΕΝΤΑΥΘ' ἐλαιάεντι λαθραίαν νάπει
δέδορκ' Ἀθάναν ἐκ ῥοῆς ὁρμωμένην
χόλῳ βαρεῖαν. θατέρου δ' αἴγλῃ ποδὸς
ἔφρισσε λευκὸν νᾶμα, χιόνεον γόνυ
ἴων κατ' ὄχθην ἥπτετ'· ἐκ δὲ βοστρύχων
χρυσῶν κυνῆς τε χρυσέας χρυσηλάτων θ'
ὅπλων χαμᾶθεν δεινὸν ἤστραπτεν σέλας,
ἤστραπτ' ἄχραντα στέρν' ἄχραντά τ' ὄμματα
ἐμοῖσιν ἐμπεπηγόθ' ὥστ' ἀποσβέσαι
ἐς αἰέν· εἶτ' ἤκουσα φωνούσης ὀπός·
περισσά τ' εἶδες νῦν τ' ἀνόμματος γενοῦ,
ἄπιστα πᾶσιν πάντα νημερτῆ λέγων.

R. D. A. H.

ΕΙ τις ἀνήρ, ὡς δένδρον, ἐὸν μέγα σῶμα φυτεύει,
καίπερ μακρὸς ἐὼν οὐκ ἀγαθὸς τελέθει,
εἴ τ' ἔτε' εἰς ἑκατὸν κρατερὴ δρῦς παρμένει αἰέν,
καὶ ξύλον αὐανθὲν ξηρὸν ἔπειτ' ἔπεσεν·
ἀλλὰ κρίνου πολλῷ χαριέστερον ἡδέος ἀνθεῖ
ὥρῃ ἐν εἰαρινῇ κάλλος ἐφημέριον·
εἰ δὲ θάνοι ταχέως καὶ δὴ πέσοι αὐτίκα νυκτός,
ἄνθος ἄρ' ἦν Φοίβου, παῖς δὲ καὶ ἠελίου.
καὶ γὰρ ἐνὶ σμικροῖσιν ἐυπρεπὲς εἶδος ἀγαστόν,
ὠκύμορός τ' ἀκμὴν πολλάκις ἔσχε βίος.

F. M. S.

SO they brought the swords, and delivered them to the King. The King drew the swords, and the whole court shone with their brightness. Their hilts were of solid gold: all the good men of the Cortes marvelled at them. And the Cid rose and received them, and kissed the King's hand, and went back to his ivory seat: and he took the swords in his hand, and looked at them: they could not change them, for the Cid knew them well, and his whole frame rejoiced, and he smiled from his heart, and he laid them upon his lap and said: "Ah, my swords, truly may I say of you, that you are the best swords in Spain; and I won you, for I did not get you either by buying or barter. I gave you in keeping to the Infantes, that they might do honour to my daughters with you; but ye were not for them! they kept you hungry, and did not feed you with flesh, as ye were wont to be fed. Well is it for you, that ye have escaped that thraldom, and come again to my hands, and happy man am I to recover you."

Chronicle of the Cid.

ΦΑΣΓΑΝΑ δ' ἐν χείρεσσι θέσαν βασιλῆι φέροντες.
ἔλκεθ' ὅ γ' ἐκ κολεοῖο· ἄφαρ μέγα χαλκοβατὲς δῶ
φαίνετ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὡς εἰ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ὅσσοι ἄγερθεν ὁμηγερέες τ' ἐγένοντο
κώπην χρυσείην θηεῦντό τε θάμβησάν τε·
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἄγχι ἄνακτος ἀγακλυτὸς ὅρχαμος ἀνδρῶν
ἵκετο δεξιτερῇφι δ' ἐδέξατο κύσσε δὲ χεῖρας.
βῆ δὲ φέρων θῶκόνδε πάλιν πριστοῦ ἐλέφαντος.
ἕζετο δὴ μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων ξίφε' ἄθρησέν τε.
ῥεῖά γ' ἀρίγνωτ' ἦν, ἐπεὶ οὐχ ἑτέροισιν ἐῴκει.
ἥσατο δ' ἐνδυκέως ἐγέλασσέ τε κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
οἷς δ' ἐπὶ γούνασι θῆκε ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·
Ἦ νύ τοι ἄμφω σφῶι ὀίομαι ὅσσα τέτυκται
φάσγαν' ἐν ἀνθρώποις περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.
ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἄλλο γέρας γ' οὔτ' ἄξιον ὦνον ἔδωκα
δουρὶ δ' ἐμῷ κτεάτισσα μάχης περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον.
δῶκα δὲ παισὶ ἄνακτος ὅπως κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἄροιντο
θυγατέρεσσιν ἐμαῖς γέρας ἔμμεν, ἀτάσθαλα εἰδώς.
οὐ γάρ τοι σφῶιν κρέα πάρθεσαν ὡς τὸ πάρος περ.
ἦ μάλα δὴ κατὰ μοῖραν ἀλύσκετε δούλιον ἦμαρ·
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γήθησε κομισσαμένῳ φίλον ἦτορ.

H. J.

CHILD! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind,
I feel the odours that perfume the air,
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.
Within my heart I picture them, and then
I almost can forget that I am blind,
And old, and hated by my fellow-men.
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace
Of nature ere I die, and gaze again
Upon her living and rejoicing face—
Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,
My comforter! I feel thy dear embrace—
I hear thy voice, so musical and mild,
The patient sole interpreter, by whom
So many years of sadness are beguiled;
For it hath made my small and scanty room
Peopled with glowing visions of the past.

AYTOUN. *Blind Old Milton.*

ΑΡ' ἡλίου φῶς γῆν ἐπιστείχει, τέκνον;
οὐ γάρ με λήθει βόστρυχος μετάρσιος
εὐηνέμοις ῥιπαῖσιν αἰωρούμενος,
οὐδ' εὐπνόοις αὔραισι πᾶς ἀὴρ πνέων.
ἐμοῦ δ' ὄπισθεν οἷ' ἔχει συρίγματα
τὰ φύλλ' ἀκούω· πάντα δ' ἐγγράφων τάδε
φρενός γε δέλτοις κἀπιλήθεσθαι δοκῶ
τυφλὸς γέρων ὢν πᾶσι πάγκοινον στύγος.
ἀλλ' εἰ γὰρ ἦν μοι πρὶν θανεῖν γαίας χάριν
ἰδεῖν ἔτ', αὐτὸ τῆς ἀειζῴου ῥέθος
εὐγηθὲς εἰσαθροῦντι· βουλοίμην δ' ἂν αὖ
σὸν καὶ βλέπειν πρόσωπον, ὦ τέκνον, πόνων
ἐμῶν φίλον θέλγητρον· ᾐσθόμην γὰρ οὖν
τὴν σὴν γλυκεῖαν προσβολήν· ὀπὸς δὲ σῆς
μοῦσ' εὔστομός μ' ἔσηνεν, ἡ τλήμων ἐμοὶ
πάντων μόνη προφῆτις, ἣ τόσων ἐτῶν
κλέψασα λύπας, τόνδ' ἐπλήρωσεν δόμον
πένητα φαιδροῖς τῶν πάλαι φαντάσμασιν.

N. W.

BRIGHT clouds float in heaven,
Dew-stars gleam on earth,
Waves assemble in ocean,
They are gathered and driven
By the storm of delight, by the panic of glee!
They shake with emotion,
They dance in their mirth.
But where are ye?

The pine boughs are singing
Old songs with new gladness,
The billows and fountains
Fresh music are flinging,
Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea;
The storms mock the mountains
With thunder of gladness.
But where are ye?

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound.*

WE would have you to wit, that on eggs though we sit, and are spiked on the spit, and are baked in the pan,
Birds are older by far than your ancestors are, and made love and made war ere the making of Man!
For when all things were dark, not a glimmer nor spark, and the world like a barque without rudder or sail
Floated on through the night, 't was a Bird struck a light, 't was a flash from the bright-feathered Tonatiu's[1] tail!
Then the Hawk with some dry wood flew up in the sky, and afar, safe and high, the Hawk lit Sun and Moon,
And the Birds of the air they rejoiced everywhere, and they recked not of care that should come on them soon.

ANDREW LANG.

[1] The Thunder-bird.

ΑΙΘΕΡΙ *φαναὶ νεφέλαι νήχουσ'*
ἀνταυγοῦσίν τ' ἐκ χθονὸς ἔρσαι,
πόντῳ δὲ κλύδωνας ἀγειρομένους
ἤγαγεν ἤλασεν οἴστρημα χαρᾶς,
ἀνεβάκχευσεν·
πάντα σαλεύει, πάντα χορεύει
φρενόπληκτα πόθῳ.
πῶς οὐ ξυνέπεσθε καὶ ὑμεῖς;
νέον ἀρχαίοις παιᾶνα νόμοις
ὑμνοῦσ' ἐλάται·
νέα μὲν πεδόθεν νέα δ' ἐκ πόντου
κύματα κρῆναί θ' οἷά τε νυμφῶν
ῥαίνουσι μέλη·
βροντῶν δ' οὔρεσιν ἀντιχαρεισῶν
κέλαδοι κελάδοισιν ἀμιλλῶνται.
πῶς οὐχὶ παρῆτ' ἐπὶ μολπῇ; R. D. A. H.

ΙΣΤΕ *γὰρ ἡμᾶς τοὺς ὄρνιθας, κἀφεζομένους περ ἐπ' ᾠοῖς*
ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσίν τ' ἀναπειρομένους καὶ πεττομένους
κεράμοισιν,
ἀρχαιοτέρους τῶν ὑμετέρων πολλῷ προγόνων φύσιν
ὄντας,
καὶ πρὶν ἐρῶντας καὶ πολεμοῦντας γένος ἀνδρῶν ἤ τι
γενέσθαι.
πᾶν γὰρ σκότος ἦν γαιά τ' ἀλαμπὴς αὐγῆς ἄτερ ἀερονηχὴς
ἀκάτου διὰ νύκτ' ἐπλανᾶτο δίκην οἴακ' οὔθ' ἱστί' ἐχούσης.
εἶτ' οἰωνῶν τις ἀνῆψε φάος, κερχνῆς βροντησικέραυνος,
τῆς καλλικόμου ῥιπαῖς οὐρᾶς μόνον ἀστράψασα δι'
ὄρφνης.
ξύλα δ' οὖν μετὰ ταῦτ' αὖ' ἄττα λαβὼν ἱέραξ εἰς
οὐρανὸν ἔπτη
χἤλιον ἤδη μήνην τ' ἀδεῶς μετέωρος ἄνωθεν ἔφλεξε.
τοὺς δ' ὄρνιθας τοὺς αἰθερίους ὑπέδυ μάλα τέρψις ἅπαντας
οὔ τι μερίμναις ταῖς μελλούσαις τάχ' ἀνιάσειν προσέ-
χοντας.

R. D. A. H.

I wandering went
Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,
And first was disappointed not to see
Such mighty change as I had felt within
Expressed in outward things; but soon I looked,
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
One with the other even as spirits do,
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
"All hope abandon ye who enter here";
None frowned, none trembled, none with eager fear
Gazed on another's eye of cold command,
Until the subject of a tyrant's will
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,
Which spurred him, like an outspent horse, to death.
None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines
Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained to speak;
None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own heart
The sparks of love and hope till there remained
Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed,
And the wretch crept a vampire among men,
Infecting all with his own hideous ill.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*, Act III. Sc. 4.

ΦΟΙΤΩΝ δ' ἀν' οἴκους καὶ βροτῶν ἐπιστροφὰς
πρῶτον μὲν ἠθύμησα μὴ τὰ πάνθ' ὁρῶν
τροπαῖς μεταλλαχθέντα συνδρόμως φρενῶν
μεταλλαγὴν πάγκοινον· εἶτ' ἀθροῦντί μοι
θρόνοι 'φάνησαν τῶν ἀνασσόντων κενοί,
θεῶν θ' ὁμοίᾳ χρωμένοις ξυνουσίᾳ
οὐκ ἦν βροτοῖσιν οὔτε λὰξ πατουμένοις
πατοῦντα σαίνειν οὔθ' ὑβρίζοντας τρέμειν·
οὐκ ἦν κατηφείᾳ τις οὐδ' αὐθαδίᾳ
ὄψις προφωνοῦσ' ᾇσμ' Ἐρινύων τόδε·
πρόεσθε πᾶσαν ἐλπίδ' οἱ 'φικνούμενοι.
οὐδεὶς σκυθρωπὸν ὄμμα κἀπροσήγορον
ὀκνῶν ἐτήρει τοῦ τυραννοῦντος βλέπος,
καὶ κρείσσονος χλιδαῖσι προσπολῶν τέλος
ταῖς αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ τλημονέστερος λάτρις
κεντούμενος διώλετ' ἐκτριφθεὶς δρόμῳ.
οὐ χείλεσιν πλέκων τις αἰόλον ψύθος
γελῶν ἐδήλου γλῶσσ' ὃ μὴ καταξιοῖ·
οὐ κερτόμοις λώβαισι τῆς αὑτοῦ φρενὸς
ἔρωτος ἐλπίδος τε καταπατῶν φλόγα
ψυχὴν πικρᾷ προὔδωκεν αὐτουργῷ τέφρᾳ,
εἶτ' ἐξάγιστος εἶρπ' ἀλάστορος δίκην
τὸ δυσφιλὲς βροτοῖσιν ἐντρίβων μύσος.

R. D. A. H.

MY love she's but a lassie yet,
A lichtsome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do
To sit and woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.

But there's a braw time coming yet
When we may gang a roaming yet,
An' hint wi' glee
O' joys to be
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet,
But just a jinking,
Bonny blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.

But O her artless smile's mair sweet
Than hinny or than marmalete;
An', right or wrang,
Ere it be lang
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

JAMES HOGG.

ΠΑΙΣ ἔτ' ἐστὶν ἡ φίλη μοι φαιδρόνους τε παρθενεύει,
κοὔτι συμπαίζειν παρ' ὄχθαις ἡμένοις πρέποντά πω.

ἔσσεταί γε μὴν ὅτ' ἄμφω σύμπλανοι σεμνὴν κατ' ὄρφνην
εἰς τὰ τέρπν' αἰνιξόμεσθα Κύπριδος δι' ἐλπίδων.

νῦν μέν ἐσθ' ἡ παῖς ἔτ' ὄμφαξ κοὐδέπω σφριγῶσα μαζούς,
κοῦφα δὲ σκιρτῶσα παίζει λοξά τ' ὄμμασιν βλέπει.

ἀλλ', ἀθρύπτοισιν γελᾷ γὰρ μέλιτος ἥδιον προσώποις,
ἐς λόγους, ὦ Κύπρι, πάντως ἵξετ' οὐ μάλ' ἐς μακρήν.

W. G. H.

Cf. Anacreon 75, Bergk III. p. 275.

Better to wait:
The wise men wait; it is the foolish haste,
And ere the scenes are in the slides would play,
And while the instruments are tuning, dance.
I see Napoleon on the heights intent
To arrest that one brief unit of loose time
Which hands high Victory's thread; his marshals fret,
His soldiers clamour low: the very guns
Seem going off of themselves; the cannon strain
Like hell-dogs in the leash. But he, he waits;
And lesser chances and inferior hopes
Meantime go pouring past. Men gnash their teeth;
The very faithful have begun to doubt;
But they molest not the calm eye that seeks
'Midst all this huddling silver little worth
The one thin piece that comes, pure gold; he waits.
O me, when the great deed e'en now has broke
Like a man's hand the horizon's level line,
So soon to fill the zenith with rich clouds;
Oh in this narrow interspace, this marge,
This list and selvage of a glorious time,
To despair of the great and sell unto the mean!
O thou of little faith, what hast thou done?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. *Dipsychus.*

ΜΕΛΛΕΙΝ ἄμεινον· οἱ σοφοὶ 'μελλητέον'
ἀεὶ παραινοῦσ', ὃς δ' ἂν ᾖ φρενῶν κενὸς
σκηνῆς θεαταῖς μὴ παρεσκευασμένης
ἀγωνιεῖται καὶ πρὶν ἀμβολὰς κρέκειν
σπεύσει χορεύειν. εὖ γε Ναπολέονθ' ὁρῶ
καραδοκοῦντ' ἄνωθεν ἔστ' ἂν ἐς χέρας
χρόνος βράχιστον καιρὸν ἐκ πολλῶν ἕνα
καιροῦ τ' ὀπαδὸν ταινίαν νίκης διδῷ.
καὶ δὴ λοχαγοὺς πρὸς χολωθέντας λόχοι
σιγῇ' ἐπιρροθοῦσι, καὶ τόξων στίχος
αὐτόσσυτον πρόδηλος ἐκρίψων ζάλην·
Ἄρης γάρ, ὥς τις ὠκύθοος Ἄιδου κύων
δεθεὶς ἔτ', ὀργᾷ δαΐοις ἐπενθορεῖν.
αὐτὸς δὲ μέλλει, καὶ παραρρέον βλέπει
τυχῶν τε πλῆθος ἐλπίδων τ' ἐλασσόνων
ἅλις· στομοῦται θυμός, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔμπεδος
τοῖς πρίν γε πιστοῖς πίστις. ἀλλ', οὐ γὰρ τρέμει
ὁ σῖγ' ἐρευνῶν εὐτελοῦς δι' ἀργύρου
λεπτόν τι μὲν χρυσοῦν δέ, μελλονικιᾷ.
ἡμῖν δ' ἄρ', ἡμῖν, ὡς ὅτε ῥινὸν φανέν[1],—
ἰδοῦ—σάλων ἔξεισι τηλουρῶν νέφος
πλῆσον θυέλλαις ἀφθόνοις πόλου κύκλον.
κἀν τῷδε καιροῦ παντελοῦς μεταιχμίῳ
ἤδη σὺ δόξης κρασπέδου θιγὼν ἄκρου
τὰ λῷστ' ἀποβαλὼν τοῖς κακοῖς εἴξας ἔχεις·
φεῦ τοῦδ' ἀέλπτου λήματος· τί τοῦτ' ἔδρας;

A. B. C.

[1] Cf. Hom. *Od.* v. 281—a Homeric phrase in place of the biblical simile.

O TALK not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

BYRON.

SINCE first I saw your face, I resolved to honour and renown ye;
If now I be disdained, I wish my heart had never known ye.
What? I that loved, and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder.
Where beauty moves, and wit delights, and signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there, where'er I go I'll leave my heart behind me.

THOMAS FORD.

ΜΗ *μοι κῦδος ἀγήραον σύ γ᾽ αἴνει,*
ἦβῃ γὰρ τάδε φήμ᾽ ἰσήλικ᾽ ἀνθεῖν·
στεφάνων δὲ κρείσσων ἀριθμοῦ
κισσὸς ἔμοιγε μύρτος τε νεανιῶν.

αὔοις ὡς δρόσος ἠρινὴ ῥόδοισιν
ῥυσαῖς ταινίαι ἐμπρέπουσι κόρσαις·
πολιοῖς δ᾽ ἀπαυδῶ κροτάφοις·
ἦ τίς ἐμοὶ κεναυχῶν στεφάνων χάρις;

ὦ Δόξ᾽, εἴποτε δ᾽ οὖν ἔχων σ᾽ ἔχαιρον,
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ τῶν μεγαλῶν ἕκατι κόμπων,
συνιδὼν δὲ φαιδροῖσι κόρην
ὄμμασιν ἀξιοῦσάν μ᾽ ὀάρων φίλων.

W. G. H.

ΩΣ *ἴδον, ὡς ἐφάμην αἰδούμενος εὐκλείσειν σε·*
νῦν δ᾽ αὖτ᾽, εἴ μ᾽ ἀτίσεις, μηδ᾽ ἐσιδεῖν σ᾽ ὄφελον.
εἶτ᾽ ἐγὼ ὡράμενός τε σύ θ᾽ ἡ στέρξασ᾽ ἐρίσωμεν;
οὐκ ἔστ᾽, ἀλλά μ᾽ Ἔρως δῆσεν ἀλυκτοπέδαις.
οὔτε γὰρ ὃς κάλλιστος ἀναίνεται Ἥλιος ἀνδρῶν
οὐδένα, σήν τ᾽ ἐσιδὼν θάρσεον ἀγλαΐην.
ὡς Ὧραι Χάριτές τε φιλόφρονες ὁσσάκι φαιδρὰ
σαίνωσίν μ᾽, ἀλύτοις ἐνδέδεμαι παγίσιν.

W. G. H.

LIFT not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life; though unreal shapes be pictured there,
And it but mimic all we would believe
With colours idly spread,—behind, lurk Fear
And Hope, twin Destinies; who ever weave
Their shadows o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.
I knew one who had lifted it—he sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
The world contains, the which he could approve.
Through the unheeding many he did move,
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

SHELLEY.

Parting at Morning.

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea:
The sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

BROWNING.

ΟΙΣΘ' ὃ *βίον καλέουσι βροτοί; γραπτὴν σὺ καλύπτρην*
μὴ παρακινήσῃς, κἂν μάλα μαψιδίοις
φάσμασι ποικιλθεῖσα ματαίῃσίν τε χρόῃσιν
ὡς ὄναρ εἰκάζῃ πάνθ' ὅσ' ὕπαρ ποθέῃς.
τῆς μετόπιν δύο κῆρε, Φόβος τ' Ἐλπίς τ', ἀμενηνοῖς
εἰκόσι συμπλέκετον κεῦθμ' ἀφανὲς Θανάτου.
ἦν γὰρ ὁ κινήσας· ἐμὲ δ' οὐ λάθεν· ὅς τε φίλον κῆρ
πολλὰ τρέφων ἄτῃς, πόλλ' ἀγανοφροσύνῃ,
εἶπε Τί χρή με φιλεῖν; ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἤμβροτεν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐσθλόν,
ὅττι καὶ ἀσπάσεται, φῦ παρ' ἐφημερίοις.
βῆ φρονέων πολλοῖς μετ' ἀφρόντισιν, ὡς νεφέλῃσιν
ἠέλιος, κηλὶς φωσφόρος ἐν κνέφαϊ,
θεῖος ἀνήρ, θείων δὲ σοφωτάτῳ ἶσ', ἀτεράμνοις
φρεσσὶν ἀληθείης ὠρέγετ', οὐδ' ἔτυχεν.

R. D. A. H.

ΠΡΩΝ *ἐκκαλύπτει πέλαγος ἐξαίφνης ἰδεῖν.*
ὀρέων δ' ὑπ' ἀκρῶν ὄμμα Φοῖβος ἐξάγει.
κείνῳ μὲν εὐθὺς οἶμος ἦν χρυσήλατος,
ἐμοὶ δὲ χρεία πολυπόνου βροτῶν βίου.

J. A.

Lucretia. Oh husband! Pray forgive poor Beatrice,
She meant not any ill.
Cenci. Nor you perhaps?
Nor that young imp, whom you have taught by rote
Parricide with his alphabet? Nor Giacomo?
Nor those two most unnatural sons, who stirred
Enmity up against me with the Pope?
Whom in one night merciful God cut off:
Innocent lambs! They thought not any ill!
You were not here conspiring? You said nothing
Of how I might be dungeoned as a madman;
Or be condemned to death for some offence,
And you would be the witnesses?—This failing,
How just it were to hire assassins, or
Put sudden poison in my evening drink?
Or smother me when overcome by wine?
Seeing we had no other judge but God,
And he had sentenced me, and there were none
But you to be the executioners
Of his decree enregistered in heaven?
Oh no! You said not this?
Lucretia. So help me God,
I never thought the things you charge me with!

SHELLEY. *The Cenci,* Act II. Sc. 1.

ΛΟ. *ξύγγνωθι παιδὶ τῇ ταλαιπώρῳ, πόσι·*
οὐδὲν γὰρ οὖν ἑκοῦσά γ' ἤθελεν κακόν.
ΚΕ. *οὐδὲν γὰρ οὐδ' αὐτὴ σύ γ', οὐδ' ὁ νεαρός, ὃς*
πατροκτόνου μάθημα γραμμάτων μέτα
πρὸς σοῦ 'πεμνήσθη· καὶ Κλέαρχος οὐ κακόν,
καὶ τὼ δύ', οἶμαι, πατέρα μ' ἐχθίστω φίλον
οὐδὲν θέλοντε διέβαλόν γ' ἐπισκόπῳ·
ἐν νυκτὶ δ' αὐτὼ 'νόσφισ' εὖ δράσας Θεὸς
μιᾷ, κακῶν ὄνθ' ὡς μάλιστ' ἀναιτίω.
οὐδὲν δ' ἐβουλεύεσθε νῦν ὑμεῖς ἄρα
ὅπως δεθείην πρόφασιν, ὡς λυσσῶν, ἐγώ,
ἤ που πρὸς ὑμῶν μαρτύρων καθαιρεθεὶς
ὄφλοιμι θάνατον· εἰ δὲ μή, καταξίως
μισθοῖσθε τοὺς κτενοῦντας, ἢ πίνοντί μοι
ἔμπαια φάρμακ' ἐμβάλοιτ' ἐφ' ἑσπέρας,
ἤ πως ἀπάγξαιτ' ὄντα μ' ἐξ οἴνου βαρύν·
ἐπεὶ δικαστὴς ἡμίν ἐστιν εἷς Θεός,
ἐμοῦ θ' ἁλόντος ἐν Θεῷ, πράκτωρ δίκης
οὐκ ἄλλος εἴη τῆς ἐκεῖ γεγραμμένης,
μόνοι δ' ἄρ' ὑμεῖς. οὐ τάδ' ἠγορεύετ', οὔ;
ΛΟ. *οὕτως ὀναίμην ὡς τάδ' οὐδ' ἐφρόντισα.*

THERE the voluptuous nightingales
Are awake through all the broad noon-day;
When one with bliss or sadness fails,
And through the windless ivy-boughs,
Sick with sweet love, droops dying away
On its mate's music-panting bosom;
Another from the swinging blossom,
Watching to catch the languid close
Of the last strain, then lifts on high
The wings of the weak melody,
Till some new strain of feeling bear
The song, and all the woods are mute:
When there is heard through the dim air
The rush of wings, and rising there,
Like many a lake-surrounded flute,
Sounds overflow the listener's brain
So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound.*

ΑΒΡΑΙ δ' ὀάροισιν ἀηδονίδες
μεσάταν ἀκτῖν' ἐρεθίζουσιν·
χἀ περιγαθής, ἁ δ' ὑπεραλγὴς
κατὰ κισσήρη νήνεμον ἕδραν
γλυκερὸν δι' ἔρωτ' ἀποτακομένα
σῖγ' ἐφ' ὁμεύνου στήθεα ῥιπαῖς
μέλεος φρίσσοντ'
ἀνακλινομένα προλέλοιπεν.
κλαδὶ δ' εὐανθεῖ δή τις ἔφεδρος
τὰν ὑστατίαν παραδεξαμένα
μινυρὰν ἀχὰν ὄρθιον αἴρει
μαλακὸν κρατεραῖς πτερύγεσσι μέλισμ'·
ἔς τε ποταίνιος οὖρος φρενόθεν
νόμον ἁρπάζῃ, πᾶν δ' ἄφαρ ἄλσος
μετακοιμισθὲν κατασιγᾷ.
αἶψα δ' ἐρεμνὰς αὔρας ἐρέθει
φρίκα πτερύγων·
ὡς δ' ὑπὲρ ὑγρὰν πλάκα συμφώνων
τηλόθεν αὐλῶν πνεῦμα ποτᾶται,
κατακλυζούσας κέαρ ἁρμονίας
τοῖς ἀίουσιν
γλυκύπικρος ἄσα φρένα κεντεῖ.

R. D. A. H.

Beatrice. I do entreat you, go not, noble guests;
What although tyranny and impious hate
Stand sheltered by a father's hoary hair?
What if 'tis he who clothed us in these limbs
Who tortures them, and triumphs? What if we,
The desolate and the dead, were his own flesh,
His children and his wife, whom he is bound
To love and shelter? Shall we therefore find
No refuge in this merciless wide world?
Oh think what deep wrongs must have blotted out
First love, then reverence in a child's prone mind,
Till it thus vanquish shame and fear! Oh think!
I have borne much, and kissed the sacred hand
Which crushed us to the earth, and thought its stroke
Was perhaps some paternal chastisement!
Have excused much, doubted; and when no doubt
Remained, have sought by patience love and tears
To soften him; and when this could not be
I have knelt down through the long sleepless nights
And lifted up to God, the father of all,
Passionate prayers: and when these were not heard,
I have still borne,—until I meet you here,
Princes and kinsmen, at this hideous feast
Given at my brothers' deaths.

SHELLEY. *The Cenci*, Act I. Sc. 3.

ΜΗ *πρὸς θεῶν ἐκλείπετ', ὦ ξένοι, δόμους.*
ἔστω πατρὸς μὲν τοῦτο λευκανθὲς κάρα,
ὑφ' οὗ κέκευθε δυσσεβὴς ἔχθρα φίλων·
ἔστω δ' ὁ πρῶτον περιβαλὼν ἡμῖν μέλη
αἰκῶς θ' ὑβρίζων αὐτός· οἱ δ' ὁμόγνιοι
μάλισθ', ὅμαιμοί θ', οἷς τ' ἀμυναθεῖν σφ' ἐχρῆν,
ζώντων μὲν οἰκτρῶς οἱ δ' ἀπολλύσθων, γυνὴ
καὶ τέκνα τἀνδρός. ἀλλὰ τοὺς οἰκτροὺς ἄρα
μεθορμίσασθαι μηδαμοῦ μηδεὶς ἐᾷ;
καίτοι τό τ' εὔφρον πρὶν τό τ' εὔαρκτον τέκνων
οἴεσθ' ὑπὸ σμικρῶν μ' ἀπειθίσθαι κακῶν,
εἴπερ δέους παῖς οὖσα κἀσχύνης κρατῶ;
μή, μηκέτ' οἴεσθ'. ἦ γὰρ αἰδοίαν πατρὸς
καὶ πολλὰ τλᾶσα καὶ σποδουμένη χέρα
ἔπτηξα κἀφίλησα κἀδόκουν πατρὶ
δίκην ὑποσχεῖν· πολλὰ δ' ἐν διχορρόποις
σκήψασ', ἐπεὶ τόδ' οὐκέτ' ἦν, ἐκαρτέρουν
στέργουσα δακρύουσά τ', εἰ θέλξαιμί νιν.
καὶ τῶνδ' ἁμαρτοῦσ' ἱκέτευσα παννύχοις
ἄγρυπνος εὐχαῖς πατέρα παντελῆ Δία
κἀλιπάρουν δύστηνος· ὡς δ' ἄπρακτος ἦ,
ὅμως ἐτόλμων, ἔς τε νῦν ἄρρητα δὴ
ξυνεστιῶμεν ἐπὶ θανοῦσι συγγόνοις,
ὦ ξυγγενεῖς ἄνακτες, ἑστιάματα.

To a Skylark.

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

ΧΑΙΡΕ *μοι, ψύχα μάκαρ· οὐ γὰρ ὄρνιν*
ἔστ' ὄπως σ' ἔγω ποτὰ φῶ πεφύκην,
ἄτις ὠράνω πέλας ἐν νόμοισιν
αὐτοδάεσσιν

ἐκ φρένος μέλπεις, ἀπὺ γᾶς δὲ πήδαις
ἴψος ἐξ ἴψευς, νεφέλα πυρωθεῖσ'
οἷον, ὀντέλλοισ' ἄμα κἄμ' ἀείδοισ'
αἴθερ' ὀν' ὔγρον·

χρυσίαισι δ' ἀελίω πεσόντος
ἀστράπαις λαμπρυνομένων κυφέλλων,
ἐν δρόμοις ἔμψυχος ὄπως χάρα πρώτ-
οισι ποτᾶσαι.

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄχλυς πεπτερυγωμένω τευ
κίδνατ' ὄρφνας ἀερία, πεδ' ἆμαρ δ'
ἄστερ' οἷόν σ' οὐκέτ' ὄρημ', ἰείσας δ'
ὄρθι' ἀκούω.

γᾶ τ' ὔπ' αὔδως σᾶς Fιάχησι καὔηρ,
οἷ' ἐρήμας παῖς διὰ νύκτος οἴω
πίμπλατ' ἐκ νέφευς χυμενᾶν σελάννας
ὤρανος αὐγᾶν.

παρβόλω τίῳ σε μάλιστ'; ἐπεί τοι
τίς μὲν ἔσσ' ἄφραστα, χέεις δὲ φώνᾳ
λάμπρα μᾶλλον ἢ ψέκαδας ῥεοίσαις
Ἴριδος ἄντα·

φροντίδων φέγγος περικείμενός τις
οἷα μοισίκτας ἀκέλευστ' ἀείδων,
τῷ συνελπίσδοισί τε συμφοβεῦνταί τ'
ἄνδρες ἀέλπτως·

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine:

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

SHELLEY.

ἢ δόμοις λάθρα τις ἐν ἰψιπύργοις
θῦμον ἰμέρταις δυσέρωτα μοίσαις
πάρθενος θέλγοισα· τὸ δ' ἐκ μύχων ἀχ-
ος πεπόταται·

πυγόλαμπις δ' ὡς δρόσοεν κατ' ἄγκος
χρυσία, λάθοισα μὲν ἐμ πόαισι
κἀνθέμοισιν αἰθερίαν δὲ περσπέρρ-
οισά τιν' αἴγλαν·

ἢ βρόδον φύλλοις πεπυκαδμένον τι
ροΐσιν, αὐράων ὕπ' ὄτ' ἐκκορῆταί τ'
εὐδίων, σίνταις τε βαρυπτέροις ὄδμ-
αισι μεθύσκῃ.

ἠρίνοις νίκῃ πιτύλοις γελαίσας
καπ πόας τὸ σὸν μέλος, ὀμβρέγερτά τ'
ἄνθεμ', ὅσσα τ' ὦν ἴλαρ' ἢ φάενν' ἢ
λάμπρα τέτυκται.

φράσδε μοι δηὖτ', ὅττι φίλον κεκλῆσθαι,
φρόντιδα τρέφεις τίν'; ἔγω γὰρ οὔτε
Κύπριν ἐκφάτως κελαδέντος οὕτως
ἄιον, οὔτε

Βάκχον, ἀλλὰ παῖς προτὶ σὰν ἀοίδαν
καλλίνικος ὕμνος ὑμήναός τε
κόμπος εἴη κ', ἔστιν ὅπα τέλευς μάτ-
αν ἐπιδεύης.

τεῦ δὲ δηὖτ' ἄρχεις ἄπυ τὼς ἀείδην
τῶν κατ' αἴθερ' ἢ πέδον ἢ θάλασσαν;
τοὶς ὑμοπτέροις φιλέοισ' ἄρ' ἀγνο-
εῦσα δὲ λύπαν;

οὔτε γὰρ τέαις κόρος ἦν πάροικος
χαρμόναις, οὔτ' ὦν ὀνία 'πέχριμψεν·
καὶ τύ που ἔρασαι μέν, ἄσαν δ' ἔρωτος
οὔ τί ποτ' ἔγνως.

W. G. H.

WILT thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould?
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead the past? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it:
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.

SHELLEY.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝ' *ἐμά, σὺ μὲν ἆρ' ἐπιλάσεαι, ὥς ποτ' Ἔρωτος*
πὰρ κάποις φθιμένας θάψαμεν εὐφροσύνας;
θάψαμεν, ἀψύχοισι περιστολάδην νεκύεσσιν
ἄνθεα νήσαντες φύλλα τε, κοὔ τι κόνιν·
ἄνθεσιν ἰνδάλλοντο χαραὶ κατατεθνακυῖαι,
ἐλπίδες αὖ φύλλοις αἵ γ' ἔτ' ἐφιστάμεναι.
τῶν τότε, τῶν φθιμένων ἐπιλάσεαι; ἀλλ' ἔτι γάρ τοι
δαίμονές εἰσιν ἴσως οἵ ποτε τισόμενοι·
μνᾶμαί σοι θήσουσι τάφον περικάρδιον ἐντός,
πτήσονται θυμῷ τῷ σκοτόεντι πόθοι,
ἐν δ' ὀμφὰ δύσφαμος ἔσω στέρνων τάδε φωνεῖ·
τίκτει πῆμ' ὀπίσω τέρψις ἀποιχομένα.

R. D. A. H.

TRANSLATIONS

INTO GREEK PROSE

THESE Lacedæmonians had lived about four hundred years under one form of government when the Peloponnesian war began. Their education was only to practise feats of arms; wherein they so excelled, that a very few of them were thought equal to very great numbers of any other people. They were poor and cared not much for wealth; every one had an equal portion of the common field, which sufficed to maintain him in such manner as they used. For bravery they had none, and curious building or apparel they regarded not. Their diet was simple, their feasts and ordinary meals being in common halls, where all fared alike. They used money of iron, whereof they could not be covetous or great hoarders. Briefly, they lived Utopian-like, save that they used no other occupation than war, placing all their felicity in the glory of their valour.

But the Athenians were in all points contrary to this. For they sought wealth, and measured the honours of their victories by the profit; they used mercenary soldiers in their wars, and exacted great tribute of their subjects, which were for the most part islanders compelled to obey them because the Athenian fleet was great.

RALEGH.

ΕΤΗ δὲ ἦν μάλιστα τετρακόσια ἐς τὴν ἀρχὴν τοῦδε τοῦ πολέμου τῶν Πελοποννησίων καὶ Ἀθηναίων, ἀφ' οὗ Λακεδαιμόνιοι τῇ αὐτῇ πολιτείᾳ ἐχρῶντο. ἐπειδὴ δὲ ἐν ταῖς παιδείαις οὐδὲν ἄλλο ἢ τὰ πολεμικὰ διὰ παντὸς ἤσκουν, κατὰ ταῦτα οὕτως διήνεγκον τῶν ἄλλων ὥστ' αὐτῶν καὶ πάνυ ὀλίγοι πρὸς πολλαπλασίους ἰσοπαλεῖς εἶναι ἔδοξαν. πένητες μὲν οὖν ἦσαν καὶ περὶ πλούτου οὐ σφόδρα ἐσπούδαζον, ἀλλ' ἕκαστος τοῦ κοινοῦ ἀγροῦ κλῆρον ἔνεμε τοσοῦτον ὅσον ἀποζῆν κατὰ τὸν νενομισμένον τρόπον. καὶ οὔτε κατασκευαῖς εὐπρεπέσιν ἐχρῶντο, οὔτε οἰκιῶν καὶ ἐσθημάτων πολυτελείας ἐπεμελοῦντο. μετ' εὐτελείας δὲ διαιτοῦντες τάς τε ἑορτὰς καὶ τὰς καθ' ἡμέραν σιτήσεις ἐν κοινοῖς οἰκήμασιν ἐποιοῦντο οὗ πάντες ὅμοια ἤσθιον. νομίσματι δὲ σιδηρῷ ἐχρῶντο οὗπερ οὔτ' ὀρέγεσθαι ἔμελλον οὔτε παρ' ἑαυτοῖς συχνὸν κατέχειν. τὸ δὲ ξύμπαν εἰπεῖν ὥσπερ οἱ ἐν ταῖς ὑπὸ τῶν φιλοσόφων καλῶς οἰκισθείσαις πολιτείαις διῆγον, οὐδὲν μέντοι ἄλλο ἐπιτήδευμα ἢ πόλεμον ἔχοντες οὐδ' εὐδαιμονίαν ἄλλο τι νομίζοντες ἢ τὸ ἐπαινεῖσθαι ἀρετῆς ἕνεκα. οἱ δ' Ἀθηναῖοι πᾶν τοὐναντίον πλοῦτον μὲν ἐδίωκον, τῶν δὲ νικῶν τὰς τιμὰς πρὸς τὸ ξυμφέρον ἀναφέροντες ἐμέτρουν, πολεμοῦντες δὲ μισθοφόροις ἐχρῶντο, καὶ τοὺς ὑπηκόους φόρου πολλοῦ ὑποτελεῖς εἶχον ὄντας νησιώτας τοὺς πλείστους καὶ βιαίως ἀρχομένους διὰ τὸ μέγα εἶναι τὸ Ἀθηναίων ναυτικόν.

R. B.

IN this general fear, the majesty of Athens was usurped by four hundred men, who, observing in shew the ancient form of proceeding, did cause all matters to be propounded unto the people, and concluded upon by the greater part of voices; but the things propounded were only such as were first allowed in private among themselves; neither had the commonalty any other liberty than only to approve and give consent; for whosoever presumed any further was quickly despatched out of the way, and no enquiry was made of the murder. By these means were many decrees made, all tending to the establishment of this new authority, which nevertheless endured not long; for the fleet and army, which then was in the isle of Samos, did altogether detest these dealings of the four hundred usurpers, and held them as enemies: whereupon they revoked Alcibiades out of banishment, and by his assistance procured that the supplies, which the Persian king had promised the Lacedaemonians, were by Tissaphernes, his lieutenant, made unprofitable through the slow and bad performance. Alcibiades had, at the first, been very well entertained in Sparta, while his service done unto that state was not grown to be the object of envy. But when it appeared that in counsel and good performance he so far excelled all the Lacedaemonians, that all their success was attributed to his wit and valour, then were all the principal citizens weary of his virtue.

RALEGH.

ΠΑΡΑ δὲ ταύτην τῶν ἁπάντων κατάπληξιν, τὴν τῶν Ἀθηναίων ἀρχὴν ἐβιάζοντο ἄνδρες τετρακόσιοι, οἳ τὸ μὲν σχῆμα προβαλλόμενοι τῆς ἀρχαίας πολιτείας διαχειροτονίαν ἐδίδοσαν τῷ πλήθει ὥστε ψηφίσασθαι ὅ τι δοκοίη τοῖς πλείοσιν· οὐ μὴν ἄλλο τι ἐσήνεγκαν ἐς τὸν δῆμον ἢ ὅσα ἤδη προὔσκεπτο αὐτοῖς· οὐδὲ ἐξουσία ἦν οὐδεμία πλὴν τὸ ἀποδέχεσθαι μόνον καὶ ἐπικυροῦν· εἰ δὲ ἄρα τις πλέον τι ἀξιώσειεν οὗτος ὅτι τάχιστα ὑπεξῃρέθη πρὸς οὐδεμίαν δικαίωσιν τοῦ φονεύσαντος. καὶ ἐκ τούτων πολλὰ ἐψηφίσθη τοῦ καταστῆσαι τὴν νέαν ἀρχήν· ἀλλ' οὐδὲ οὕτως μόνιμος ἐγένετο. οἱ γὰρ ἐν Σάμῳ πεζοί τε καὶ ναῦται τὰ τῶν τετρακοσίων καὶ πάνυ ἐμίσουν καὶ δι' ἔχθρας εἶχον· καὶ πρὸς ταῦτα τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην καταγαγόντες δι' ἐκείνου ἔπρασσον ὅπως εἴ τινα τροφὴν ὑπέσχετο ὁ βασιλεὺς ἀνωφελὴς ὅμως γένοιτο, τοῦ Τισσαφέρνους ἐνδεῆ τε καὶ ὑστέραν πορίζοντος. τοῦ μὲν οὖν Ἀλκιβιάδου προθυμότατα ἐν πρώτοις προὐξένησαν οἱ Λακεδαιμόνιοι μέχρι οὗ ἐπίφθονος ἐγένετο πλεῖστα εἴς γε ἀνὴρ ὠφελήσας τὴν πόλιν· ἐπειδὴ μέντοι ἐφαίνετο καὶ κράτιστος ἐνθυμηθῆναι γενόμενος καὶ ἔργῳ ἐπεξιέναι ὥστε καὶ ἐς τὴν ἐκείνου ξύνεσίν τε καὶ ἀνδρείαν ἀπολογίζεσθαι εἴ τι εὖ πράσσοιεν, τελευτῶντες δὴ οἱ δυνατοὶ καὶ πάνυ ἤχθοντο τῇ ἀρετῇ.

A. W. S.

AKBER is described as a strongly built and handsome man, with an agreeable expression of countenance and very captivating manners. He was endowed with great personal strength and activity. In his youth he indulged in wine and good living, but early became sober and abstemious, refraining from animal food on particular days making altogether nearly a fourth part of the year. He was always satisfied with very little sleep, and frequently spent whole nights in those philosophical discussions of which he was so fond. Although so constantly engaged in wars, and although he made greater improvements in civil government than any other king of India; yet by his judicious distribution of his time and by his talents for the despatch of business he always enjoyed abundant leisure for study and amusement. He was fond of witnessing fights of animals, and all exercises of strength and skill; but his greatest pleasure was in hunting, especially in cases like the destruction of tigers or the capture of herds of wild elephants, which gave a scope to his enjoyment of adventure and exertion. He sometimes also underwent fatigue for the mere pleasure of the exercise, as when he rode from Ajmír to Agra (220 miles) in two successive days, and in many similar journeys on horseback, besides walks on foot of thirty or forty miles in a day. His history is filled with instances of romantic courage, and he seems to have been stimulated by a sort of instinctive love of danger as often as by any rational motive. Yet he showed no fondness for war: he was always ready to take the field and to remain there, exerting all his talents and energy, while his presence was required; but when the fate of a war was once decided he returned to the general government of his empire, and left it to his lieutenants to carry on the remaining military operations.

ELPHINSTONE. *History of India.*

ΤΟΝ μὲν δὴ Ἀλέξανδρόν φασιν εὖ τε διηρθρωμένον ἅμα καὶ κάλλιστον γενέσθαι, τὴν μὲν ὄψιν φιλάνθρωπον ὄντα ἐν δὲ ταῖς συνουσίαις πάμπαν ἐπίχαριν· τοιοῦτος δ' ὢν μεγάλην εἶχε τὴν ἰσχὺν καὶ ὑγρότητα τοῦ σώματος. ὁ δὲ τὸ μὲν πρῶτον συμποσίοις τε καὶ εὐωχίαις χρησάμενος ὅμως ἔτι νέος ὢν ἔφθη νήφων καὶ ὀλιγόσιτος τὴν δίαιταν γενόμενος ὥστε καὶ ἐν ἡμέραις ῥηταῖς ἐς τέταρτον σχεδὸν μέρος τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ κρεῶν ἀπέχεσθαι. ἤρκει δ' αὐτῷ σφόδρα βραχὺς ὕπνος· πολλάκις δέ, ἦν γὰρ φιλοσοφώτατος, ὅλην τὴν νύκτα διέτριβε περὶ τῶν τοιούτων διαλεγόμενος. οὗτος γάρ, καίπερ πολέμοις ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν συνεχέσι περιπεσὼν καὶ τῶν ἐκεῖ βασιλέων τὰ τῆς ἀρχῆς πλεῖστα εἰς ἀνὴρ ἐπανορθώσας, ὅμως ἅτε τοὺς μὲν χρόνους ἐς καλὸν διατιθέμενος ὢν δὲ τὰ κοινὰ ταχέως μεταχειρίσαι δεινός, ἐς μάθησιν καὶ παιδιὰν ἄφθονον τὴν σχολὴν εἶχεν. ἦν δὲ ἔς τε θηρίων μάχας καὶ εἴ τι ἄλλο ἰσχύος ἢ τέχνης ἔργον φιλοθεάμων· πλεῖστον δ' ἥδετο τῇ θήρᾳ, ἄλλως τε καὶ εἰ τίγρεις διαφθείρας ἢ τῶν ἀγρίων ἐλεφάντων ἀγέλας ζωγρήσας ζώσας ἑλὼν τύχοι· φιλοκίνδυνος γὰρ ὢν καὶ φιλόπονος τοῖς τοιούτοις ἠγάλλετο. καὶ μὴν καὶ πόνους ἔσθ' ὅτε τοῦ γυμνάζεσθαι ἕνεκα μόνου ὑφίστατο, οἷον Αἰμειρῆθεν ἐς Ἄγραν ἐν δυοῖν ἐφεξῆς ἡμέραιν ἐλάσας, ἑπτὰ καὶ πεντήκοντα παρασαγγῶν ὁδόν, ἄλλα τε πολλὰ τοιαῦτα ἐφ' ἵππου, πρὸς δὲ τούτοις καὶ δέκα παρασάγγας τῆς ἡμέρας πεζῇ διανύσας. φαίνεται δὲ διὰ παντὸς τοῦ βίου πολλὰ ὑπὸ θείας τινὸς ἀρετῆς τολμήσας, οὐ μετὰ λογισμοῦ μᾶλλον τὰ πλείω ὡς ἔοικεν ἢ τῷ φύσει φιλοκινδύνῳ χαριζόμενος. τὸ δὲ φιλοπόλεμον ὅμως οὐκ ἐνεδείξατο· ἐς μὲν γὰρ τὸ στρατεύεσθαι καὶ παραμένειν ἕως ἔτι τι δέοι συνετῶς καὶ δραστηρίως ἐς δύναμιν διαπονῶν ἑτοῖμος ἀεὶ ὑπῆρχεν· ἐπεὶ δὲ τάχιστα κρίσιν ἔχοι ὁ πόλεμος, ὁ δ' εὐθὺς ἐπὶ τὴν ἄλλην διοίκησιν τῆς ἀρχῆς ἐπανῄει παραδοὺς τοῖς ὑπάρχοις τῆς μετὰ ταῦτα στρατηγίας ἐπιμελεῖσθαι.

W. E. H.

FORMED in the school of Gustavus Adolphus, a hero and a general, he imitated his sublime model, and only a longer life was requisite for him to equal, if not surpass, him. To the bravery of the soldier he joined the cool and rapid penetration of the general, with the persevering courage of the man the bold determination of youth, to the wild fire of the warrior the dignity of the prince, the moderation of the wise and the conscientiousness of a man of honour. Never discouraged by misfortune, he recovered from the severest blow with as much energy as quickness; no opposition could restrain his boldness, no disappointment conquer his invincible courage. His genius strove after a great, a perhaps unattainable, aim; but men of this kind have other rules of conduct than those which guide the multitude; more capable than any other to execute he therefore dared to form bolder plans. Bernhard presents himself in modern history as a beautiful image of those ages of chivalry, when personal greatness had some value, bravery obtained states, and the virtues of a hero elevated a German knight to the Imperial throne.

SCHILLER.

ΗΓΜΕΝΟΣ δὲ οὗτος παρὰ τοῖς ἀμφὶ Ἐπαμεινώνδαν, ἄνδρα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀγαθὸν γενόμενον καὶ στρατηγόν, ὥσπερ παράδειγμά τι γενναῖον μιμούμενος ἐκεῖνον οὐδενὸς ἦν ἐνδεὴς ὥστε ἴσος ἀναφανῆναι ἢ καὶ κρείττων πλὴν εἰ βίου. στρατεύομενος μὲν γὰρ ἦν ἀνδρεῖος, στρατηγῶν δὲ οὐ στάσιμος τὸ πλέον ἢ ὀξὺς τὴν γνώμην· ἅμα δὲ καὶ ὡς μὲν ἀνὴρ καρτερός τε ἐφαίνετο καὶ εὔτολμος, ὡς δὲ νεανίας θρασύς τε καὶ πρόθυμος· πρὸς δὲ τῷ σφόδρα θερμῷ καὶ πολεμικῷ βασιλικός τε ἦν καὶ σεμνός· σώφρων δὲ ὢν οὐ τὴν τυχοῦσαν σωφροσύνην καὶ καλὸς κἀγαθὸς τῆς αἰδοῦς ἀεὶ εἴχετο. ἔτι δὲ ἐπ' οὐδεμιᾷ ἀθυμῶν συμφορᾷ, εἴ τι καὶ μέγιστον σφάλλοιτο, ἐπηνωρθοῦτο συντόνως τε καὶ ταχέως· οὐδὲ ἐναντιούμενος οὐδεὶς οὐδέ τι παρακρούσας κατεῖχέ τε καὶ ἐνίκα τὸν οὕτω τολμηρόν τε ὄντα καὶ ἀήσσητον. τοιοῦτος μὲν δὴ ὢν τῶν μεγάλων εἰώθειν ἐφίεσθαι, ἵνα μὴ εἴπω ὅτι τῶν ἀδυνάτων· ἀλλὰ γὰρ πρὸς ἄλλο τι ἀποβλέποντες πολιτεύονται οἱ τοιοῦτοι ἢ οἱ πολλοί· διὸ καὶ ἐτόλμησε διανοεῖσθαι τὰ νεανικώτερα, ἅτε ξυνετώτερος ὢν τῶν ἄλλων καὶ διαπράξασθαι. καὶ τοῖς οἷοι νῦν ἐσμεν ἀνθρώποις φαίνεται ἐκεῖνος ὥσπερ λαμπρόν τι ἄγαλμα τῶν πάλαι φιλοτίμων, ἐφ' ὧν δὴ ἦν τι ὄφελος τοῦ ἰδίᾳ ἀνδραγαθιζομένου καὶ πόλεις τε ἐκτήσαντο οἱ ἀνδρεῖοι καὶ ἀγαθός τις γενόμενος, εἰ καὶ Σερίφιος εἴη, τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἁπάσης εἷς ἀνὴρ ἐβασίλευσεν.

J. A.

THE Earl of Suffolk was in a situation very unusual and extraordinary, and which might well confound the man of the greatest capacity and firmest temper. He saw his troops overawed and strongly impressed with the idea of a divine influence accompanying the Maid. Instead of banishing these terrors by hurry and action and war, he waited till his soldiers should recover from the panic; and he thereby gave leisure for those prepossessions to sink still deeper into their minds. The military maxims which are prudent in common cases deceived him in these unaccountable events. The English felt their courage daunted, and thence inferred divine vengeance hanging over them. The French drew the same inference from an inactivity so new and unexpected. Every circumstance was now reversed in the opinions of men, on which all depends: the spirit resulting from a long course of uninterrupted success was on a sudden transferred from the victors to the vanquished. The Maid called aloud that the garrison should remain no longer on the defensive, and she promised her followers the assistance of Heaven in attacking those redoubts of the enemy which had so long kept them in awe, and which they had never hitherto dared to insult. The generals seconded her ardour; an attack was made on one redoubt and it proved successful: all who defended the intrenchments were put to the sword or taken prisoners; and Talbot himself, who had drawn together troops to bring them relief, durst not appear in the open field against so formidable an enemy.

HUME.

ΕΝΤΑΥΘΑ δὴ ὁ τῶν Ἄγγλων στρατηγὸς ἐς ἄτοπόν τι καὶ παράλογον καθειστήκει, ὥστε καὶ τὸν ξυνετώτατον ἂν ὄντα καὶ ἀνδρειότατον εἰκότως ἀπορῆσαι. οἱ γὰρ στρατιῶται αὐτῷ ἡσσῶντο ταῖς γνώμαις, πεπεισμένοι δὴ ὥσπερ δαιμόνιόν τι ξυμμαχεῖν τῇ παρθένῳ. προσῆκον οὖν τὸ δέος ἐξελαύνειν σπουδῇ δράσαντί τι καὶ ὁμόσε χωρήσαντι τοῖς πολεμίοις, ἐκεῖνος ἀναθαρσῆσαι δῆθεν τοὺς ἄνδρας περιμένων σχολὴν παρεῖχεν ὥστε μᾶλλόν τι τὸ ταῖς ψυχαῖς ὑποδεδυκὸς καὶ ἐγχρονισθῆναι. καὶ ἔβλαψεν αὐτὸν ἐν τῇ ἀτεκμάρτῳ ταύτῃ ξυμφορᾷ ἡ ἐν ταῖς καθ' ἡμέραν εὔλογος οὖσα στρατηγία. καὶ γὰρ τιμωρία τις θεόθεν Ἄγγλοις ἐπισκήψειν ἔδοξε καὶ ἑκατέροις· αὐτοῖς μὲν τεκμαιρομένοις ὅτι ἔγνωσαν φρόνημα δεδουλωμένοι, τοῖς δὲ Γαλάταις ὅτι ἐκείνους ἑώρων ἡσυχίαν οὕτως ἀνέλπιστον μεταβεβληκότας· ὥστε ἐν ταῖς δόξαις, ἐν ᾧπερ καὶ αὐτὰ γίγνεται τὰ πράγματα, ἐναντία ἤδη ἦν τὰ πάντα· καὶ ἡ γνώμη τῶν ξυνεχῶς εὐτυχούντων ἐξ ἀπροσδοκήτου ἀπὸ τῶν νικώντων ἐς τοὺς νικωμένους περιέστη. ἡ δὲ παρθένος μεγάλῃ φωνῇ ἐνέκειτο, καὶ οὐκ εἴα αὐτοὺς καθῆσθαι ἔτι πολιορκουμένους, ἀλλὰ προσβάλλειν προτειχίσμασι τῶν πολεμίων τοῖς πολὺν χρόνον ἤδη καταφοβοῦσι σφᾶς ὥστε μηδέν πω ἀποτολμῆσαι· τοὺς γάρ οἱ ξυνεπομένους ἀρωγὸν ἕξειν τὸν θεόν. ξυνεπειγομένων τε αὐτῇ καὶ τῶν ἄλλων στρατηγῶν προσβαλόντες τινὶ τῶν προτειχισμάτων κατώρθωσαν καὶ πάντας τοὺς ἀμυνομένους ἤτοι διέφθειραν ἢ ξυνέλαβον· οὐδ' αὐτὸς ὁ Τολμίδης, ὑφ' οὗ καὶ βοήθειά τις αὐτοῖς πολλαχόθεν ἐκεκόμιστο, πρὸς οὕτω δεινὸν τὸν πολέμιον οὐκέτι τοῦ στρατοπέδου ἐξήει.

C. W. M.

INSURRECTION is a principle of salutary operation, under the governments of the East. To that is owing almost every thing which the people are any where left to enjoy. I have already had some opportunities, and as I proceed shall have more, to point out remarkable instances of its practical effects. In a situation where there is no regular institution to limit the power of gratifying the will, the caprices, and the desires of the sovereign and his instruments, at the expense of the people, there is nothing which hinders the people from being made as completely wretched as the unbounded gratification, at their expense, of the will, caprices, and desires of those who have sovereign power over them, can render human beings; except the dread of insurrection. But, in a situation where the mass of the people have nothing to lose, it is seldom difficult to excite them to insurrection. The sovereigns of the East find, by experience, that the people, if oppressed beyond a certain limit, are apt to rebel; never want leaders of capacity in such a case to conduct them; and are very apt to tread their present race of oppressors under their feet. This prospect lays these rulers under a certain degree of restraint; and is the main spring of that portion of goodness which any where appears in the practical state of the despotisms of the East. But the dread of insurrection was reduced to its lowest terms, among a people, whose apathy and patience under suffering exceeded those of any other specimen of the human race. The spirit, and excitability, and courage of the Mahomedan portion of the Indian population, undoubtedly furnished, as far as it went, an additional motive to good government, on the part of the sovereigns of Hindustan.

JAMES MILL. *British India.*

ΚΑΙ γὰρ παρὰ τοῖς βαρβάροις ὑγιεινόν τι καθέστηκε τὸ ἐπανίστασθαι· οὐδ' ἄλλοθέν ποθεν οἶμαι τοῖς πολλοῖς ὑπάρχει εἴ τί που ἔτι ὑπόλοιπον ἐς βοήθειαν. καὶ προίοντι δὴ ἐμοὶ οὐδὲ πρὸ τοῦ σπανίως ἔχοντι πολλάκις ἐγχωρήσει ἀποφαίνειν καθ' ὃν τρόπον παράλογα ἅττα ἀπεργάζεται. ἐν ᾧ γὰρ μὴ πρὸς καθεστηκός τι νόμιμον εἴργονται ὅ τε τύραννος καὶ οἱ ὑπηρέται τοῦ μὴ πιεζομένου τοῦ δήμου πρὸς χάριν χρῆσθαι τῇ τε ἐπιθυμίᾳ καὶ τῇ πλεονεξίᾳ, ἐν τούτῳ δὴ οὐδέν τι οἶμαι τό γε πλῆθος ἐπίσχει τὸ μὴ οὐκ ἐπὶ τἄσχατα ἐλθεῖν τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης ταλαιπωρίας ὅσον ἐνδέχεται κακοπαθοῦσι κατὰ τὸ δόξαν ἑκάστοτε τοῖς κυρίοις, μὴ μέχρι τινὸς ὁρισθέν, ἔξω τοῦ φοβεῖσθαι μὴ ἐπαναστῶσιν. οἷς δὲ μηδὲν ἑτοῖμον οὗ στερήσονται, ἐν τούτοις, ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν, καὶ πάνυ ῥᾴδιον ἐς νεωτερισμὸν ἐπάγειν τοὺς πολλούς. τοῖς γὰρ ἄρχουσι τοῖς εἰρημένοις φανερὸν ἤδη ἐξ ἐμπειρίας ὅτι λίαν ἠδικημένοι ἐς τὸ μὴ πειθαρχεῖν φέρονται, ἅμα δὲ ξυνετῶν οἵτινες ἡγήσονται ἀεί ποτε εὐπορούντες τοὺς ἄρτι βιασαμένους πεφύκασι καταπατῆσαι. ἃ προορωμένοις δέος τι παρέστηκε τοῖς ἐν τέλει· ὅθεν οὐχ ἥκιστα ὁρμᾶται εἴ τι τῆς ἀρετῆς ὑποφαίνεται ἐν ταῖς ἔργῳ κατασκευαζομέναις δυναστείαις. οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ ὅσον οὐκ ἠφανίσθη τοῦτό γε τὸ φοβερὸν ἐκείνοις οἵ γε τῇ ἀναισθησίᾳ τοῦ ταλαιπωρεῖσθαι τῶν ἄλλοθί που ἀνθρώπων διαφερόντως ἐκαρτέρουν. τὸ γὰρ εὔψυχον δήπου καὶ τὸ εὐκίνητον καὶ τὸ θυμοειδὲς τῶν μετοικούντων Ἑλλήνων τῷ γε βασιλεῖ μέρος τι ξυνεβάλλετο τοῦ καλῶς ἄρχειν.

A. W. S.

THAT which occurred first to consider was, whether there were any hope to divide the French from the Dutch; upon which supposition the prospect was not unpleasant, the war with one of them being hopefully enough to be pursued; the conjunction was only formidable. And to this purpose several attempts had been made both in France and in Holland; both sides being equally resolved not to separate from each other, till a joint peace should be made with England, though they both owned a jealousy of each other: those of Holland having a terrible apprehension and foresight of the king of France's designs upon Flanders, which would make his greatness too near a neighbour to their territories; besides that the logic of his demands upon the devolution and nullity of the treaty upon the marriage was equally applicable to their whole interest, as it was to their demands from the king of Spain. And France upon all the attacks they had made both in France with the Dutch ambassador there, and in Holland by their own ambassador, found clearly that they were to expect no assistance from the Dutch in their designs, and that at least they wished them ill success and would contribute to it upon the first occasion: and this made them willing to put an end to their so strict alliance, which was already very chargeable to them and not like to be attended with any notable advantage, except in weakening an ally from whom they might probably receive much more advantage.

CLARENDON.

ΠΡΩΤΟΝ μὲν οὖν λογιζομένους ἐσῄει εἴ πως τῶν Ἀργείων πρὸς τοὺς Λακεδαιμονίους διάστασις γένοιτο, ἐν ᾧ οὐκ ἀηδὲς τὸ μέλλον. καὶ γὰρ ἐν ἐλπίδι εἶναι τὸ πρὸς ἑκατέρους διαπολεμεῖν· οὐδὲ φοβεροὺς εἶναι εἰ μὴ ξυναμφοτέρους. καὶ πρὸς ταῦτα πολλὰ ἤδη ἀπεπειράσαντο, ἀμφοτέροις δεδογμένον μὴ πρότερον διακρίνεσθαι πρὶν κοινῇ πρὸς τοὺς Ἀθηναίους ξυμβαῖεν, καίπερ φανερῶς ἤδη ἀλλήλοις φθονοῦντες· οἱ μὲν γὰρ μετὰ δεινῆς τινὸς προνοίας ἐνεθυμοῦντο τὰ ὑπὸ τοῦ Ἄγιδος ἐπὶ τῇ Κυνουρίᾳ γῇ ἐπιβουλευόμενα, ὡς ἐγγυτέρω τι σφῶν κατοικιοῦντος τὴν δύναμιν αὐτοῦ· πρὸς δὲ τούτοις ὅσα ἀξιοῖ περὶ τῆς διαδοχῆς, ὡς ἔκσπονδος ἂν ἐπὶ τῷ γάμῳ γενόμενος, ταῦτα οὐχ ἧσσόν τι εὐλόγως ἔχεσθαι τοῦ τε ξύμπαντος καὶ ὧν καὶ αὐτοὶ παρὰ τῶν Βοιωτῶν ἀξιοῦσιν. ἀλλ᾽ οἱ γὰρ Ἀργεῖοι, ἀφ᾽ ὧν πολλάκις οἵκοι τε μετὰ τοῦ Λακεδαιμονίου προξένου ἐκεῖ τε διὰ τοῦ σφετέρου ἐνέκειντο, σαφῶς ἤδη ᾔσθοντο αὐτοὺς οὐδαμῶς ἂν τῆς ἐπινοίας ξυμμετίσχοντας, ὡς, εἰ καὶ μηδὲν ἄλλο, ἀσμένοις ἂν αὐτοῖς ἀτυχοῦντες καὶ μετὰ καιροῦ ξυμβαλουμένοις τοῦ σφάλματος. ὥστε τὸ ἀκριβὲς τῆς ξυμμαχίας καὶ πάνυ ἐβούλοντο διαλελύσθαι, ὡς ἤδη δαπανηρᾶς καθεστώσης οὔτε ἐπ᾽ ἀξιολόγῳ τινὶ ὠφελίᾳ ἐσομένης, εἰ μή τι ὑφέλοιεν ὧν καὶ εἰκὸς ἐπὶ πλέον τι ἐκκαρπώσασθαι.

A. W. S.

THE retreat was sounded, and the Spaniards fled to their camp, leaving at least three hundred dead beneath the walls. Thus was a second assault, made by an overwhelming force and led by the most accomplished generals of Spain, signally and gloriously repelled by the plain burghers of Harlem. It became now almost evident that the city could be taken neither by regular approaches nor by sudden attack. It was therefore resolved that it should be reduced by famine. Still, as the winter wore on, the immense army without the walls were as great sufferers by that scourge as the population within. The soldiers fell in heaps before the diseases engendered by intense cold and insufficient food, for, as usual in such sieges, these deaths far outnumbered those inflicted by the enemy's hand. The sufferings inside the city necessarily increased day by day, the whole population being put on a strict allowance of food. Their supplies were daily diminishing, and with the approach of the spring and the thawing of the ice on the lake, there was danger that they would be entirely cut off. If the possession of the water were lost, they must yield or starve ; and they doubted whether the Prince would be able to organise a fleet. The gaunt spectre of Famine already rose before them with a menace which could not be misunderstood. In their misery they longed for the assaults of the Spaniards, that they might look in the face of a less formidable foe.

MOTLEY. *Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

Οἱ μὲν οὖν Ἀθηναῖοι τραπόμενοι ὑπὸ σάλπιγγος ἐς τὸ στρατόπεδον ἀνεχώρησαν, ἀποθανόντων πρὸ τοῦ τειχίσματος ὡς τριακοσίων. τοῖς δὲ Συρακοσίοις τοῦτο δὴ οὐκ ἐλάχιστον τὸ ἀγώνισμα ἐγένετο τῶν κατὰ τὸν πόλεμον, ἅτε ὀλίγοις τε καὶ ἰδιώταις πρὸς πολὺ πλείονας καὶ στρατηγοῖς τοῖς ἐμπειροτάτοις χρωμένους δευτέραν ἤδη ἐφορμὴν ἀπαμυναμένοις. Ἀθηναίοις οὖν, ἐπειδὴ ᾔσθοντο ὡς ἄρ' οὔτε περιτειχίζοντες οὔτ' αἰφνιδίως προσπεσόντες μέλλουσι τῆς πόλεως κρατήσειν, ἔδοξε λιμῷ παραστήσασθαι. προϊόντος μέντοι τοῦ χειμῶνος οὐδὲν ἧσσον ἐκακοπάθει τῶν ἐν τῇ πόλει ἡ τῶν ἔξω πολλὴ δύναμις· οἱ γὰρ στρατιῶται δι' ἀσιτίαν καὶ ψῦχος ἰσχυρὸν νοσήσαντες ἀθρόοι τε καί, ὡς κατὰ πολιορκίαν, οὐκ ἐλάσσους ἢ ὑπὸ τῶν πολεμίων ἀνηλοῦντο. τοῖς δ' ἔνδον ἀπορώτερα ἀεὶ ἐγίγνετο τὰ πράγματα, ἀναγκαίας ἤδη τῆς τροφῆς ἑκάστοις διανεμομένης. ἀεί τε γὰρ ἐπέλειπε τὰ ἐπιτήδεια, εἴ τε τὸ ἔαρ ἐπιγένοιτο καὶ τακείη ὁ ἐκ τῆς λίμνης κρύσταλλος, παρὰ σμικρὸν ἤδη ἦσαν τοῦ πανταχόθεν ἀποστερηθῆναι. τῆς γὰρ λίμνης μηκέτι κρατοῦντας ἔδει ἢ ξυγχωρῆσαι ἢ λιμῷ ἀποθνῄσκειν, ἐπεὶ τὰ ἀπὸ Γυλίππου οὔπω ἰσχυρὰ ἐφαίνετο, εἰ ναυτικόν τι παρασκευάσεται. ταῖς δὲ δὴ γνώμαις ἔπλασσόν που τὸν λιμὸν ὡς σφίσιν ἐναργῆ ἤδη καὶ οὐκέτ' ἐξ ἀφανοῦς ἐφεστηκότα· ὥστε τοιαῦτα δὴ ταλαιπωροῦντες κἂν τὰς Ἀθηναίων προσβολὰς εἵλοντο ὡς πρὸς πολέμιόν γ' ἂν εὐεπιθετώτερον ἀντιταξάμενοι.

R. D. A. H.

AFTER supper the governor went down again, and stayed all night in the trenches with his men, and left them not as long as they stayed there, but only to fetch down what was necessary for them. He, his brother, and all the officers, were every night with them and made them continue their custom of railing at each other in the dark, while they carried on their approaches. There was in the Trent a little piece of ground, of which, by damming up the water, the cavaliers had made an island; and while some of the soldiers held them in talk, others on Wednesday night cut the sluice, and by break of day on Thursday morning had pitched two colours in the island, within carbine-shot of the fort, and the governor's company had as much advanced their approach on the other side. When they in the fort saw, in the morning, how the assailants had advanced, while they were kept secure in talk all the night, they were extremely mad, and swore like devils, which made the governor and his men great sport: and then it was believed they in the fort began to think of flight; which the besiegers not expecting, still continued their approaches, and that day got forty yards nearer to the island.

LUCY HUTCHINSON.

ΔΕΙΠΝΗΣΑΣ δὲ ὁ μὲν στρατηγὸς ἐξελθὼν κατέβη τε πάλιν ἐπὶ τὴν τάφρον καὶ μετὰ τῶν στρατιωτῶν ἐναυλιζόμενος οὐκέτι ἀπῄει, ἐφ' ὅσον ἔμενον αὐτοῦ, εἰ μή τι δέοι αὐτοῖς κατακομίσασθαι· ἀλλ' αὐτός τε καὶ ὁ ἀδελφὸς καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι ἄρχοντες ἐνυκτέρευόν τε ἅμ' αὐτοῖς ἑκάστοτε καὶ ἐπώτρυνον διατελεῖν, ὥσπερ οὖν εἰώθεσαν, μεταξὺ τῆς περιτειχίσεως διὰ σκότου λοιδορουμένους. ἦν δὲ ἐν τῷ ποταμῷ χωρίον τι οὐ μέγα ὅπερ οἱ ἀμφὶ βασιλέα ἀποφράξαντες τοῦ ὕδατος νησίδιον κατεστήσαντο. οἱ δ' οὖν τοῦ δήμου στρατιῶται οἱ μὲν κατεῖχον τοὺς πολεμίους διαλεγόμενοι, οἱ δὲ τὸ χῶμα τῆς νυκτὸς διώρυσσον ὥστε ἅμα τῇ ἕῳ σημείῳ δύο ἐν τῇ νήσῳ ἐντὸς τοξεύματος ἀφεστῶτε τοῦ τειχίσματος στήσαντες ἔφθασαν, ἅμα δὲ καὶ οἱ περὶ τὸν στρατηγὸν ἐκ τοῦ ἐπὶ θάτερα οὐκ ἔλασσον προὐκεχωρήκεσαν ταφρεύοντες. οἱ δ' ἐκ τοῦ τειχίσματος, ἐπειδὴ ἡμέρας ἐπιγενομένης ἔγνωσαν τοὺς μὲν ἐναντίους τοσοῦτον προβεβηκότας, σφεῖς δὲ πᾶσαν τὴν νύκτα διὰ λόγων ἐκκρουόμενοι, τοῦ ὑπεραγανακτεῖν τε καὶ καταρᾶσθαι ἐς ὑπερβολὴν κατέστησαν, γέλωτα δὴ οὐκ ὀλίγον παρέχοντες τῷ στρατηγῷ αὐτῷ τε καὶ τοῖς μετ' αὐτοῦ· ἤδη δὲ καὶ ἦσαν οἱ ὑποτοπεύοντες ὡς οἱ ἐκ τοῦ φρουρίου διανοηθεῖεν ἀποδρᾶναι. οἱ δὲ πολιορκοῦντες οὔτε τοιοῦτον οὐδὲν προσεδόκων οὔτ' ἐπαύσαντο περιτειχίζοντες· ἀλλὰ τῆς αὐτῆς ἡμέρας ὅσον πλέθρον μάλιστα ἐπὶ τὴν νῆσον τὴν πρόσοδον ἀπετέλεσαν.

R. D. A. H.

THE Spanish character in relation to public affairs is distinguished by inordinate pride and arrogance. Dilatory and improvident, the individual as well as the mass, all possess an absurd confidence that everything is practicable which their heated imagination suggests: once excited they can see no difficulty in the execution of a project, and the obstacles they encounter are attributed to treachery: hence the sudden murder of so many virtuous men at the commencement of this commotion. Kind and warm in his attachments, but bitter in his anger, the Spaniard is patient under privations, firm in bodily suffering, prone to sudden passion, vindictive, bloody, remembering insult longer than injury, and cruel in his revenge. With a strong natural perception of what is noble, his promise is lofty; but as he invariably permits his passions to get the mastery of his reason, his performance is mean.

NAPIER.

CETERUM aut me amor negotii suscepti fallit, aut nulla unquam res publica nec maior nec sanctior nec bonis exemplis ditior fuit, nec in quam civitatem tam serae avaritia luxuriaque immigraverint, nec ubi tantus ac tam diu paupertati ac parsimoniae honos fuerit: adeo quanto rerum minus, tanto minus cupiditatis erat; nuper divitiae avaritiam et abundantes voluptates desiderium per luxum atque libidinem pereundi perdendique omnia invexere. sed querellae, ne tum quidem gratae futurae, cum forsitan necessariae erunt, ab initio certe tantae ordiendae rei absint; cum bonis potius ominibus votisque et precationibus deorum dearumque, si, ut poetis, nobis quoque mos esset, libentius inciperemus, ut orsis tantum operis successus prosperos darent.

LIVY. *Praefatio.*

ΕΝΕΣΤΙ δὲ πρὸς τὰ πολιτικὰ τοῖς Ἴβηρσι καθ' ὑπερβολὴν τὸ ὕπερφρον καὶ ὑπέρογκον. μελλητα μὲν γὰρ ὄντες προνοίᾳ δὲ ἐλάχιστα χρώμενοι καὶ ὡς ἕκαστοι καὶ ξύμπαντες ὁμοίως ἀλόγιστον θράσος ἔχουσιν ὡς παντὸς ἂν γενομένου ὃ ἂν πρὸς τὸ ταχύβουλον ἐπινοήσωσιν· ὧν δὲ ἅπαξ ἐπεθύμησαν οὔτε χαλεπὰ ἡγοῦνται ἐπιτελέσαι, καὶ κωλυόμενοι προδοσίᾳ οἴονται σφαλῆναι. διόπερ καὶ τῆς στάσεως πρῶτον ἀρχομένης τοσούτοις ἀνδράσιν ἀγαθοῖς κατεχρήσαντο. καὶ τὰς μὲν φιλίας ἥπιοι καὶ φιλέταιροι ὄντες, τὴν δὲ ὀργὴν πικρότατοι, τῶν τε ἐπιτηδείων ἀνέχονται στερισκόμενοι καὶ τὸ σῶμα ταλαιπωροῦντες αὐταρκοῦσιν, ἀκράχολοί γε πεφυκότες καὶ ἄσπονδοι καὶ φονικοί· καὶ ὑβρισμένοι μὲν μνησικακοῦσι μᾶλλον ἢ ἀδικούμενοι, τὰς δὲ τιμωρίας ὠμότατα ἐπεξέρχονται. καίτοι φύσει τοῦ γενναίου λόγῳ μὲν ἱκανῶς ἐφικνούμενοι, ὡς μεγαλόψυχοι ἐσόμενοι τὴν ἐπαγγελίαν ποιοῦνται, ἔργῳ δὲ κρείσσους πρὸς πάντα τῆς γνώμης τὰς ὀργὰς ἔχοντες φαῦλα ἐπιτελοῦσι.

R. C. J.

ΕΙ μέντοι μὴ τοῦ ἐγχειρήματος ὥσπερ ἐραστὴς γεγονὼς ἐπὶ τὸ μεῖζον κοσμῶ, τὴν πόλιν φημὶ πασῶν τῶν προγεγενημένων ἀξιωτάτην εἶναι τοῦ μεγάλην κεκλῆσθαι, καὶ ἐπιεικεστάτην γὰρ καὶ εὐανδροτάτην· καὶ δαπάνῃ μὲν καὶ πλεονεξίᾳ διὰ πλείστου ἀντεσχηκέναι πενίαν δὲ καὶ εὐτέλειαν τεθαυμακέναι, ὡς σαφέστατα δηλοῦσαν ὅσῳ μεῖόν τις κέκτηται τοσούτῳ καὶ ἐπιθυμεῖν. πρῶτοι γὰρ οἱ νῦν πλουτήσαντες ἤδη πλεονεκτοῦμεν· καὶ ἡδοναὶ παντοδαπαὶ δαπανῶντάς τε καὶ τρυφῶντας ἐς προῦπτον κίνδυνον τῶν σωμάτων τε καὶ χρημάτων ἐπισπῶνται. ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ προσήκει δήπου τοσούτου τοῦ ἔργου ἀρχόμενόν γε ἀγανακτῆσαι· εἰσὶ γοῦν οἳ καὶ ἀναγκαίως τάχ' ἄν ποτε τοῦτο δρῶντα ὅμως οὐκ ἂν ἀσπάζοιντο. ὥστε ἀσμενέστατ' ἂν ἀρξαίμην, εἰ ὥσπερ τοῖς ποιηταῖς καὶ ξυγγραφεῖ ἐξείη, εὐφημήσας τε καὶ εὐξάμενος τοῖς δώδεκα θεοῖς δοῦναί μοι ἔργον τηλικοῦτον ξὺν αὐτοῖς ἐπιχειρήσαντι ξὺν αὐτοῖς καὶ περαίνειν.

C. W. M.

THE retreat of the English force began sadly. It was winter, and amidst these lofty mountains snow and ice lay thickly on the path. Akbar Khan did what he could to protect the retreating soldiers, but he could not do much. Crowds of Afghans were posted on the rocks and on the sides of the hills through which the army had to struggle, shooting down the fugitives as they passed. Amongst the soldiers were English ladies ; and some of these had children with them. When they reached the end of a narrow pass on their march, scarcely a thousand men were left out of four thousand who had started from Cabul. To save the women and children they were delivered up to Akbar Khan, who promised to treat them kindly. He kept his word, and no harm happened to them. The men had to march on to death. They reached another narrow pass. The cruel Afghans were already on the rocks on either side, and shot them down unceasingly. Very few lived to reach the other end. Those few pushed on, hoping to reach Jellalabad, where there was a British garrison. When they were still sixteen miles from Jellalabad, only six were alive. The horse on which one of these, Dr Brydon, rode was so worn out, and he himself so utterly fatigued, that he lagged behind. The other five pushed on and were slain by the Afghans. Believing that the last Englishman had been killed, these Afghans went off to tell the tale. Weary and unnoticed Dr Brydon came on slowly. At last he reached Jellalabad. He was the one man who arrived to tell the tale of the great disaster.

GARDINER.

ΤΟΙΣ δ' Ἀθηναίοις πονηρῶς εἶχεν ἀπ' ἀρχῆς ἡ ἐπαναχώρησις· χειμῶνός τε γὰρ ὄντος ὡς διὰ χώρας ὀρεινῆς πορευόμενοι πολλῇ χιόνι καὶ κρυστάλλῳ ἐνεποδίζοντο, καὶ ὁ βασιλεὺς τῶν πολεμίων, καίπερ πειρώμενος ἀπιοῦσιν ἄδειαν παρέχειν, ὅμως οὐδὲν ὡς εἰπεῖν ἐπέραινε. πολλοὶ γὰρ τῶν βαρβάρων τούς τε λόφους προκαταλαβόντες ἦπερ ἔμελλον ἰέναι καὶ εἴ τι μετέωρον εἴη, ἔβαλλον ἄνωθεν παριόντας αὐτούς τε καὶ γυναῖκάς τινας τῶν πολιτίδων τῷ στρατεύματι ἑπομένας, ὧν ἐνίαις καὶ παῖδες ἦσαν. ὡς δὲ ὁδόν τινα κοιλὴν καὶ στενὴν διεξελθόντες ἀπὸ τετρακισχιλίων τὴν πόλιν ἐκλιπόντων χίλιοι μάλιστα περιεγίγνοντο, τοὺς μὲν παῖδας καὶ γυναῖκας παρέδοσαν τῷ βασιλεῖ,—ὁ δὲ σωτηρίαν τούτοις ὑποσχόμενος οὐδὲν ἠδίκησεν ἀλλ' ἐπετέλει ἃ ὑπεδέξατο—αὐτοὶ δὲ ἐχώρουν ὡς ἀποθανούμενοι. ἑτέραν δέ τινα στενὴν καὶ αὐτὴν ἐσβολὴν ἀφικόμενοι καταλαμβάνουσι καὶ ἐνταῦθα τοὺς βαρβάρους ἤδη ἑκατέρωθεν παρατεταγμένους, καὶ ξυνεχῶς ἐσακοντιζόμενοι πλεῖστοι μὲν ἀπέθανον πρὶν ἐξελθεῖν ἐς τὴν εὐρυχωρίαν· οἱ δὲ ὑπόλοιποι ἠπείγοντο ὥστε ἐς κώμην τινα σωθῆναι φρούριον Ἀθηναίων ἔχουσαν. ὡς δὲ ἀπεῖχον ἔτι τῆς κώμης ἑκατὸν μάλιστα στάδια, ἐξ ἐπορεύοντο οἱ ξύμπαντες· καὶ τούτων τοὺς μὲν πέντε θᾶσσον προχωροῦντας ἀπέκτειναν οἱ βάρβαροι καὶ οὐδένα ἔτι οἰόμενοι τῶν Ἀθηναίων περιεῖναι παρὰ τοὺς σφετέρους ὡς νικήσαντες ἐπανεχώρησαν, ὁ δὲ εἷς—ἦν δ' ἰατρός—αὐτός τε ὅτι μάλιστα κεκμηκὼς καὶ τὸν ἵππον ἔχων τετρυχωμένον τῇ ὁδῷ, ὡς ἔλαθε τοὺς πολεμίους διὰ τὸ ὕστερος εἶναι, οὕτω δὴ σχολῇ τε καὶ ἐπιπόνως προῆει καὶ μόνος ἀπὸ τοσούτων ἐς τὸ φρούριον διασωθεὶς ἀπήγγειλε τὰ περὶ τὴν ἀναχώρησιν γενόμενα.

J. D. D.

THE commander-in-chief perceiving that all discipline would be at an end, unless some means were found of allaying the general discontent, called together his officers, and made them an address. 'It would be idle,' he said, 'to deny that, straitened as we are for supplies, our present position is full of difficulties. We must remember however that but for circumstances which could not possibly be foreseen, we might have already overtaken the enemy. Would indeed that they had been willing to await our attack! As it is, if they have continued their march, they must by this time have gained the mountains, where it would be difficult for us to follow them; and even if they offer us battle of their own accord, they will have the hill-tribes on their side. It may perhaps be said that we ought to have attacked them at first, even though our allies had not come up. In order, I suppose, that we might be defeated in detail, as would infallibly have been the result had these counsels prevailed. In former wars, if ever the enemy came upon us with superior numbers, they never hesitated to fight, and any of you who served in those campaigns will recollect that on such occasions they not seldom fought with success. If however it is not by our own fault that we find ourselves in our present situation, there is the greater reason for keeping up our courage, remembering that there are times when to extricate oneself from peril is no less honourable than to inflict a defeat on the enemy.'

Ο ΔΕ στρατηγὸς γνοὺς δυσχεραίνοντας τοὺς στρατιώτας, καὶ εἰ μὴ καταπραΰνειέ πως, οὐδαμῶς ἔτι πειθομένους ἕξων, συγκαλέσας τοὺς ἄρχοντας ἔλεξε τοιάδε· Ὡς μὲν οὐκ ἐν ἀπόροις ἐσμέν, ὦ ἄνδρες, οὕτω γε τῶν ἐπιτηδείων σπανίζοντες, οὐδὲ ἀμφισβήτησιν ἔχει· δεῖ δὲ λεληθέναι μηδ' ἐκεῖνο, ὅτι, εἰ μὴ τὰ τοιαῦτα ἐκώλυε οἷα οὐδ' ἂν εἷς προσεδόκησεν, ἐξῆν ἤδη ἡμῖν καταλαβεῖν τοὺς πολεμίους. εἰ γὰρ ἔμειναν τε καὶ μάχεσθαι ἤθελον· νῦν δὲ εἴ γε διετέλεσαν πορευόμενοι, οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐκ ἤδη εἰς τὰ ὄρη προκεχωρήκασιν, οἳ τοῦ μὲν καταδιώκειν πολλὴ ἂν εἴη ἡ ἀπορία, ἢν δὲ καὶ ἑκόντες εἰς μάχην ἡμῖν συνέλθωσι, συμμάχους ἕξουσι τὰ φῦλα τὰ ὀρεινά. ἀλλὰ νὴ Δία, ἔδει κατ' ἀρχὰς τοῖς πολεμίοις ἐπιθέσθαι, καίπερ τῶν ἡμετέρων συμμάχων οὔπω προσγεγενημένων· ἵνα δήπου κατὰ μέρη ἡττήθημεν, ὅπερ σαφῶς ἂν συνέβη εἰ αὕτη ἡ γνώμη ἐνίκησεν. καὶ γὰρ ἐν τοῖς πρὶν πολέμοις εἴ που ἐπιτύχοιεν ἡμῖν οὗτοι πλήθει γε προέχοντες, οὐκ ὤκνουν πώποτε συμβάλλειν, καὶ ὑμεῖς δὲ ἂν μεμνῆσθε, ὅσοι τὰς τότε στρατείας ἐστρατεύετε, ὡς οὐ σπανίᾳ ἐν τῷ τοιούτῳ καὶ ἐκράτουν. εἰ μέντοι μὴ αὐτοὶ αἴτιοί ἐσμεν τοῦ ἐν τῷ παρόντι οὕτως ἔχειν τὰ πράγματα, πολὺ ἔτι μᾶλλον χρὴ εὐθαρσεῖν, ἐνθυμουμένους ὡς ἔσθ' ὅτε οὐχ ἧττον καλόν ἐστιν αὐτοὺς κινδύνων ἀπηλλάχθαι ἢ νικᾶν τοὺς πολεμίους.

G. W. B.

ALL these difficulties were increased by the conduct of Shrewsbury. The character of this man is a curious study. He seemed to be the special favourite both of nature and of fortune. Illustrious birth, ample possessions, fine parts, extensive acquirements, an agreeable person, manners singularly graceful and engaging, combined to make him an object of admiration and envy. But with all these advantages he had some moral and intellectual peculiarities, which made him a torment to himself and all connected with him. His conduct at the time of the Revolution gave the world a high opinion not merely of his patriotism, but of his courage, energy, and decision. It should seem however that youthful enthusiasm and the exhilaration produced by public sympathy and applause had, on that occasion, raised him above himself. Scarcely any other part of his life was of a piece with that splendid commencement. He had scarcely become Secretary of State when it appeared that his nerves were too weak for the post. The daily toil, the heavy responsibility, the failures, the mortifications, the obloquy, which are inseparable from power, broke his spirit, and soured his temper.

MACAULAY.

ΚΑΝ τῷ τοιῷδε καθεστῶσι πολλῷ δὴ μᾶλλον ἀπορίαν παρεῖχε τὰ ὑπ' Ἀλκιβιάδου πρασσόμενα ἀνδρός, τούς γε τρόπους καὶ τὴν φύσιν σκοποῦντι, θαυμάζεσθαι ἀξίου. ἔδοξε γὰρ οὐ τοῖς ξυνήθεσι μόνον ἀγαθοῖς ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῖς ἐκ τύχης προσγενομένοις ἐς τὰ μάλιστα εὐδαιμονεῖν, γένει μὲν καὶ χρήμασιν οὐδενὸς ὕστερος γενόμενος, πρὸς δὲ τῇ οἰκείᾳ ξυνέσει πολλὰ καὶ παντοῖα ἐπιμαθών. ἅμα δὲ τοῦ σώματος εὐπρεπείᾳ προέχων, καὶ τρόπων πραότητι τοῖς ξυνοῦσι χαριζόμενος, ἐν ἀξιώματι ἦν μεγίστῳ ζηλούμενος ὑπὸ τῶν πολιτῶν. τοσούτων δ' ὑπαρχόντων ἀγαθῶν, ξυνέβη ὅμως τῇ τε γνώμῃ καὶ τῷ ἤθει ἰδίᾳ πως αὐτὸν παρὰ τὸ δέον πεφυκότα, ἑαυτῷ τε καὶ τοῖς προσήκουσιν ἐπαχθῆ καὶ ὀδυνηρὸν γενέσθαι. τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐν τῇ στάσει πρίν ποτε αὐτῷ πεπολιτευμένα πίστιν παρεῖχε τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ὡς τῇ πόλει μὲν εὔνους ἐστὶ τῆς δ' εὐψυχίας ἕνεκα οὔτε γνῶναι τὰ δέοντα οὔτ' ἔργῳ ἐπεξελθεῖν ἀδύνατος. τὸ δ' ἀληθές, δοκεῖ τότε νεανικῇ τινὶ ὁρμῇ καὶ τῆς πόλεως ξυμπροθυμουμένης ἐπαίνῳ ἐπαιρόμενος τῆς προσηκούσης ἀρετῆς ἐς ὑπερβολὴν προήκειν· τὰ δὲ τοῦ λοιποῦ βίου ἢ ὀλίγα ἢ οὐδὲν ἔπραξε τοῖς λαμπρῶς τότε προειργασμένοις ὅμοια. εὐθὺς γὰρ ἐς τὴν ἀρχὴν καταστὰς τὴν ῥώμην ἀνεχέγγυον ἔχων πρὸς τὰ ἔργα ἐφαίνετο. τοῖς γὰρ τοιούτοις περιπεσὼν ὅσα τοῖς ἄρχουσιν οὐδαμοῦ ὅπου οὐ ξυμβαίνει, δέον καθ' ἡμέραν μὲν ταλαιπωρεῖσθαι πολλοὺς καὶ ἰδίους τοὺς κινδύνους παραβαλλόμενον, καὶ ἔστιν ὅτε ἀτυχήσαντα μετ' οἰκείας ἀχθηδόνος ὑπὸ τῶν ἄλλων λοιδορεῖσθαι, τέλος δὴ τῷ φρονήματι ἐπεκλάσθη, πρὸς ἀγανάκτησιν καὶ δυσκολίαν τραπόμενος.

H. C. G.

WHILE the successor of Disabul celebrated his father's obsequies, he was saluted by the ambassadors of the emperor Tiberius, who proposed an invasion of Persia, and sustained with firmness the angry, and perhaps the just, reproaches of that haughty barbarian. "You see my ten fingers (said the great Khan, and he applied them to his mouth); you Romans speak with as many tongues, but they are tongues of deceit and perjury. To me you hold one language, to my subjects another, and the nations are successively deluded by your perfidious eloquence. You precipitate your allies into war and danger, you enjoy their labours and you neglect your benefactors. Hasten your return, inform your master that a Turk is incapable of uttering or forgiving falsehood, and that he shall speedily meet the punishment which he deserves. While he solicits my friendship with flattering and hollow words, he is sunk to a confederate of my fugitive Varchonites. If I condescend to march against those contemptible slaves, they will tremble at the sound of our whips; they will be trampled, like a nest of ants, under the feet of my innumerable cavalry. I am not ignorant of the road which they have followed to invade your empire, nor can I be deceived by the vain pretence that Mount Caucasus is the impregnable barrier of the Romans: the most warlike nations have yielded to the arms of the Turks, and from the rising to the setting sun the earth is my inheritance."

GIBBON.

ΕΠΙ δὲ τῷ Δισαβούλῳ θανόντι βασιλεύσας ὁ υἱὸς αὐτοῦ τὰς ταφὰς ἐποιεῖτο, καὶ ἀφίκοντο οἱ παρὰ Τιβερίου πρέσβεις εἰς τὴν Περσικὴν εἰσβάλλειν ἀξιοῦντες. καὶ ὁ μὲν πολλὰ ἐμέμφετο καὶ χαλεπά, ἴσως δὲ καὶ δίκαια, ἐνυβρίζων, οἱ δὲ ἀκούοντες ἠνείχοντο· καὶ προσθεὶς τῷ στόματι τοὺς δακτύλους, Τούτους μέν, ἔφη, ὦ Ῥωμαῖοι, ὁ βασιλεύς, ὁρᾶτε δήπου τοὺς δέκα· τοσαύταις δὲ καὶ ὑμεῖς ταῖς γλώτταις φθέγγεσθε, ἀπατηλαῖς γε οὔσαις καὶ ἐπιόρκοις. ἄλλῃ μὲν γὰρ πρὸς ἐμὲ χρῆσθε φωνῇ, ἄλλῃ δὲ πρὸς τοὺς ἐμοὺς ὑπηκόους, καὶ ἄλλον ἐξ ἄλλου δῆμον εὖ λέγοντες τὰ ψευδῆ παραγορεύετε. τοὺς δὲ συμμάχους εἰς πόλεμον καὶ κίνδυνον καταστήσαντες, ὅσα μὲν ἂν ἐργάζωνται περιποιεῖσθε, τῶν δὲ εὐεργετῶν ἀμελεῖτε· κατὰ τάχος οὖν παρὰ τὸν δεσπότην ἐπανελθόντες ἀπαγγέλλετε, τὸν Τοῦρκον οὔτε λέγειν τὰ ψευδῆ οὔτε τοῖς λέγουσι συγγνώμην ἔχειν· ἐκεῖνον δὲ τάχιστα δίκην δώσειν τὴν ἀξίαν, λόγῳ μὲν ὁμονοίας τῆς πρὸς ἡμᾶς δεόμενον κολακείας ἕνεκα καὶ ἄλλως ῥημάτων, ἔργῳ δὲ Βαρχωνίταις αἰσχρῶς τοῖς ἡμετέροις δραπέταις συμπράττοντα. καίτοι ἐάν περ ἐπὶ τούτους δούλους ὄντας καὶ φαύλους ἀξιώσω χωρεῖν, τῶν ἐμῶν μαστίγων τὸν ψόφον ὑποπτήξουσι καὶ τῶν ἵππων ὑπὸ πολλῶν μυριάδων, ὥσπερ μυρμηκία, καταπατηθήσονται. κατὰ δὲ ἥν τινα ὁδὸν πορευόμενοι εἰς τὴν ὑμετέραν εἰσέβαλον, οἶδα, οὐδ' ἂν ἐμέ γε ἐξαπατήσαιτε προσποιούμενοι ὡς δὴ ὁ Καύκασος τοῖς Ῥωμαίοις ἔρκος οὐ διάβατον· τοῖς γὰρ Τούρκοις ἤδη ὑπεχώρησε τῶν ἐθνῶν καὶ τὰ ἀνδρειότατα, ἀπό τε ἀνατέλλοντος ἡλίου εἰς δύνοντα γῆς πάσης εἰμὶ κατὰ γένος αὐτοκράτωρ.

A. W. V.

THE mutineers again and again made a rush at the low mud wall. Again and again they were beaten off, but swarms of them were firing all day, and many of the defenders fell under their bullets. The poor women and children had to crouch for shelter under the wall, with no roof over their heads to guard them from the scorching rays of the Indian sun. There was but one well from which water could be drawn, and those who went to draw water there did it at the peril of their lives. The mutineers took care to direct their bullets upon it, and many a man dropped slain or wounded as he strove to fetch a little water to cool the parched mouths of wife or child. At last Nana Sahib, finding that he could not get in by force, offered to let the garrison go safely away if the building were surrendered. The offer was accepted, and all who still lived were taken down to the river and placed on board large boats, to float down the stream. The treacherous mutineers never meant that they should escape with their lives. They gathered on the bank and shot them down. Some of the women and children who were still alive were carried to a house where for some days they were kept alive. The murderers were sent in and they were all massacred. Their bodies were thrown into the well from which their brothers and husbands had sought for water in the days of the siege.

GARDINER.

Οἱ δὲ Μυτιληναῖοι, ὡς πολλάκις μὲν προσέβαλον τῷ τειχίῳ—ἦν δὲ πήλινον καὶ οὐχ ὑψηλόν—πολλάκις δὲ τῆς πείρας ἀπεκρούσθησαν, ἀθρόοι δι' ἡμέρας τοξεύοντες τῶν πολιορκουμένων πολλοὺς μὲν ἀπέκτεινον τοὺς δὲ παῖδας καὶ γυναῖκας οὐχ ἥκιστα ἐς ἀπορίαν καθίσταsαν, ἅτε ὑπό τε τῷ τείχει πτήσσοντας μὴ βάλλοιντο καὶ διὰ τὸ ἀστέγαστον λυπουμένους τῷ ἡλίῳ ἐν ἐκείνοις τοῖς τόποις μάλιστα δὴ καίοντι. πρὸς δὲ τούτοις οὐδὲ φρέατα εἶχον ὕδωρ παρέχοντα πλὴν ἑνός· καὶ ἐς αὐτὸ τοῦτο εἴ τις ἐφ' ὕδωρ ἐξίοι, περὶ τῆς ψυχῆς ἐκινδύνευε· τοῖς γὰρ τῶν Μυτιληναίων τοξόταις ἐπιμελὲς ἦν ἐκεῖσε μάλιστα κατακοντίζειν, ὥστε πολλοὶ τῶν πειρωμένων ὕδωρ λαβεῖν, ἵνα παιδὶ ἢ γυναικὶ κούφισις γένοιτο δίψει πιεζομένοις, μεταξὺ φέροντες ἐτρώθησαν ἢ καὶ ἀπέθανον. τέλος δὲ ὁ τῶν Μυτιληναίων στρατηγός, αἰσθόμενος ὡς πρὸς βίαν οὐχ αἱρήσει τὸ χωρίον, ἔφη ἑτοῖμος εἶναι, εἴ οἱ παραδοθείη τὸ οἴκημα, τοὺς πολιορκουμένους μετ' ἀδείας ἀφεῖναι. καὶ οἱ μὲν Ἀθηναῖοι, ὡς ταῦτα ἐδέξαντο, πάντες ὅσοι ἔτι ἔζων πρὸς τὸν ποταμὸν κομισθέντες ἐς μεγάλ' ἄττα πλοῖα ἐσέβησαν ὡς μέλλοντες ὑπὸ τοῦ ῥοῦ καταφέρεσθαι· οἱ δέ, οὐδὲν ὑγιὲς διανοηθέντες, ὡς οὐκ ἔμελλον ἐκείνους ζῶντας ἀφήσειν, παρὰ τὸν ποταμὸν ξυλλεγέντες ἔβαλλόν τε καὶ ἐφόνευον. τῶν δὲ παίδων καὶ γυναικῶν ἐνίους ἔτι ζῶντας ἐς οἴκημά τι ἐσαγαγόντες ἡμέρας μέν τινας ἔτρεφον· ἔπειτα τοὺς φονεύσοντας ἐσπέμψαντες καὶ τούτους ἀπέκτειναν πάντας, τὰ δὲ σώματα ἔρριψαν ἐς αὐτὸ τὸ φρέαρ ὅθεν οἱ ξυγγενεῖς αὐτοῖς ὑδρεύοντο ἔτι πολιορκούμενοι.

J. D. D.

FOX immediately rose, but so great was his emotion, that he could not utter a word; nor was it until tears had come to his relief that he was enabled to proceed. He complained in broken accents that a friendship of more than twenty years should be terminated by a difference of opinion on a political question. They had differed on other matters without disturbing their friendship, why not on this? He complained that Burke had held him up as professing republican principles, and had applied ignominious terms to his conduct; but when Burke denied this, Fox, willing to grasp at the slightest overture of returning kindness, declared that such expressions were obliterated from his mind for ever; and alluding to Burke's complaint of the frequent interruptions he had received, affirmed that he had done every thing in his power to discountenance such conduct. Burke, in his reply, plainly intimated that all hope of a reconciliation was at an end. His feelings were too much involved with his opinions on this all-important question to admit the intercourse of private friendship with a man who upheld revolution and anarchy in their most hideous aspects. He spoke without passion; but reiterated his former sentiments with a solemn and fervid earnestness which made a deep impression on the House.

MASSEY.

Ο ΔΕ εὐθὺς παρελθὼν χρόνον μέν τινα ὑπὸ λύπης ἐσίγα, ἔπειτα δὲ δακρύσας καὶ φωνῆς χαλεπῶς ἔτι κρατῶν, οὐκ ἠξίου εἴκοσιν ἔτη καὶ ἔτι πλείω φίλον ὄντα διὰ διαφοράν γε οὐδεμίαν τῶν ἐν τῇ πολιτείᾳ νῦν ἀπέχθεσθαι· οὐ γὰρ εἴ τίς που καὶ πρότερον τοιαύτη ἐγένετο, ἧσσον σφᾶς εἶναι φίλους, οὐδὲ διὰ ταύτην κατὰ τὸ εἰκὸς ἔσεσθαι· ἐκεῖνον δὲ ἀδικεῖν, διαβάλλοντα αὐτόν, ὡς ἐπὶ καταλύσει λέγει τῆς βασιλείας, καὶ περὶ ὧν ἔπραξε λοιδορούντα. ἀπαρνουμένου δὲ ἐκείνου προαπαντήσας, εἰ ἄρα καὶ ὁτιοῦν ἐς ξυγγνώμην ὑπῆρκτο, περὶ μὲν λόγων οὐκ ἔφη μνησικακήσειν, τοῦ δὲ θορύβου, εἰ ἄρα καὶ ἐξεκρούσθη, αὐτὸς οὐκ εἶναι αἴτιος, ἀλλὰ παῦσαι τὸ μέρος. ὁ δὲ πρὸς ταῦτα φανερῶς οὔτ' ἔφη διαλλάξεσθαι οὐδέποτε, οὔτ' ἂν ὑπὲρ τῶν μεγίστων περὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ ἄξια μὲν ἑαυτοῦ πολιτεύεσθαι ἰδίᾳ δὲ φίλῳ χρῆσθαι ὡς μάλιστα ἀναξίῳ, ὅστις ὑπὲρ ἀνθρώπων ἀπολογοῖτο πόλιν τε καὶ ἀρχὰς ὡς οἷόν τε αἴσχιστα ἀπολεσάντων. ἔλεγε δὲ τὰ αὐτὰ ἅπερ καὶ πρότερον, δι' ὀργῆς μὲν οὔ, σεμνὸς δὲ γενόμενος καὶ σφοδρὸς ὡς περὶ πράγματος σπουδαίου βεβαίαν τὴν μνήμην ἐποίησε τοῖς ἀκούουσι.

A. W. V.

AND whan thei of the Contree herden it, thei senten Messangeres to him with Lettres, that seyden thus: What may ben ynow to that man, to whom alle the World is insuffisant: thou schalt find no thing in us, that may cause the to warren aȝenst us: for wee have no Ricchesse, ne none we coveyten: and alle the Godes of our Contree ben in comoun. Oure Mete, that we susteyne with alle our Bodyes, is our Ricchesse: and in stede of tresoure of Gold and Sylver, we maken oure Tresoure of Accord and Pees, and for to love every man other. And for to apparaylle with alle our Bodyes, wee usen a sely litylle Clout, for to wrappen in our Careynes[1]. Oure Wyfes ne ben not arrayed for to make no man plesance, but only connable array, for to eschewe Folye. When men peynen hem to arraye the Body, for to make it semen fayrere than God made it, thei don grete Synne. For man scholde not devise ne aske grettre Beautee, than God hath ordeyned man to ben at his Birthe. The Erthe mynystrethe to us 2 thinges: our Liflode, that comethe of the Erthe that we lyve by, and our Sepulture aftre oure Dethe. Wee have ben in perpetuelle Pees tille now, that thou come to disherite us; and also we have a Kyng, nought for to do Justice to every man, for he schalle fynde no forfete amonge us; but for to kepe noblesse, and for to schewe that we ben obeyssant, wee have a Kyng. For Justice ne hathe not among us no place: for wee don no man other wise than wee desiren that men don to us; so that rightwisnesse ne Vengeance have nought to don amonges us; so that no thing thou may take fro us, but oure gode Pes, that alle weys hath dured amonge us.

SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILE.

[1] i.e. flesh: cf. Chaucer *Knightes Tale* 1155. It is now spelt 'carrion': but formerly was applicable to any flesh, quick or dead.

ΠΥΘΟΜΕΝΟΙ δ' ὧν οἱ ἐπιχώριοι ἀποστόλους ἔπεμψαν ἀγγελέοντάς οἱ τοιάδε· τί γάρ κοτε, ἔφασαν λέγοντες, τῷ τοιούτῳ ἀνδρὶ ἄλις ἂν γένοιτο, τῷ μηδ' ὅλη ἡ οἰκευμένη ἐπαρκέοι; ἐπεί τοι ἐν ἡμῖν οὐδὲν ἐπευρήσεαι τοῦ εἵνεκα ἄξιον πολεμῆσαι· οὐδὲ γὰρ πλοῦτον οὔτε κεκτήμεθα οὐδένα οὔτ' ἐπιποθεῦμεν· πάντα γὰρ τὰ παρ' ἡμῖν χρήματα ξυνὰ ὑπάρχει. πλοῦτον μὲν δὴ ἔχομεν τὰ σιτία, τοῖσί περ τὰ σώματα τρέφεται, ἀντὶ δὲ χρυσίου τε καὶ ἀργυρίου εἰρήνην τε καὶ ὁμόνοιαν θησαυρίζομεν ἑκάστοισι ἕκαστοι φιλοφρονεόμενοι· καὶ ἐσθῆτι δὴ χρεόμεθα φαύλῃ τεῳ σινδονίσκῃ, ὅσον τὸ σῶμα κατειλίσσειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ αἱ γυναῖκες ὡς κατ' ἡδονὴν μὲν ἀνδρὶ οὐδενὶ κεκοσμέαται, στολῇ δ' ἐπιτηδέῃ μοῦνον ἀφροσύνην φυλασσομένῃσι. ἐὰν γὰρ ὧν σπεύδῃ τις τὸ σῶμα περιστέλλειν, ὥστε κάλλιον δοκέειν ἢ ὑπὸ θεοῦ πέφυκε, πάγχυ ἁμαρτάνει. ὁκόσην γὰρ ἄν τεῳ καλλονὴν γινομένῳ θεοὶ προστάξωσι, οὐκὶ ὅσιον οὔτ' ἐπιφράσασθαι οὔτ' ἐπεύξασθαι ὅκως πλέονος μετέξει. νῦν δ' ἡμῖν δύο ἄσσα ἡ γῆ πορσύνει· τοῦτο μὲν ζώουσι τὸν βίοτον, ὅσπερ ἡμῖν ἐκ γῆς ἔρχεται, τοῦτο δὲ ἀποθανοῦσι τὸν τάφον. καὶ δὴ μέχρι τούτου εἰρήνης μὲν συνεχέος ἐπαυρισκόμεθα, ἐν ᾧ γε σὺ μήπω ἐπῄεισθα ἀποστερήσων ἡμέας· βασιλέι δὲ χρεόμεθα, οὔ τί κου ὡς ἑκάστοισι δικάσοντι· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἂν ἁμαρτάδα οὐδεμίην ἐπεύροι παρ' ἡμῖν· ἀλλ' ὡς ἀνδραγαθίης ἐπιμελόμενοι καὶ εὐνομίην ἐπιδεικνύμενοι βασιλευόμεθα. ἐπεὶ δίκη γε οὐδὲν ἡμέας ἱκνέεται, ἅτε οὐδένα οὐδὲν ποιεῦντας τὸ μὴ βουλοίμεθα πρὸς αὐτέων παθεῖν· ὥστ' οὔτε δίκης οὔτε τιμωρίης ἡμῖν ἔργον οὐδέν. οὐκ ὧν ἐγγίνεται σοὶ οὐδὲν ἡμέας ἀπελέσθαι, πλὴν τῆς χρηστῆς εἰρήνης τῆς αἰεί κοτε ἡμῖν κατεστηκυίης.

R. D. A. H.

LLYWELYN during his contests with the English had encamped with a few followers in the valley, and one day departed with his men on an expedition, leaving his infant son in a cradle in his tent, under the care of his hound Gelert, after giving the child its fill of goat's milk. Whilst he was absent, a wolf from the mountain, in quest of prey, found its way into the tent, and was about to devour the child, when the watchful dog interfered, and after a desperate conflict, in which the tent was torn down, succeeded in destroying the monster. Llywelyn returning at evening found the tent on the ground, and the dog, covered with blood, sitting beside it. Imagining that the blood with which Gelert was besmeared was that of his own son devoured by the animal to whose care he had confided him, Llywelyn in a paroxysm of natural indignation, forthwith transfixed the faithful creature with his spear. Scarcely, however, had he done so when his ears were startled by the cry of a child from beneath the fallen tent, and hastily removing the canvas he found the child in its cradle, quite uninjured, and the body of an enormous wolf frightfully torn and mangled lying near. His breast was now filled with conflicting emotions, joy for the preservation of his son, and grief for the fate of his dog, to whom he forthwith hastened. The poor animal was not quite dead, but presently expired in the act of licking his master's hand. Llywelyn mourned over him as over a brother, buried him with funeral honours in the valley, and erected a tomb over him as over a hero. From that time the valley was called Bethgelert.

BORROW. *Wild Wales.*

Ο ΓΑΡ Ἀριστομένης, τοῖσι Λακεδαιμονίοισι πολεμέων, ἵζετό κοτε μετ᾽ ὀλίγων οἱ ἐπισπομένων ἐς τὴν ὑπωρέην ταύτην· μέλλων δὲ ξὺν τοῖς ἑωυτοῦ ἐπὶ στρατηίην ἐξιέναι, τὸν παῖδα, βρέφος ἔτι νεογνὸν ἐν σπαργάνοισι ἐόντα, γάλακτος αἰγηίου ἐμπλήσας ἐν τῇ σκηνῇ κατέλιπε· φύλακον δέ οἱ κύνα ἐπέστησε, τῷ οὔνομα ἦν Ἄργος. κείνου δὲ ἀπεόντος κατήιε λύκος ἐκ τοῦ οὔρεος βορὴν διζήμενος, καὶ ὑποδὺς ὑπὸ τὴν σκηνὴν ἔμελλε κατεσθίειν τὸ παιδίον· ὁ δὲ κύων αἰσθόμενός οἱ ἐπεθήκατο. ἐνθαῦτα μάχη μὲν ἰσχυρὴ ἐγίνετο ἐς ὃ καὶ τὴν σκηνὴν κατ᾽ ὧν ἔβαλον μαχόμενοι, τέλος δὲ ἐπικρατήσας ὁ κύων ἀπάγχει τὸ θηρίον. Ἀριστομένης δὲ περὶ δείλην ὀψίην ἀπονοστήσας καταλαμβάνει τὴν μὲν σκηνὴν ἀνατετραμμένην τὸν δὲ κύνα παρακατήμενον τῇ σκηνῇ, αἵματι ἀναπεφυρμένον. ἰδὼν δέ μιν οὕτω ἔχοντα, πάγχυ γὰρ κατεδόκεε τὸν μὲν παῖδά οἱ διαφθαρῆναι φονέα δὲ γενέσθαι τὸν κύνα τῷ περ ἦν δὴ ἐπιτετραμμένος, περιθύμως ὡς οἰκὸς ἦν ἔχων αὐτίκα τὴν εἶχε λόγχην διὰ τοῦ Ἄργου ὦσε. ἅμα δέ μιν ταῦτα ποιέει, ἀνάξια δὴ ἑωυτοῦ πάσχοντα, ἀκούει δὲ παιδίου ὑπὸ τῇ σκηνῇ φθεγγομένου. ἐκπλαγεὶς ὦν τοὺς πίλους τῆς σκηνῆς περιελὼν τὸν μὲν παῖδα εὑρίσκει παντελέως ἀσινέα ἐν τοῖσι σπαργάνοισι ἐόντα ἀγχοῦ δὲ κείμενον τοῦ παιδὸς λύκου χρῆμα μέγιστον, δεινῶς ἑλκυσθέντος καὶ διεσπασμένου. τότε πολλῇ φρονήματος διχοστασίῃ ἐνείχετο· τῇ μὲν γὰρ ἐχάρη τὸ παιδίον σόον ἔχων καὶ ὑγιές, τῇ δὲ περιημέκτεε οἷα τὸν κύνα ἐόργεε. ἤιε δ᾽ ἄσσον τοῦ κυνὸς ὃς ἔτι ἔμπνοος ἦν μετὰ δ᾽ οὐ πολλὸν λιχμέων ἅμα τὴν χεῖρα τοῦ τροφέος ἐξέπνευσε τὸν βίον. τελευτήσαντα δέ μιν ἐπένθεε ὥς οἱ οἰκιώτατον ὁ Ἀριστομένης, καὶ ταφῇ μεγαλοπρεπεστάτῃ τιμήσας τύμβον οἱ ὡς ἥρωι αὐτοῦ εἵσατο. τοῦ καὶ ὁ χῶρος οὗτος τὴν ἐπωνυμίην ἔχει· Κυνὸς σῆμα γὰρ καλέεται.

J. D. D.

I HEAR many people say, 'We will take Sebastopol, and then we will treat for peace.' I am not going to say that you cannot take Sebastopol—I am not going to argue against the power of England and France. I might admit, for the sake of argument, that you can take Sebastopol. You may occupy ten miles of territory in the Crimea for any time; you may build there a town; you may carry provisions and reinforcements there, for you have the command of the sea; but while you do all this you will have no peace with Russia. Nobody who knows the history of Russia can think for a moment that you are going permanently to occupy any portion of her territory, and at the same time to be at peace with that empire. But, admitting your power to do all this, is the object which you seek to accomplish worth the sacrifice which it will cost you? Can anybody doubt that the capture of Sebastopol will cost you a prodigious sacrifice of valuable lives; and, I ask you, is the object to be gained worth that sacrifice? The loss of treasure I will leave out of the question, for that may be replaced, but we can never restore to this country those valuable men who may be sacrificed in fighting the battles of their country—perhaps the most energetic, the bravest, the most devoted body of men that ever left these islands. You may sacrifice them if you like, but you are bound to consider whether the object will compensate you for that sacrifice.

R. COBDEN. *Dec. 22nd*, 1854.

ΗΔΗ *τοίνυν πολλῶν ἤκουσα λεγόντων ὡς ἄρα ἑλόντες τὴν Ἀμφίπολιν οὕτω τὸν πόλεμον διαλυσόμεθα. ἐγὼ δὲ ὡς οὐ δύνασθε τὸ χωρίον ἑλεῖν, τοῦτό γε οὐκ ἐρῶ, οὐδὲ μὴν παρῆλθον ἀποφανῶν οὐκ ἀξιόχρεω ὄντα τὰ ἡμῶν τε καὶ τῶν συμμάχων πράγματα. ἐπεὶ συγχωροῖμ' ἂν λόγου χάριν ὡς κἂν ἑλεῖν δύναισθε. κρατήσαντες γὰρ ἂν ἴσως ἐπὶ ὀγδοήκοντα στάδια τῆς Χαλκιδικῆς ὅσον ἂν βούλησθε χρόνον καὶ πόλιν οἰκοδομήσαντες ἔχοιτ' ἂν τροφὴν καὶ βοήθειαν ἐπαποστέλλειν· θαλαττοκρατεῖτε γάρ· ταῦτα μέντοι ποιοῦντες ἵστε οὐκ ἄν ποτε τοῦ πρὸς Φίλιππον πολέμου ἀπαλλαγέντες. οὐ γὰρ ἄν τις δήπου ἐπιστάμενός γε τὰ ἐκείνου πράγματα ὃν τρόπον ηὔξηται τοῦτ' οἴοιτο, ὡς κἂν ὁτιοῦν μέρος τῆς ἐκείνου ἅμα κατέχοντες εἰρήνην ὅμως πρὸς αὐτὸν ἄξετε. ἔστω δ' οὖν, ταῦτα πάντα δεδύνησθε· ὧν δ' ἀνάγκη προέσθαι μῶν ἐκεῖνο οὗ γλίχεσθε κέρδος ἄξιον; ὅτι μὲν γὰρ οὕτω ταῦτ' ἔχει καὶ οὐχ αἱρήσετε τὴν Ἀμφίπολιν μὴ οὐ χρηστῶν ἀνθρώπων παμμέγεθες πλῆθος ἀποβαλόντες, οὐδεὶς ἀγνοεῖ δήπου. καίτοι τοῦτό γε ἐρωτῶ, μῶν τῶν ἀνηλωμένων ἄξιον ἐκεῖνο κερδανεῖτε; ὅτι μὲν γὰρ χρήματα πολλὰ δαπανήσετε— οὐκ ἀνίατον γὰρ τοῦτο—παραλείψω· χρηστῶν δ' ἀνδρῶν ἡλικίαν τοσαύτην ὑπὲρ πατρίδος ἂν ἀποθανόντων— τοιοῦτοι δ' οἱ ἀπεσταλμένοι, ἀκμῇ τε καὶ τόλμῃ καὶ τῇ ὑμετέρᾳ εὐνοίᾳ εἴ τινες πώποτε διαφέροντες—τῷ δὴ πότε τρόπῳ ἀναληψόμεθα; οὓς προέσθαι μὲν ἔξεστιν, ἂν βουλομένοις ὑμῖν ᾖ, δίκαιοί γε μὴν ἐστὲ τοῦτο λογίζεσθαι, εἰ τοσούτου ἐωνημένοι λυσιτελῆ κομιεῖσθε.*

W. E. H.

I TAKE witness of the immortal gods, said hee, O *Arcadians*, that what this day I have said hath been out of my assured persuasion what justice it self and your just laws require. Though strangers then to mee, I had no desire to hurt them, but, leaving aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands with my most unpartiall and farthest reach of reason, and thereout have condemned them to lose their lives, contaminated with so many foul breaches of hospitality, civility, and virtue. Now, contrary to all expectations, I find them to bee my onely son and nephew, such upon whom you see what gifts nature hath bestowed; such who have so to the wonder of the world heretofore behaved themselvs as might give just caus to the greatest hopes that in an excellent youth may bee conceived; lastly, in few words, such in whom I placed all my mortall joyes, and thought my self, now near my grave, to recover a new life. But, alas! shall justice halt, or shall shee wink in one's caus which had *Lynce's* eies in anothers, or rather shall all private respects give place to that holy name? Bee it so, be it so; let my gray hairs bee laid in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life bee to mee an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazingstock of wretched miserie; but never, never let sacred rightfulness fall: it is immortal, and immortallity ought to bee preserved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly I have judged mine own children—unless the name of a child should have force to change the never-changing justice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, I prefer you much before my life, but I prefer justice as far before you.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Arcadia.*

ΘΕΟΤΣ μὲν ἐγώ, ἔφη, τοὺς ἀεὶ ὄντας, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀρκάδες, μαρτύρομαι, ὡς ἐξ ὧν σφόδρα πέπεισμαι αὐτῇ τε τῇ δίκῃ καὶ τοῖς παρ' ὑμῖν δικαιοτάτοις νόμοις προσήκειν τοὺς τήμερον εἴρηκα λόγους. τουσδὶ γάρ, ἀγνῶτας δὴ τότ' ἐμοὶ ὄντας, ἀδικεῖν μὲν οὐδαμῶς ἐβουλόμην, τὸ δ' ὑφ' ὡντινῶν μὲν παντάπασιν ἐάσας, αὐτὰ δὲ τὰ πεπραγμένα, περὶ ὧν ὑμεῖς μοι τὴν κρίσιν ἐνεχειρίσατε, ὡς ἐδυνάμην κοινοτάτῃ τε καὶ ἐντονωτάτῃ τῇ γνώμῃ λογιζόμενος ἔπειτα θάνατον κατέγνωκ' αὐτῶν ὡς οὔτε ξένους οὔτε πολίτας οὔτε νόμους αἰδουμένων μᾶλλον δὲ πολλὰ καὶ δειν' ἀδικησάντων. νῦν δὲ θαυμασίως ὡς παρ' ἐλπίδ' ἀνηύρηνται ὄντες οἵπερ μόνοι μοι γεγόνασιν υἱός τε καὶ ἀδελφιδοῦς· οὓς ὁρᾶτε μὲν ὅσα καὶ οἷα παρὰ τῆς φύσεως εἰλήχασιν, ὁρᾶτε δ' ὁποίους μέχρι τῆς τήμερον ἡμέρας παρεῖχον ἑαυτούς, ὥστε πάντας τοὺς Ἕλληνας ἄγασθαί τε καὶ οὐδὲν ὅ τι οὐ προσδοκᾶν ὧν ἄν τις παρὰ νεανιῶν τῶν πάνυ περιττῶν εἰκότως ἐλπίσειε. συνελόντι δ' εἰπεῖν, ἐκ τούτοιν ἀνήρτητο πάντ' ἐμοὶ τὰ ἐξ ἀνθρώπων ἀγαθά, ἐγγὺς δ' ἤδη τοῦ θανάτου γιγνόμενος βίον τιν' ἕτερον ἐφαινόμην ἐπικτᾶσθαι. ἀλλ' ὦ πρὸς θεῶν, χωλὴ γὰρ ἡμῖν γενήσεται ἡ Δίκη, καὶ ἄλλοθι μὲν βλέψεται Λυγκέως ὀξύτερον ἐνταῦθα δὲ μύσει; ἢ πᾶν τοὐναντίον ἅπαντα τὰ ἰδίᾳ τῳ διαφέροντα τοσούτου ὀνόματός τε καὶ αἰδοῦς ἐλάττω νομισθήσεται; ἔστω δή, ἔστω· γέρων μὲν κακοδαίμων δ' ὑπὸ γῆς κρυφθείην, ὅσον δ' ἔτι μοι τοῦ βίου ἐπίλοιπον, βραχύ γ' ὂν καὶ πάντων τῶν οἰκείων τε καὶ ἔξωθεν ἔρημον ἀγαθῶν, παράδειγμ' ἀτεχνῶς γένοιτο τοῖς ἀνθρώποις τῆς οἰκτροτάτης δυστυχίας· ἀλλὰ μηδέποτε, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀρκάδες, μηδέποθ' ἡ δικαιοσύνη τι σφαλείη. θεία γάρ ἐστι, τὸ δὲ θεῖον παρὰ πάντα φυλακτέον. τοιγάρτοι εἰ μὲν ὀρθῶς ἔκρινα, ὀρθῶς καὶ τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ κατέκρινα, εἰ μὴ ἄρα τοσοῦτον ἰσχύσει τὸ τοῦ υἱοῦ ὄνομα, ὥστε καὶ δίκην μεταβάλλειν τὴν ἀμετάβλητον. οὐκ ἔστι ταῦτ', οὐκ ἔστιν, ὦ Πυρόκλεις τε καὶ Μουσίδωρε· ὅσον γὰρ ὑμᾶς πρὸ τῆς ἐμῆς ζωῆς, τοσοῦτον καὶ ὑμῶν προὐτίμησα τὸ δίκαιον.

R. D. A. H.

TO read what was approaching in Ireland, in the black and bloody characters of the American War, was a painful, but necessary part of my public duty. For, gentlemen, it is not your fond desires or mine that can alter the nature of things; by contending against which, what have we ever got, or shall ever get, but defeat and shame? I did not obey your instructions. No, I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interest, against your opinions, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look, indeed, to your opinions; but to such opinions as you and I must have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day.

BURKE.

I THINK I see you—for I try to see you in the flesh as I write these sentences—I think I see you leap at the word pigsty, a hyperbolical expression at best. 'He had no hand in the reforms,' he was 'a coarse dirty man'; these were your words; and you may think it possible that I am come to support you with fresh evidence. In a sense, it is even so. Damien has been too much depicted with a conventional halo and conventional features; so drawn by men who perhaps had not the eye to remark or the pen to express the individual; or who perhaps were only blinded and silenced by generous admiration, such as I partly envy for myself—such as you, if your soul were enlightened, would envy on your bended knees. It is the least defect of such a method of portraiture that it makes the path easy for the devil's advocate, and leaves for the misuse of the slanderer a considerable field of truth. For the truth that is suppressed by friends is the readiest weapon of the enemy.

R. L. STEVENSON.

ΤΟ δ' ἐξ ὧν ὠμῶς καὶ μιαιφόνως ἐκεῖθεν ἐπολεμεῖτο τὰ ἐνθάδε γενησόμενα τεκμαίρεσθαι λυπηρὸν μὲν ἐμοὶ ἀναγκαῖον δ' ἦν τῷ ὑπὲρ ὑμῶν πολιτευομένῳ. οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, οὐκ ἔστιν οὔτ' ἐμὲ οὔθ' ὑμᾶς τὰ φύσει καθεστῶτα κατ' εὐχὴν μεταβάλλειν, πρὸς ἃ ἀνθισταμένοις οὐδὲν οὔτε συμβέβηκε πώποτ' οὔτε τὸ λοιπὸν συμβήσεται πλὴν νικηθέντας καὶ αἰσχύνην προσοφλεῖν. ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ οἷς προσετάξαθ' ὑμεῖς ᾤμην δεῖν πείθεσθαι· οὐ μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' οἷς προσέταξαν ἥ τ' ἀλήθεια καὶ ἡ φύσις, τούτοις ἐπειθόμην, καὶ τὸ βέλτιστον ἀεὶ καὶ παρὰ τὰ δοκοῦντα ὑμῖν διεφύλαττον, ὀρθῶς γ', οἶμαι, καὶ προσηκόντως ποιῶν. τὸν γὰρ ἄξια τῆς πόλεως πολιτευσόμενον βεβαίαν δεῖ τὴν γνώμην ἔχειν, καὶ πρὸς τὰς μὲν ὑμετέρας δόξας ἀποβλέπειν, οὐ μέντοι τὰς νῦν γε ὑπαρχούσας ἀλλὰ τὰς πενταετεῖ χρόνῳ ὕστερον ὑμῖν τε καὶ ἐμοὶ μελλούσας ἔσεσθαι, μηδὲ τῆς παραυτίκα χάριτος φροντίσαι.

S. H. B.

ΔΟΚΩ μέντοι δοκῶ σ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρᾶν, ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐναργῆ πως θεᾶσθαί σ' ἅμα ταῦτα γράφων προθυμοῦμαι, τοῦ γε χοιροτροφείου ὀξέως ἀντιλαμβανόμενον, καίπερ ἀτεχνῶς ἐπὶ δεινώσει λεγομένου, ὅστις Οὐδὲν μὰ Δία μετεῖχεν, ἔφησθα, τῶν ἐπανορθουμένων, ἀλλ' ἀγροικός τε καὶ ἄλουτός τις ἦν ἄνθρωπος· αὐτὰ γὰρ ταῦτα αὐτός τε κατηγόρεις ἐμέ θ' ὥς τί σοι προσμαρτυρήσοντ' ἴσως ἂν οἷοιο προσγενέσθαι, τρόπῳ γέ τινι τἀληθῆ διανοούμενος. εἰσὶ γὰρ οἳ λίαν κατὰ τὰ νομιζόμενα πλάττοντες τὸν Δαμιᾶνα σέβας τι προσποιητὸν αὐτῷ τε καὶ τοῖς τρόποις περιῆψαν, εἴτε ἀμβλύτερον ὁρῶντες εἴτε τῆς ἑρμηνεύσεως ἐλλείποντες ὥστε τὰ οἰκεῖα διαδηλῶσαι, ἴσως δὲ καί τι ὑποσιωπῶντες διὰ ζῆλόν τιν' οὐκ ἀγεννῆ, ὃν ἐγὼ μὲν καὶ αὐτὸς ἔστιν ἧ ἀσμένως ἂν ζηλοίην, σὺ δ' ἄν, εἴ γε καὶ τῇ ψυχῇ ἐγγένοιτό τις ὀφθαλμός, θεοὺς παραιτοῖό τε καὶ λιπαροίης ὥστε ζηλῶσαι. ἀλλὰ γὰρ πολλὰ μὲν ἄλλα καὶ μείζω ἥμαρτον οἱ οὕτως ἀποφαινόμενοι, εἰς δὲ τὴν τῆς ἀρετῆς διαβολὴν προοδοποιήσαντες τοῖς συκοφαντήσουσιν οὐ φαῦλόν τι μέρος παρεῖσαν ἀληθείας. ἐπεὶ τοῖς ἐχθροῖς προχειρότατα γίγνεται ἐπισκήψασθαι τἀληθῆ τὰ ὑπὸ τῶν φίλων κατασεσιωπημένα.

R. D. A. H.

YET not even so were our bodies safe from their malice: for these men were not only tyrants, but fools and madmen. Let alone that there were few days without stripes and torments to satiate their fury or their pleasure, so that in all streets and nigh any house might you hear wailing and screaming and groaning; but moreover, though a wise man would not willingly slay his own thrall any more than his own horse or ox, yet did these men so wax in folly and malice, that they would often hew at man or woman as they met them in the way from mere grimness of soul; and if they slew them it was well. Thereof indeed came quarrels enough between master and master, for they are much given to man-slaying amongst themselves: but what profit to us thereof? Nay, if the dead man were a chieftain, then woe betide the thralls! for thereof must many a one be slain on his grave-mound to serve him on the hell-road. To be short: we have heard of men who be fierce, and men who be grim; but these we may scarce believe to be men at all, but trolls rather; and ill will it be if their race waxeth in the world.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

ΑΛΛ' οὐδὲ γὰρ ὡς ἡμῖν ἀθῷα περιεγένετο τὰ σώματα τοσαύτης ὠμότητος. οἱ γὰρ οὖν δεσπόται οὐχ ὅπως ἄδικοι ἦσαν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀβέλτεροί τε καὶ παράφρονες τὸ παράπαν. μὴ γὰρ ὅτι πολλοσταὶ δὴ διήεσαν ἡμῖν αἱ ἡμέραι μὴ θυμοῦ χάριν ἢ καὶ παιδιᾶς διὰ πληγῶν τε καὶ ὀδυνῶν κακουμένοις, ὥστε πασῶν πανταχῇ τῶν ὁδῶν περὶ πάσας τὰς οἰκίας κλαόντων ἦν ἀκούειν καὶ οἰμωζόντων καὶ ὀλοφυρομένων· ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ τόδε προσεγένετο, τοὺς μὲν σώφρονας ἀνθρώπων τὸν δοῦλον οὐδὲν ἂν μᾶλλον ἐθελῆσαι ἢ ἵππον καὶ βοῦν ἀποκτεῖναι, ἐκείνους δ' εἰς τοσήνδ' ὑπερβολὴν ἀφῖχθαι ἀνοίας τε καὶ ἀγριότητος ὥστ' ἐπ' αἰτίᾳ μὲν οὐδεμιᾷ διὰ δὲ κακοήθειαν ἄλλως τῶν ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς ἐπιτυχόντων ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ γυναικῶν σιδήρῳ ἐφικνεῖσθαι· ὅστις δέ τιν' ἀποκτείνειεν, εὖ ἂν εἶχεν. ἀτὰρ οὖν δὴ διὰ ταῦτα τῶν μὲν δεσποτῶν πολλοὶ πολλοῖς, ἅτ' ἀλληλοφονίας ἥκιστ' ἀπέχοντες, ἄλλος ἄλλῳ διεβέβληντο· ἡμῖν δὲ παρὰ τοσοῦτον ἐγένετο τοῦ ἐκ τούτων τι ὠφελεῖσθαι, ὥστ' εἴ γε τῶν κορυφαίων εἷς ὁ ἀποθανὼν ἔτι μᾶλλον ἀπολαῦσαι τοὺς δούλους, ὧν γ' οὐκ ὀλίγους ἔδει ἐπὶ τῷ τάφῳ τοῦ κεκτημένου κατασφαγῆναι, ὡς πρὸς Ἅιδου πορευομένῳ δῆθεν ὑπηρετήσοντας. ἑνὶ δὲ λόγῳ πεπύσμεθα μὲν ἀγρίων ἀνδρῶν, πεπύσμεθα δὲ κακοφρόνων, τούτους δὲ δὴ οὐδ' ἂν ἀνθρώπων ῥᾳδίως οἰοίμεθα γεγονέναι, μᾶλλον δὲ γηγενῶν τινάς· ὧν πολλῇ δὴ ἐπὶ ζημίᾳ τὸ σπέρμα ποτ' ἂν τυγχάνοι κατ' ἀνθρώπους ἐπιδιδόν.

R. D. A. H.

BUT, say gentlemen, what is this minister accused of? What crime is laid to his charge? For, unless some misfortune is said to have happened, some crime to have been committed, no inquiry ought to be set on foot. Sir, the ill posture of our affairs both abroad and at home, the melancholy situation we are in, the distresses we are reduced to, are sufficient causes for inquiry, even supposing he were accused of no particular crime or misconduct. The nation lies bleeding, perhaps expiring. The balance of power has received a deadly blow. Shall we acknowledge this to be the case, and shall we not inquire whether it has happened by mischance, or by the misconduct, perhaps the malice prepense, of our minister here at home? Before the treaty of Utrecht it was the general opinion that in a few years of peace we should be able to pay off most of our debts. We have now been very near thirty years in profound peace; at least we have never been engaged in any war but what we unnecessarily brought on ourselves; and yet our debts are nearly as great as they were when that treaty was concluded. Is not this a misfortune, and shall we make no inquiry how this misfortune has happened?

LORD CHATHAM.

ΑΛΛΑ *νὴ Δία τίνων ποτ' αἴτιος οὗτος καὶ τί ἐστι τὸ ἀδίκημα ὃ κατηγορεῖται αὐτοῦ; ἐὰν γὰρ μηδὲν μήτε ἀτυχηθῆναι μήτε ἀδικηθῆναι δοκῇ, οὐδὲ τὴν ἐξέτασιν δεῖ ποιεῖσθαι. καίτοι τά τε ἔξωθεν καὶ τὰ οἴκοθεν μοχθηρῶς διακείμενα καὶ τὰ πράγματα ἡμῖν εἰς πᾶν ἤδη προεληλυθότα ἀπορίας καὶ ταλαιπωρίας, πῶς οὐκ αὐτὰ καθ' αὑτὰ ἐπὶ τὰς εὐθύνας προάγει, κἂν μηδὲν αὐτῷ μήτ' ἀδίκημα μήθ' ἁμάρτημα ἄντικρυς οὕτωσὶ ἐγκαλῆται; ἡ μὲν γὰρ πόλις ἡμῶν ἀπόλλυται καὶ ἤδη ἂν εἴη, εἰ τύχοι, ἀπολωλυῖα, τὸ δὲ τοῦ σύμπαντος ἰσόρροπον πᾶν διέφθαρται. καὶ ταῦθ' οὕτως ἔχειν ὁμολογοῦντες εἶτ' οὐκ οἰόμεθα δεῖν ἐξετάσαι πότερον αἰτία ἡ τύχη ἢ καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ προεστὼς ἡμῶν κακῶς πολιτευόμενος, ἴσως δὲ καὶ ἐπιβουλεύων; σκέψασθε γάρ· τότε μὲν πρὸ τοῦ τὰς πρὸς τοὺς Γαλάτας γενέσθαι σπονδὰς οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐ προσεδόκα ὡς δι' ὀλίγου οἷοί τ' ἐσοίμεθα εἰρηνεύοντες τῶν κοινῇ ὠφειλημένων τὰ πλεῖστα διαλῦσαι, νῦν δὲ ὅσον οὐ τριακοστὸν ἤδη ἔτος συνεχῶς εἰρηνεύοντες διατελοῦμεν, τοὺς γὰρ πολέμους παραλείψω, οὓς γ' αὐθαιρέτους ἡμῖν ἐπηγαγόμεθα, τὰ μέντοι ὀφειλήματα σχεδὸν οὐδ' ἐλάττω γέγονεν. καὶ ταῦθ' ὅτι μὲν κακῶς συμβέβηκε, δῆλον· ὅθεν δὲ συμβέβηκε, πῶς οὐ μέλλομεν ἐξετάσαι;*

S. H. B.

GOOD men, to whom alone I address myself, appear to me to consult their piety as little as their judgment and experience, when they admit the great and essential advantages accruing to society from the freedom of the press, yet indulge themselves in peevish or passionate exclamations against the abuses of it. Betraying an unreasonable expectation of benefits, pure and entire, from any human institution, they in fact arraign the goodness of Providence, and confess that they are dissatisfied with the common lot of humanity. In the present instance they really create to their own minds, or greatly exaggerate the evils they complain of. The laws of England provide, as effectually as any human laws can do, for the protection of the subject in his reputation, as well as in his person and property. If the characters of private men are insulted or injured, a remedy is open to them. If through indolence, false shame, or indifference, they will not appeal to the laws of their country, they fail in their duty to society, and are unjust to themselves. If from an unwarrantable distrust of the integrity of juries they would wish to obtain justice by any mode of proceeding more summary than a trial by their peers, I do not scruple to affirm that they are in effect greater enemies to themselves than to the libellers they prosecute.

JUNIUS.

ΔΟΚΟΥΣΙ δέ μοι οἵ γε μέτριοι τῶν πολιτῶν, πρὸς οὓς πᾶς ἐστὶν ὁ νῦν λόγος, οὔτε εὐσεβῆ τὴν γνώμην ἔχειν οὔτε πρὸς τὰ ἤδη ὑπάρχοντα φρόνιμον, οἵτινες συμφέρειν μὲν ὁμολογοῦσιν ὡς μάλιστα τῇ πόλει πᾶσι παρρησίαν ὧν φρονοῦσιν ὑπάρχειν, ἐὰν δ' ἄρα πλημμελές τι γένηται, τηνικαῦτ' ἀγανακτοῦντες καὶ ὀργιζόμενοι βοῶσιν. ὁ γὰρ ἀλόγως ἀξιῶν ἀφ' ὁτουδήποτε τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων οὐδὲν εἰ μὴ ἀγαθὸν συμβαίνειν, πῶς οὐ τοῖς θεοῖς ἐγκαλεῖ, τὴν τῶν ἁπάντων κοινὴν τύχην καταμεμφόμενος; καὶ δὴ καὶ οὗτοι νῦν ἤτοι ἐπὶ τὸ μεῖζόν γε πάντα διεξέρχονται ἢ τὰ μὴ ὄντα ὀδύρονται· οἱ γὰρ ἡμέτεροι νόμοι, ἐφ' ὅσον νόμῳ γε ἐνδέχεται, πᾶσαν ἄδειαν παρέχουσι τοῖς πολίταις τοῦ μηδὲν παθεῖν μὴ μόνον τοῖς σώμασι καὶ χρήμασιν, ἀλλὰ μηδὲ τῷ παρὰ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἀξιώματι· ἐὰν γάρ τις περὶ τῶν ἰδίᾳ βεβιωμένων ὑβρισθῇ τι ἢ διαβληθῇ, ἔξεστι δήπου δίκην λαμβάνειν· εἰ μὲν τοίνυν μὴ ἐθέλει ταῖς ἐκ τῶν νόμων τιμωρίαις χρῆσθαι, εἴτε ῥᾳθυμίαν δεῖ λέγειν εἴτ' ἀμέλειαν εἴτε καὶ αἰσχύνην ἀκαίρως γεγονυῖαν, οὗτος καὶ ἑαυτὸν ἀδικεῖ καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους τι τῶν δεόντων ἀποστερεῖ· εἰ δὲ παρὰ τὴν ἀξίαν ἀπιστῶν τοῖς δικασταῖς, βούλεται δίκην πως προαρπάζειν μηδ' ἀγωνίζεσθαι παρὰ τοῖς συμπολιτευομένοις, οὐκ ὀκνήσαιμ' ἂν εἰπεῖν ὅτι ὅ γε τοιοῦτος τῷ ὄντι μᾶλλον ἑαυτῷ ἐχθρός ἐστιν ἢ τοῖς συκοφάνταις ὧν κατηγορεῖ.

S. H. B.

SHOULD you do anything so monstrous as to leave your allies in order to confirm such a system; should you forget your name, forget your ancestors, and the inheritance they have left you of morality and renown, would not the nations exclaim, "You have very providently watched over our interests, and very generously have you contributed to our service, and do you falter now? In vain have you stopped in your own person the flying fortunes of Europe; in vain have you taken the eagle of Napoleon, and snatched invincibility from his standard, if now, when confederated Europe is ready to march, you take the lead in the desertion, and preach the penitence of Bonaparte and the poverty of England"? As to her poverty, you must not consider the money you spend in her defence, but the fortune you would lose if you were not defended; and further, you must recollect, you will pay less to an immediate war than to a peace with a war establishment, and a war to follow it. Recollect that whatever be your resources, they must outlast those of all your enemies: and further, that your empire cannot be saved by a calculation. The name you have established, the deeds you have achieved, and the part you have sustained, preclude you from a second place amongst nations; and when you cease to be the first you are nothing.

GRATTAN (1815).

ΕΑΝ *τοίνυν πάντων δεινότατα πράττοντες τοὺς ὑμετέρους συμμάχους ἐγκαταλίπηθ' ὥστε τοιαύτην τινὰ τυραννίδα βεβαιῶσαι, τοῦ τ' ὀνόματος καὶ τῶν προγόνων ἐπιλαθόμενοι, οἷον ὑμῖν τὸ μετ' ἀρετῆς ἀξίωμα παρέδοσαν, πῶς οὐκ εἰκότως ἀγανακτοῖεν ἂν αἱ πόλεις, εἰ πολλὰ πολλάκις τῶν ἐκείνοις συμφερόντων ἐπιμεληθέντες καὶ χρήμασιν ἀφειδέστατ' ὠφελήσαντες εἶθ' οὕτως ἀποδειλιᾶτε; μάτην γάρ, φαίη τις ἄν, ἐβοηθήσατ' αὐτοὶ τοῖς μόνον οὐχ ἡττωμένοις, μάτην δὲ τοῦ Φιλίππου τρόπαια στήσαντες τὸν κόμπον ὡς ἀήττητος εἴη ἀφείλεσθε, εἴ γε ἐν τῷ παρόντι συνεστώσης τῆς Ἑλλάδος καὶ ἐξελθούσης πανστρατιᾷ ὑμεῖς ἄρξεσθε καταπροδόντες, λόγους καὶ προφάσεις ἔχοντες ὡς ἄρα τῷ μὲν Φιλίππῳ μεταμέλει, οἱ δ' Ἀθηναῖοι χρημάτων οὐκ εὐποροῦσι. καίτοι περὶ πόρων, ὦ ἄνδρες, πρῶτον μὲν οὐχ ὁπόσ' εἰς σωτηρίαν γε τῆς πόλεως δαπανᾶτε ἀλλ' ἐκεῖνο μᾶλλον σκεπτέον, ὅσων μὴ ἀμυνόμενοι στερήσεσθε. ἔπειτα δ', ὅτι εὐθὺς πολεμοῦντες οὐ τοσοῦτον ἀναλώσεθ' ὅσον εἰρήνην μὲν ἄγοντες ἅμα δὲ παρασκευαζόμενοι ὡς οὐ διὰ πολλοῦ μέλλοντες πολεμήσειν. λογίσασθε δὲ τοῦτο μέν, ὅτι τὰ ὑμῖν ὑπάρχοντα, ὁπόσ' ἂν ᾖ, οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ πλείω χρόνον ἢ τὰ τῶν ἀντιπάλων ἁπάντων ἀνθέξει· τοῦτο δ', ὡς οὐκ ἐνδέχεται τὴν ὑμετέραν ἀρχὴν χρημάτων λογισμῷ διασῴζειν. οὐ γὰρ τῆς ὑπαρχούσης δόξης οὐδὲ τῶν ὑμῖν πεπραγμένων καὶ πεπολιτευμένων ἄξιόν ἐστιν ἀγωνίζεσθαι περὶ δευτερείων· ὥστε μηκέτι πρωτεύοντες τῶν Ἑλλήνων οὐδὲ δόξαιτ' ἂν ἐν οὐδενὸς εἶναι μέρει.*

R. D. H.

THESE reflections, and such as they suggest naturally to the mind, make it evident that the future prosperity and safety of this country depend on the speedy diminution of our national debts. Nothing else can secure us effectually against contingent events that may be of fatal consequence to both. Recent experience has shewn how unfit we are become in every respect, except the courage of our common soldiers and seamen, to engage in war. We shall not therefore, I suppose, provoke it easily or soon. But war may be brought upon us tho' we should not provoke it, nor go to the Continent to seek it. Nay, we may be reduced to the melancholy dilemma of increasing our annual expence to assert our rights, to protect our trade, and to maintain our dignity; or of sitting down tamely and sacrificing them all. I think, nay I hope, that we should not do the last: and yet we should have much greater difficulties to struggle with in our present situation than we had in the former, great as they were, if we attempted to do what was then so shamefully neglected.

BOLINGBROKE.

ΤΑΥΤΑ *μὲν οὖν εἴ τις σκοπεῖ καὶ τἆλλα ὅσα τούτων ἐχόμενά ἐστι, φανερὰ ἤδη ἡ πόλις οὔτε εὖ πράττειν μέλλουσα οὔτε διασῴζεσθαι, ἂν μὴ τὰ κοινῇ ὠφειλημένα εἰς ἐλάχιστον συστείλωμεν, καὶ ταῦτα ἐν τάχει. οὐδὲ γὰρ ἄλλη οὐδεμία μηχανὴ πρὸς τὰ εἰκότως ἂν ἀποβαίνοντα ἱκανὴ προκαταλαβεῖν ὅπως μὴ καὶ περὶ τῆς σωτηρίας κινδυνεύσομεν. πεπειραμένοις δὲ καὶ ἀρτίως δεδήλωται ὡς γεγενήμεθα πρὸς τὸ πολεμῆσαι κατὰ πάντα ἀπαράσκευοι, εἰ μὴ ὅτι τούς γε στρατιώτας ἔχομεν καὶ τοὺς ναύτας φύσει ἀνδρείους. οὐδ' ἐμοίγε δοκοῦμεν οὔτε ῥᾳδίως οὔτε δι' ὀλίγου πρὸς τοὺς ἠπειρώτας μέλλειν αὐθαίρετον πόλεμον ἀρεῖσθαι· ἀλλ' ὅπως μὴ αὐτομάτῳ τῷ πολέμῳ περιπεσούμεθα κἂν μὴ ἐκεῖθεν ἐπαγώμεθα, καὶ προσέτι ἐς τοῦτο τῆς ἀπορίας καταστησόμεθα, ὥστε δυοῖν μόνον ἔτι τὴν αἵρεσιν ἡμῖν γενέσθαι, πότερ' ἡμᾶς χρὴ ἔτι πλέον κατ' ἐνιαυτὸν δαπανῶντας, τῶν τε δικαίων μὴ ἀφίστασθαι, καὶ τὴν ἐμπορίαν φυλάττειν, καὶ τῆς πόλεως ἄξια πράττειν, ἢ καὶ ταῦτα προιεμένους καθῆσθαι. καὶ τοσοῦτον μὲν οὐδὲν ἂν οἶμαι παθεῖν τὴν πόλιν· πολλοῦ γε καὶ δεῖ· πολὺ μέντοι χαλεπώτερα ἂν εἴη τὰ ἐν τῷ παρόντι πράγματα ἢ κατ' ἐκείνην τὴν τοσαύτην οὖσαν ἀπορίαν, εἰ τὰ τότε κατερρᾳθυμημένα νῦν ἀναλαβεῖν ἐπιχειροῖμεν.*

G. W. B.

IF at any time you are induced by policy, or impelled by nature, to commit an action more ungenerous or more dishonest than usual; if at any time you shall have brought the country into worse disgrace or under more imminent danger; talk and look bravely: swear, threaten, bluster: be witty, be pious: sneer, scoff: look infirm, look gouty: appeal to immortal God that you desire to remain in office so long only as you can be beneficial to your king and country: that however, at such a time as the present, you should be reluctant to leave the most flourishing of nations a prey to the wild passions of insatiate demagogues: and that nothing but the commands of your venerable sovran, and the unequivocal voice of the people that recommended you to his notice, shall ever make you desert the station to which the hand of Providence conducted you. They have keen eyes who can see through all these words: I have never found any such, and have tried thousands.

LANDOR.

ΗΝ δὲ ὑφηγουμένων ποτὲ τῶν πραγμάτων ἢ διὰ φύσεως οἰκείαν ὁρμὴν ἀνελεύθερόν τι μᾶλλον ἢ ἄδικον πράττῃς τῶν εἰθισμένων, εἴτ' αἰσχύνῃ τὴν πόλιν ἔτι μείζονι περιβάλῃς ἢ μείζον' εἰς κίνδυνον καταστήσῃς, οὐ χαλεπὸν ἔσται κἀκ τούτων μὴ σφαλῆναι. δεῖ γὰρ θαρραλέως ἔχειν τοῖς τε ῥήμασι καὶ τῇ ὄψει, πολλά τε θορυβοῦντα καὶ ἀπειλοῦντα καὶ καταρώμενον, πρός τε τὰ κεκομψευμένα τῶν ἐπῶν τρεπόμενον ἔστι δ' ὅτε καὶ πρὸς δόκησιν εὐσεβείας· καταγελῶντα, χλευάζοντα· προσποιούμενον ἀρρωστεῖν ἢ νοσεῖν, εἰ τύχοι, τοὺς πόδας· τούς τε θεοὺς μαρτυρόμενον ὅτι μέχρι τοσούτου ἐπιθυμεῖς ἐν ἀρχῇ εἶναι, ἐφ' ὅσον ἂν ὠφέλιμος ᾖς τῇ πόλει καὶ τῷ βασιλεῖ· οὐ μέντοι ἡδέως γε ὡς ἐν τῷ παρόντι πόλιν τὴν μάλιστ' εὐδαιμονοῦσαν ἂν προέσθαι τῇ τῶν δημαγωγούντων μανίᾳ καὶ ἀπληστίᾳ ἐνακολασταίνειν· τῆς τε τάξεως ἣν μετὰ θεῶν ἔχεις τότε δὴ παραχωρήσειν ὅταν κελεύῃ τε ταῦτα ὁ γεραιὸς βασιλεὺς καὶ δοκῇ ἀναμφισβητήτως τῷ σε προξενήσαντι παρ' αὐτὸν δήμῳ, πρότερον δ' οὔ. δεῖ γὰρ ὀξύτερον βλέπειν τοῦ Λυγκέως τὸν τοσαύτῃ κατασκευῇ μὴ φενακισθησόμενον· μυρίων γοῦν πειρασάμενος ἔγωγε τοιοῦτον οὐχ εὗρον οὔπω οὐδένα.

F. J. H. J.

WHERE is the man that ever before dared to mention the practice of all the villains, of all the notorious depredators, as his justification? To gather up, and put it all into one code, and call it the duty of a British governor? I believe so audacious a thing was never before attempted by man. "He had arbitrary power." My lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him. The king has no arbitrary power to give. Neither your lordships, nor the Commons, nor the whole legislature, have arbitrary power to give. Arbitrary power is a thing which no man can give.

My lords, Mr Hastings claims an acquittal at your hands; Mr Hastings is to have the advantage of counsel. God forbid he should not have them! but, then, the people under him are to have none of those advantages. How can any man dare to say, that the people below are to have no laws, no rights? I now declare, that as no government ever had arbitrary power, it cannot delegate that power to any person under it, so as not to leave him accountable upon the principles on which it was given.....

My lords, I say, that Mr Hastings has no refuge—let him run from law to law; let him fly from the sacred institutions of the country in which he was born; let him fly from acts of parliament; let him do all this, still the Mahomedan law condemns him; law, thank God, meets him every where—arbitrary power cannot secure him against law; and I would as soon have him tried on the Koran, or any other eastern code of laws, as on the common law of this kingdom.

BURKE.

ΤΙΣ γὰρ πρότερόν γε τούτου πώποτ' ἐτόλμησε τὰ τῶν κακούργων πάντων τὰ τῶν ἐπισήμων τυράννων ἀδικήματα προϊσχόμενος οὕτως ἀπολογεῖσθαι; καὶ δὴ καὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα συλλεξάμενος ὡς νόμον δή τινα καὶ τὸ καθῆκον τοῖς Ἀγγλικοῖς ὑπάρχοις ὀνομάζειν αὐτά—οἷον οὐδ' ἐπῄει πρότερον οὐδενὶ ἀνθρώπων οὕτως ἀναιδῶς ποιεῖν. ἀλλὰ νὴ Δία ἀρχήν τιν' ἀνυπεύθυνον ἦρχεν. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔχουσι τὴν τοιαύτην γε ἐπιτρέπειν, οὔθ' ἡ συντέλεια ἐκείνη οὔθ' ὁ βασιλεύς, οὔθ' ὑμεῖς αὐτοί, ὦ ἄνδρες βουλευταί, οὔθ' ὁ δῆμος, οὔτε σύμπασα ἡ πόλις, οὐ γὰρ δύναται τό γε τοιοῦτον ἐπιτρέπειν οὐδεὶς ἀνθρώπων.

Οὗτος μὲν οὖν ἀξιοῖ παρ' ὑμῖν ἀποφεύγειν. ἀξιοῖ δὲ καὶ ἔχειν σύνδικον ὑπὲρ αὑτοῦ λέγειν. καὶ μὴ γένοιτό ποτε, ὦ θεοί, τὸ μὴ καὶ τοῦτον ἔχειν τῷ τοιούτῳ χρῆσθαι. τοῖς δ' ἄρα ὑπηκόοις οὐ χρὴ ὁμοίως τὰ αὐτὰ ταῦτα ὑπάρχειν. καὶ πῶς τίς ἂν εἴη οὕτως ἀναιδὴς ὥστε λέγειν τοὺς ὑπηκόους ταῦτα τὰ δίκαια καὶ τὰ τῶν νόμων ἀφαιρεῖσθαι δεῖν; οὐ μὰ Δία, πολλοῦ γε καὶ δεῖ, ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐκ εἶχε πώποτε οὐδεμία πόλις ἀρχὴν τοιαύτην, οὐχ οἵα τε ἐπιτρέπειν οὐδ' ἄλλῳ τινί, ὥστε μὴ ὑπεύθυνον αὐτὸν εἶναι, ἐφ' οἷσπερ παρεδόθη ἡ ἀρχή.

Ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔχει καταφυγὴν οὐδεμίαν οὗτος, οὐδ' εἰ τοὺς ἱεροὺς τῆς πατρίδος καὶ τῶν προγόνων ἑαυτοῦ θεσμοὺς καὶ τὰ τῆς ἐκκλησίας ψηφίσματα διαδὺς ἐπ' ἄλλον ἐξ ἄλλου παραδραμεῖται νόμον. καταγνώσονται αὐτοῦ καὶ οἱ τῶν βαρβάρων νόμοι· πανταχοῦ δὲ ἀπαντήσει αὐτῷ ἐκ θείας τινὸς προνοίας ὁ νόμος· οὐδ' ἀρκέσει τὸ δὴ ἀνυπεύθυνον ἐπιτετράφθαι ἀρχήν· ἐπεὶ ἔμοιγε οὐδὲν διαφέρει εἴτε καθ' ἡμετέρους εἴτε κατὰ τοὺς Ἰνδικοὺς ἢ καθ' οἵους δήποτε νόμους δικάσεται.

J. E. N.

FOR that service, for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in her interest in the British constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government;—they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly.

BURKE.

ΤΑΥΤΑ *μέντοι, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, καὶ ἄν τι ἄλλο δέῃ προσόδων τε πέρι καὶ ἐμποριῶν καὶ συμπάσης τῆς ἀρχῆς, μετέχοντάς γε ὑμῖν αὐτοὺς τῆς πολιτείας ὑπηρετήσειν πέπεισμαι. δι' ἃ γὰρ στέρξουσιν ἡμᾶς εἰκότως οἱ ἄποικοι ταῦτ' ἐστί· τό τε γένος ἔχουσι κοινῇ, καὶ τῶν ὀνομάτων τὰ πλεῖστα, καὶ ἐπ' ἴσοις καὶ ὁμοίοις τῇ τῶν νόμων ὠφελείᾳ χρῆσθαι. καὶ ἕως μὲν ἂν δόξῃ αὐτοῖς οἰκεῖ' ἄττα εἶναι καὶ ὅμοια τό θ' ὑφ' ὑμῶν ἄρχεσθαι καὶ τὸ ἐλευθερίᾳ χρῆσθαι, αὐτοὶ ὑμῶν ἕξονται ἐπιλαβόμενοι, καὶ πρὸς οὐδενὸς οὐδέποτε ἀποστήσονται, οὐδ' ἂν ὁτιοῦν βιάσηται. ἐὰν δ' αὖ ποτὲ κἀκεῖνο ὑπολάβωσιν ἄλλο μὲν εἶναι τὴν ὑμετέραν ἀρχὴν ἄλλο δὲ τὰ πρὸς ἑαυτῶν δίκαια, ἐνδέχεσθαι δὲ ταῦτα καὶ μηδὲν ἐκείνῃ προσήκειν, λέλυται δὴ τῶν συνηρτημένων τὰ ἄρθρα, διαπεσόντα δ' ἂν ἤδη ἅπαντα ἐκφθαρείη. ὑμεῖς δ' ἕως ἂν σωφρόνως βουλευόμενοι τὴν μητρόπολιν ταῖς ἀποικίαις παρέχητε Ἐλευθερίας ἱερόν, καὶ κοινὸν κοινῆς τῆς θεοῦ τοῖς ἀμφοτέροις τέμενος, ἐπὶ τοσοῦτον καὶ τῶν τῆς πόλεως ἐκγόνων οἱ κατ' ἀρετὴν ἐξαίρετοι, θεραπεύοντες τῆς γῆς ὁπουδήποτε τὴν Ἐλευθερίαν, πρὸς ὑμᾶς ἀποβλέψουσι τετραμμένοι. ὅσῳ γὰρ ἂν μᾶλλον ἐπιδιδῶσι τοσούτῳ πλείους ὑμῖν ἔσονται φίλοι, καὶ τῆς Ἐλευθερίας ὅσῳ μᾶλλον ἐρασθήσονται τοσούτῳ καὶ ὑμῶν ὑπακούσονται προθυμότερον. τὸ γὰρ δουλεύειν πρόχειρόν τι πανταχοῦ, καὶ ἐκ χώρας, ὥσπερ τὰ φαῦλα τῶν φυτῶν, οὐδεμιᾶς ἥστινος οὐκ ἐκφυόμενον. οἵ τε γὰρ Ἴβηρες αὐτὸ παρέξονται καὶ οἱ Τεύτονες. τὴν δὲ ἐλευθερίαν, εἰ μὴ πάντως δὴ ἀμελήσετε τοῦ ὡς ἀληθῶς συμφέροντος ὑμῖν καὶ τοῦ κατὰ φύσιν ἀξίου, παρ' οὐδενὸς ἂν ἄλλου εὑρίσκοιντο ἢ παρ' ὑμῶν. ἐπεὶ τούτου ὑμεῖς ἀπὸ τοῦ τιμιωτάτου ἐμπορεύματος μόνοι ἐστὲ δίκαιοι ἀποκερδαίνειν.*

H. C. G.

"YOUR troops," said I, "are most of them old decayed serving men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and," said I, "their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons and persons of quality; do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen, that have honour and courage and resolution in them?" Truly I did represent to him in this manner conscientiously; and truly I did tell him: "You must get men of a spirit: and take it not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go:—or else you will be beaten still." I told him so; I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Truly I told him I could *do* somewhat. I did so,—'did this somewhat:' and truly I must needs say this to you, 'The result was,'—impute it to what you please,—I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually. And truly this is a matter of praise to God:—and it hath some instruction in it, To own men who are religious and godly.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

ΜΕΤ' ἐκείνων γὰρ εἶπον στρατεύειν, ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πολύ, δούλων τοὺς ὑπὸ γήρως ἀχρείους γενομένους, τοὺς δὲ εἰς τὰ καπηλεῖα φοιτῶντας, καὶ τῶν τοιούτων συρφετόν. ἐκ δε τοὐναντίου ὑπάρχειν καλοὺς κἀγαθοὺς τὸ γένος, ἡλικίᾳ τε καὶ ἀξιώματι ἀκμάζοντας. οὔκουν εἰκὸς τούς γε φορτικὰ καὶ ταπεινὰ οὕτω φρονοῦντας πρὸς εὐγενεῖς ἂν τοὺς ἐπιόντας, ἐλευθέρῳ γε καὶ νεανικῷ φρονήματι θαρροῦντας, ἐξ ἀντιπάλου ἀνθίστασθαι. καὶ ταῦτ' εἶπον κατὰ τὸ δίκαιον καὶ τὸ ἐμαυτῷ δοκοῦν, ἰσχυριζόμενος ὡς δεῖ φρονήματι διαφέροντας τοὺς στρατιώτας καταλέγειν—καὶ οὐδένα ἠξίουν χαλεπαίνειν ἐπὶ τοῖς λόγοις, οὐδὲ γὰρ μέλλειν κατὰ τὸ εἰκός,—ἀνάγκη γὰρ τοὺς μετ' αὐτῶν φρονήματι μηδὲν ἧττον ἢ τοὺς καλοὺς κἀγαθοὺς ἐκείνους προθυμεῖσθαι· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐδὲν ἂν μᾶλλον περιγενέσθαι. καὶ ταῦτα, νὴ Δία, ἰσχυρισάμην πρὸς αὐτὸν διαλεγόμενος. ὁ δὲ φρόνιμος καὶ μέτριος ὢν συμφέροντα μὲν εἶναι ἐνόμιζε τὰ ὑπ' ἐμοῦ εἰρημένα, γενέσθαι δὲ ἴσως ἀδύνατα. καὶ ὑποστὰς αὐτῷ νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς ταῦτ' ἂν ἔργῳ κατὰ μέρος ἐπεξελθεῖν, ἐπὶ τοσοῦτον δὴ ἐπεξῆλθον ὥστε ἀνάγκη πρὸς ὑμᾶς τά γε ἀποβαίνοντα, ἀφ' ἡστινοσοῦν αἰτίας ἐγένετο, ἐξηγεῖσθαι. εὐσεβοῦντας γὰρ τοὺς στρατιώτας κατέλεγον καὶ ὅσια πράττοντας, οἵτινες τοὐντεῦθεν ἤδη ἀήττητοι ἐγένοντο, τοῦτο γὰρ ὑμᾶς δεῖ μαθεῖν, καὶ πανταχοῦ δὴ τοῖς πολεμίοις προσμίξαντες οὐδαμοῦ ὅπου οὐκ ἀπέκρουον. ἀνθ' ὧν καὶ θεοῖς χάριν ἰστέον, καὶ ἐπιμελητέον, ὡς μάλιστα, ὅπως τοιοῦτοι ἔσονται οἱ συστρατευόμενοι.

H. C. G.

SO much, Sir, as to this bill; and now let me add a few words about those by whom it has been framed and introduced. We were exhorted, on the first night of this debate, to vote against the bill, without enquiring into its merits, on the ground that good or bad it was proposed by men who could not honestly and honourably propose it. In these circumstances, Sir, I must, not I hope from party spirit, not I am sure from personal animosity, but from a regard for the public interest, which must be injuriously affected by everything which tends to lower the character of public men, say plainly what I think of the conduct of Her Majesty's Ministers. Undoubtedly it is of the highest importance that we should legislate well. But it is also of the highest importance that those who govern us should have, and should be known to have, fixed principles, and should be guided by those principles both in office and in opposition. I need not I suppose waste time in proving that a law may be in itself an exceedingly good law, and yet that it may be a law which when viewed in connexion with the former conduct of those who proposed it, may prove them to be undeserving of the confidence of the country. When this is the case our course is clear. We ought to distinguish between the law, and its authors. The law we ought, on account of its intrinsic merits, to support. Of the authors of the law it may be our duty to speak in terms of censure.

MACAULAY.

ΠΕΡΙ *μὲν τοίνυν αὐτοῦ τοῦ ψηφίσματος, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, ταῦτ' ἐστί. οἵων δὲ γραψάντων καὶ εἰσφερόντων περὶ αὐτοῦ ψηφιεῖσθε, βούλομαι ἤδη μικρὰ πρὸς ὑμᾶς εἰπεῖν. ἔνιοι μὲν γὰρ τῇ προτέρᾳ ἐκκλησίᾳ ἰσχυρίσαντο ὡς δεῖ, εἴτε χρήσιμόν ἐστιν εἴτε μή, μηδὲν διερευνῶντας ἀποψηφίσασθαι, ἐνθυμουμένους γε, μηδ' εἰ πάνυ χρήσιμόν ἐστι, τούς γε τοιούτους ἐνδέχεσθαι δικαίως καὶ καθαρῶς εἰσφέρειν. ταῦτα δὲ σκοπουμένῳ ἀνάγκη μοι περὶ τῶν τοῖς ἐν τέλει πεπολιτευμένων φανερῶς τὴν γνώμην ἀποφαίνεσθαι. κοὐκ ἐμαυτῷ δοκῶ περὶ τὰ κοινὰ φιλονικῶν λέγειν, οὐδ' ἰδίᾳ πρός τινα, οὐ μὰ τὸν Δία, ἀπεχθανόμενος, ἀλλὰ τὰ τῆς πόλεως προθυμούμενος ἥτις ἐκ τοῦ τοιούτου μάλιστα σφάλλεται ὅταν τὸ ἀξίωμα ἐλαττωθῶσιν οἱ προεστῶτες. τὸ μὲν οὖν τοὺς νόμους εὖ θέσθαι νομίζων τίς τι τῶν μάλιστα διαφερόντων, καὶ μάλ' ὀρθῶς ἂν νομίζοι. ἐκεῖνο μέντοι οὐχ ἧττον διαφέρει, λέγω δὲ τὸ φανεροὺς γενέσθαι τοὺς ἐν τέλει κατὰ προαίρεσίν τινα καὶ οὐκ εἰκῇ πολιτευομένους, οὐ μόνον ὅταν αὐτοὶ ἐν ἀρχαῖς ὦσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῖς ἄρχουσιν ἐναντία πράττοντας. καὶ οὐκ οἶμαι δεῖν πολλοὺς λόγους ἀναλῶσαι ἀποδεικνύντα τοῦθ', ὡς νόμος μέν, ἔσθ' ὅτε, αὐτὸς καθ' αὑτὸν κάλλιστ' ἂν ἔχειν δοκοῖ, εἰ δέ τις τοὺς γράψαντας σκέψαιτο, οἷοι ὄντες τὸ πρὶν οἷον νῦν τὸν νόμον γράφουσιν, οὐκ ἂν ἴσως ἀξιοῖ τοῖς γε τοιούτοις τὰ κοινὰ ἐπιτρέψαι. κἂν τῷ τοιούτῳ γενομένους πῶς οὐ χρὴ τὸν νόμον ἀπὸ τῶν εἰσηγουμένων διαιροῦντας σκοπεῖν; τῷ μὲν γάρ, εἴ τι συμφέρον ἐνυπάρχει, βοηθητέον, τοῖς δὲ ἴσως ἂν δέοι ἐπιτιμῆσαι.*

H. C. G.

YOU are in spite of yourselves sovereigns and must be guided by those rules which the wisdom of the world has applied to the government of empires. I have heard much of the vicious consequences of the spirit of ambition and aggrandisement which has sullied our character. I have heard, I say, much of this, but have seen nothing either of the vicious consequences or imaginary causes. That our power, reputation, glory have been aggrandised, I cannot deny. They have been proudly and nobly aggrandised. I have also heard much of a charming notion of keeping our place in India and our tranquillity by a new system of generosity, moderation and innocence. This system, literally pursued, would be to give away as much as we can, to keep as little as we can and to be as weak as we can. This is nonsense. To trust for tranquillity, not to our power and influence, but to our moderation and innocence, is pretty in theory, but would be very foolish in practice. For our security we must rest upon our strength. Leave us as we are, but do not by false and new doctrines diminish the strength which we possess.

METCALFE.

ΤΜΑΣ τοίνυν ὥσπερ τυραννίδα τὴν ἀρχὴν ἀκουσίως ἔχοντας πολλὴ ἀνάγκη ἐστὶν ἐνθυμεῖσθαι ἃ οἱ συνετοὶ περὶ τοιούτων παραινοῦσιν. ἀλλὰ νὴ Δία ἡ φιλοτιμία καὶ πλεονεξία ἡμᾶς διαφθείρει· καὶ γὰρ οὐκ ὀλίγοι εἰσὶν οἱ τοῦτο λέγοντες. ἀλλ' ἔγωγε οὐδεπώποτε ἑόρακα οὔτε τὴν θρυλουμένην ἐκείνην διαφθορὰν οὔτε ἐξ ὧν δῆθεν γίγνεται. οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ ἡ δύναμις τῆς πόλεως καὶ τὸ ἀξίωμα πολὺ ἐπιδεδώκασι. καὶ ταῦτα καλῶς γε καὶ μεγαλοπρεπῶς. καὶ μὴν καὶ χαρίεν τι πολλοὶ ἐννοοῦνται, ὡς ἄρα καινῷ τινὶ τρόπῳ τὸ ἐπιεικὲς καὶ τὸ εὔηθες ἐπιτηδεύοντες τήν τε ἐκεῖ ἀρχὴν καὶ τὸ ἐνθάδε ἥσυχον διασώσομεν. οὕτω δή, ὡς ἁπλῶς λαβεῖν, τὸ μὲν πλεῖστον προϊέμενοι τὸ δὲ ἀναγκαιότατον κατέχοντες αὐτοὶ ὡς ἀσθενέστατοι ἂν γιγνοίμεθα. ὃ πῶς οὐκ ἀτοπώτατον; τὴν γὰρ ἡσυχίαν οὐ τῷ ἰσχυρῷ καὶ τῷ ἀξιώματι ἡμῶν ἀλλὰ ἐπιεικείᾳ καὶ εὐηθείᾳ ἐπιτρέπειν λόγῳ μὲν εὐπρεπὲς ἔργῳ δὲ ἀνοίας ὑπερβολή. ἀσφαλείας γὰρ ἐφιεμένοις ἄλλο τι ἢ τὸ ἰσχυρὸν ἀξιόπιστον; ἐᾶτε οὖν ἡμᾶς ὡς ἔχομεν, μηδὲ ψευδῆ καὶ ἄτοπα φιλοσοφοῦντες τὰ ἤδη ὑπάρχοντα ἐλαττοῦτε.

G. M. E.

IT seems, a man of the name of M'Guire was prosecuted for some offence against the state. Mr Hevey, the plaintiff, by accident was in court; he was then a citizen of wealth and credit, a brewer in the first line of that business. Unfortunately for him, he had heretofore employed the witness for the prosecution, and found him a man of infamous character. Unfortunately for himself, he mentioned this circumstance in court. The counsel for the prisoner insisted on his being sworn; he was so. The jury were convinced, that no credit was due to the witness for the crown; and the prisoner was accordingly acquitted. In a day or two after, Major Sirr met the plaintiff in the street, asked how he dared to interfere in his business? and swore by God he would teach him how to meddle with "his people."

Gentlemen, there are two sorts of prophets, one that derives its source from real or fancied inspiration, and who are sometimes mistaken. But there is another class, who prophesy what they are determined to bring about themselves. Of this second, and by far the most authentic class, was the major; for heaven you see has no monopoly of prediction. On the following evening, poor Hevey was dogged in the dark into some lonely alley; there he was seized, he knew not by whom, nor by what authority—and became in a moment, to his family, and his friends, as if he had never been. He was carried away in equal ignorance of his crime, and of his destiny; whether to be tortured, or hanged, or transported. His crime he soon learned; it was the treason which he had committed against the majesty of Major Sirr.

CURRAN.

ΗΝ τοίνυν, ὦ ἄνδρες δικασταί, Μαγείριός τις ὃς ἐν τῷ τότε χρόνῳ ὡς ἐγὼ πυνθάνομαι δημοσίαν τινὰ γραφὴν ἔφευγε. τούτου οὖν κρινομένου, συνέβη καὶ τῷ Στράτωνι τῷ νυνὶ δικαζομένῳ παρεῖναι, πολίτῃ ὄντι τότε ἄλλως τε ἀγαθῷ καὶ πλουσίῳ καὶ τῶν οἰνοπωλῶν ἐν τοῖς πρώτοις ἐξεταζομένῳ. ὁ μὲν οὖν καταλαβὼν ἐκεῖ, οὐ πάνυ εὐτυχῶς τὸ ἐπ' ἐκεῖνον, μαρτυροῦντα τῷ συνηγόρῳ ἄνθρωπόν τινα, ὃν καὶ πρότερον μισθωσάμενος κάκιστον εὗρεν ὄντα, ἠτύχησε καὶ αὐτὸς ὥστε αὐτόθι παραχρῆμα περὶ τοῦ πράγματος μνησθῆναι· ὁ δὲ σύνδικος ὁ ὑπὲρ τοῦ φεύγοντος εὐθὺς ἐνέκειτο κελεύων ὀμόσαντα ταῦτα μαρτυρεῖν· τέλος δὲ μαρτυρήσαντος αὐτοῦ πεισθέντες οἱ δικασταὶ ὡς ἄπιστος εἴη ὁ πρότερον μαρτυρήσας, εὐθὺς ἀπέγνωσαν τὴν γραφήν· διαγενομένων δὲ δύο ἢ τριῶν ἡμερῶν ὁ Μειδίας οὑτοσὶ ἐντυχών που ἐν τῇ ὁδῷ τῷ Στράτωνι ἤρετο ὅ τι φρονῶν τολμῴη ἀλλοτρίοις ἀπαντᾶν ἀγῶσιν, ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ χαίρων, ἔφη, οὐ μὰ πάντας τοὺς θεοὺς τοῖς περὶ ἐμὲ ἐνοχλήσειν μέλλεις.

Ἐμοὶ μὲν οὖν δοκεῖ, ὦ ἄνδρες δικασταί, τῶν τὰ μέλλοντα προλεγόντων δύ' ἄττα εἶναι γένη· ἕτερον μὲν τῶν ἐκ θείας τινὸς ἐπιπνοίας εἴτ' ἀληθῶς εἴτ' οὖν ἄλλως ὁρμᾶσθαι δοκούντων, καὶ ἔστιν ὅτε ψευδομένων, ἕτερον δὲ τῶν οὐδὲν ἄλλο μαντευομένων ἢ ἅπερ αὐτοῖς ἤδη τελέσασθαι προδέδοκται, τούτων δέ, παρὰ πολὺ πιστοτέρων ὄντων, φαίνεται ὢν ὁ Μειδίας, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τοῖς θεοῖς μόνοις ἐξαίρετόν ἐστι τὰ τοιαῦτα προλέγειν. τῇ δ' οὖν ὑστεραίᾳ ἑσπέρας οὔσης καὶ σκότους, τὸν Στράτωνα παρακολουθήσαντες ἄνθρωποι ἄδηλοι οἵτινες καὶ ὅτου κελεύοντος συνέλαβον ἐν ἐρήμῳ τινὶ χωρίῳ· καὶ εὐθὺς ὁ ταλαίπωρος ἀπὸ συγγενῶν καὶ φίλων ἀφανισθεὶς ᾤχετο, ὡσπερανεὶ μηδ' ἀρχὴν ἦν γεγονώς. τὸ μὲν οὖν πρῶτον οὐδὲν εἰδὼς ἀπήχθη, τί ἠδικηκὼς τίνα δίκην δώσει· οὐ πολὺ μέντοι ὕστερον τοσοῦτό γε ἐπύθετο ὅτι περὶ τὸν Μειδίαν τὸν σεμνὸν τουτονὶ ἠσεβηκὼς εἴη.

J. E. N.

BUT the dispute is a proper matter for arbitration. I assure you, gentlemen, my client would willingly have submitted the case to any competent person, had the defendant been willing. Nay, I shall prove to you that more than once he proposed to his lordship the name of Mr Stephen and others whom their reputation pointed out as proper arbitrators in such a case. As he knew it was impossible to refuse without damaging his case in a subsequent action, his lordship was at first inclined to consent, but as often as the time drew near, instead of appearing he sent some paltry excuse that he was ill or called away by parliamentary duties. My client, he presumed, would shrink from bringing the case into court through fear of his influence and wealth. But surely, gentlemen, his lordship has forgotten the age in which he lives, if he claims that it is in his power, or any other nobleman's power, to monopolise a stream which has been used by the plaintiff's family for more than a century, and to close a mill which has not only provided employment for the poor around but has been an acknowledged benefit to the whole country.

ERSKINE.

ΑΛΛΑ *νὴ Δία ἐπιτήδειόν ἐστι τὸ πρᾶγμα ἐπιτρέψαι διαιτητῇ. ἐκεῖνο τοίνυν δεῖ μαθεῖν ὑμᾶς, ὦ ἄνδρες δικασταί, ὡς ἐμοῦ βουλομένου ὁτῳδήποτε τῶν γ' ἐμπείρων ἐπιτρέπειν οὐκ ἐγένεθ' ἡ δίαιτα διὰ τὸ μὴ βουληθῆναι τουτονί. καὶ δὴ καὶ μάρτυρας ὑμῖν παρέξομαι ὡς ἐγὼ μὲν οὐχ ἅπαξ μόνον ἐκέλευον αὐτὸν ἢ Στεφάνῳ ἐπιτρέπειν ἢ ἄλλῳ τινὶ ὧν προὐβαλόμην καὶ πάντες ἂν ὡμολόγουν αὐτοὺς ἱκανώτατους εἶναι τοιοῦτόν τι διαιτᾶν· ὁ δέ, ἅτ' εὖ εἰδὼς ὡς, εἰ φανήσεται μὴ θελήσας, χεῖρον ἤδη ἐν ὑμῖν ἀγωνιεῖται, τὸ μὲν πρῶτον ἕτοιμος ἦν ὕστερον δὲ μεταγνούς, ὁπόθ' ἡ σύνοδος γίγνοιτο, οὐκ ἀπήντα, φαῦλ' ἄττα σκηπτόμενος ἢ ἀρρωστεῖν ἢ βουλεύων ἀπεῖναι. ᾠήθη γὰρ δήπου οὐκ ἂν ἐμὲ τολμῆσαι εἰς ὑμᾶς εἰσιέναι τὸν πλοῦτον αὐτοῦ καταδείσαντα καὶ τὰς παρασκευάς· καίτοι, ὡς ἔοικε, λέληθεν αὑτὸν ἐν δημοκρατίᾳ πολιτευόμενος, εἴπερ οἴεται δεῖν ἢ αὐτῷ ἢ ἄλλῳ τινὶ τῶν εὐγενεστέρων ἐξεῖναι ῥεῖθρον μέν, ᾧπερ ἡμεῖς τε καὶ οἱ πατέρες πλεῖν ἢ ἑκατὸν ἔτη χρώμενοι διατελοῦμεν, ἐξιδιώσασθαι, ἐργαστήριον δὲ κλῆσαι, ὅθεν οἱ μὲν πένητες τῶν περιοικούντων βίον ἐπορίζοντο κοινῇ δὲ πᾶσι τοῖς πολίταις μεγίστη γέγονεν ὁμολογουμένως ὠφέλεια.*

J. D. D.

THUS he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly: for, besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oft times when he lift up his foot to set forward, he knew not where, nor upon what he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley, I perceived the mouth of Hell to be, and it stood also hard by the way side: Now, thought *Christian*, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoak would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises, (things that cared not for *Christians* sword, as did *Apollyon* before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon called *All-prayer*. Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices, and rushings too and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or troden down like mire in the Streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together: and coming to a place, where he thought he heard a company of *Fiends* coming forward to meet him, he stopt, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back. Then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger: and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward, so he resolved to go on.

JOHN BUNYAN.

ΚΑΙ ὁ μὲν οὕτω πως προὐχώρει, ἠσθόμην δὲ δὴ βαρύ τι ἀνενεγκαμένου· ἦν τε γὰρ τἆλλα, καθάπερ εἴπομεν, ἡ ὁδὸς ἐπισφαλής, καὶ δὴ καὶ ἐνταῦθ' ἰσχυρῶς συνεσκόταζεν, ὥστε πολλάκις αὐτῷ ξυμβαίνειν αἴροντι τὸν πόδα ὡς προβησομένῳ μηδ' εἰδέναι ἐφ' ὅ τι ποι τοὐντεῦθεν ἐπιθήσοι. περὶ μὲν οὖν τὰ μέσα τοῦ ἄγκους ἐκείνου καὶ τὸ Ταρτάρου κατεῖδον στόμιον πρὸς αὐτῇ δὴ τῇ ὁδῷ κείμενον, ἠπόρει δ' ὁ Εὐσέβιος τί ἄρα ποιῇ. θαμὰ γὰρ φλογός τε καὶ καπνοῦ τοιαύτην ἀφθονίαν ἀνίει τὸ στόμιον, ἅμα φεψάλων ἐκβολαῖς δεινῶς μυκώμενον, ὥσθ', ἅτε τῶν γε τοιουτων πᾶν τοὐναντίον τῷ Γηρυόνῃ οὐδὲν τὸ ξίφος προτιμώντων, τοῦτ' ἐάσας ἐπὶ πᾶσαν θεῶν ἱκετείαν καταφυγεῖν ἠναγκάσθη. καὶ συχνὸν δὴ χρόνον προιόντος ἀεί τ' ἂν ὠρέγοντο αἱ φλόγες αὐτοῦ, φωνῶν τε οἰκροτάτων μετὰ πολλῶν ἤκουε ῥοιβδήσεων, ὥστ' ὀρρωδεῖν ἔστιν ὅτε μὴ καὶ διαφορηθείη ἢ λανθάνοι γ' ὥσπερ πηλὸς καταπατούμενος. τοιαῦτ' οὖν ὡς οἷόν τε δεινότατα καὶ φρικωδέστατα ὁρῶν τε καὶ ἀκούων ἐπὶ πολλὰ στάδια διετέλει· τελευτῶν δ' ἐπὶ τόπον τιν' ἀφικόμενος, οὗπερ μορμόνων πολὺ πλῆθος ἐπὶ ἓ φερομένων ἔδοξεν αἰσθέσθαι, ἐπισχὼν ἤδη ἐφρόντιζε τί χρὴ ποιεῖν. καὶ τοτὲ μὲν ἐδυσωπεῖτο, ὥστε σχεδὸν ἀναστρέφεσθαι, τοτὲ δ' αὖ καὶ ἐμαντεύετο τοῦ ἄγκους ἤδη τὸ ἥμισυ διαπεπερακέναι· ἅμα δέ τι καὶ ἔθραξε πολλῶν τῶν πρὶν κινδύνων, ὧν περιεγένετο, ὑπομνῃσθέντα, μὴ καὶ ἡ ἐπάνοδος τῆς προχωρήσεως πολὺ δεινοτέρα ᾖ· ὥστ' ἐνίκησε δὴ τὸ προβαίνειν.

R. D. A. H.

IN the meantime, Alciphron and Lysicles, having dispatched what they went about, returned to us. Lysicles sat down where he had been before. But Alciphron stood over against us, with his arms folded across, and his head reclined on the left shoulder, in the posture of a man meditating. We sat silent, not to disturb his thoughts; and after two or three minutes he uttered these words—Oh truth! Oh liberty! After which he remained musing as before.

Upon this Euphranor took the freedom to interrupt him. Alciphron, said he, it is not fair to spend your time in soliloquies. The conversation of learned and knowing men is rarely to be met with in this corner, and the opportunity you have put into my hands I value too much not to make the best use of it.

Alc. Are you then in earnest a votary of truth, and is it possible you should bear the liberty of a fair inquiry?

Euph. It is what I desire of all things.

BERKELEY.

It is just this rage for consideration that has betrayed the dog into this satellite position as the friend of man. The cat, an animal of franker appetites, preserves his independence. But the dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheedled into slavery, and praised and patted into the renunciation of his nature. The number of things that a small dog does naturally is strangely small. Enjoying better spirits and not crushed under material cares, he is far more theatrical than average man. His whole life, if he be a dog of any pretension to gallantry, is spent in a vain show, and in the hot pursuit of admiration. He will do nothing plainly; but the simplest processes of our natural life will all be bent into the forms of an elaborate and mysterious etiquette.

R. L. STEVENSON.

ΤΩ δ' ἐν τούτῳ ἐφ' ἅπερ ᾠχέσθην ἀνύσαντε, Ἀλκίφρων τε καὶ Λυσικλῆς, ὑπεστρεψάτην πρὸς ἡμᾶς. καὶ ὁ μὲν Λυσικλῆς ἐκάθητο ἥπερ καὶ πρότερον· στὰς δὲ ἐναντίον ἡμῶν ὁ Ἀλκίφρων τώ τε πήχεε συμπλέξας καὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τῷ ὤμῳ ἐπικλίνας τῷ ἀριστερῷ σχῆμα εἶχε σπουδῇ πάνυ φροντίζοντος. ἡμεῖς ἄρα σιγῇ ἐκαθήμεθα, μή τι αὐτῷ πλημμελοῖμεν· ὁ δὲ χρόνον τινὰ ἐπισχὼν τοιάδ' ἐφώνησε· Φεῦ τῆς ἀληθείας, φεῦ τῆς ἐλευθερίας· τοσαῦτα δ' εἰπὼν ταῖς αὐταῖς πάλιν φροντίσι προσέκειτο. ἐνταῦθα δή τι ἀποτολμήσας ὁ Εὐφράνωρ, Οὐ καλῶς γε σὺ ποιῶν, ἦ δ' ὅς, ὦ Ἄλκιφρον, αὐτὸς πρὸς σεαυτὸν οὕτωσὶ διαλέγει ἔχων. ἐπεὶ σπανίας τοι ὡς ἐν τῷ τοιῷδε μυχῷ τῆς τῶν σοφῶν τε καὶ ἐπιστημόνων τι ξυνουσίας ἀπολαύομεν· νῦν οὖν, ἐπειδὴ σύ μοι παρέσχες, οὐδενὸς ἂν ἀποδοίμην μὴ οὐχὶ παντὶ τρόπῳ ἀποχρήσασθαι. Σὺ γὰρ οὕτως εἶ πρόθυμος καὶ φιλαλήθης, ἦ δ' ὅς, ὦ Εὔφρανορ, ὁ Ἀλκίφρων, ὥστε μηδ' ἀποκνεῖν λόγον ἐξ ἴσου διδούς τε καὶ δεχόμενος; Τούτου μὲν οὖν, ἔφη, παντὸς μᾶλλον ἐπιθυμητής τίς εἰμι.

R. D. A. H.

ΚΑΙ δὴ καὶ τοῦ τιμᾶσθαι σφόδρα ὀρεγόμενος λέληθεν αὑτὸν ὁ κύων ἀκόλουθός τε καὶ φίλος τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ γεγενημένος. ὁ μὲν γὰρ αἴλουρος κατὰ πάθος μᾶλλον ζῶν ἔτι αὐτόνομος ὢν διάγει, οὗτος δέ, εἰς τοὺς θεατὰς ἀεί πως παραβλέπων, θεραπευόμενος δεδούλωται, ὑπ' ἐπαίνων δὲ καὶ ὑποκορισμάτων τινῶν ἐκ τῆς οἰκείας φύσεως ἐξέστηκε. θαυμασίως δ' οὖν ὡς ὀλίγα κατὰ φύσιν πράττει τὸ κυνίδιον· τοῦ γὰρ ἐπιτυχόντος ἀνθρώπου εὐθυμότερον πεφυκός, τὰ δὲ περὶ τὴν τροφὴν μετ' εὐμαρείας μᾶλλον φέρον, πολλῷ πλείω ὑποκρίνεται· ἂν δέ γε βούληται ἀστεῖον εἶναι δοκεῖν, παρὰ πάντα τὸν βίον μάτην τε ἐπιδείκνυται καὶ ἔπαινον θηρεύει. ἀτεχνῶς γὰρ οὐδὲν κατὰ τὸ εὐθὺ πράττει, ἀλλὰ ὅσα τοῦ καθ' ἡμέραν βίου ἔχεται, ἁπλᾶ ὄντα καθ' αὑτά, οὕτω κομψεύεται ὥστε ποικίλον τι καὶ σεμνὸν ταῦτα νενομίσθαι.

S. H. B.

THERE, my dear, cries Booth, I knew what opinion the doctor would be of. Nay, I am certain there is not a wise man in the kingdom who would say otherwise.

Don't abuse me, young gentleman, said the doctor, with appellations I don't deserve.

I abuse you, my dear doctor? cries Booth.

Yes, my dear sir, answered the doctor; you insinuated slyly that I was wise, which, as the world understands the phrase, I should be ashamed of; and my comfort is that no one can justly accuse me of it: I have just given an instance of the contrary, by throwing away my advice.

I hope, sir, cries Booth, that will not be the case.

Yes, sir, answered the doctor, I know it will be the case in the present instance; for either you will not go at all, or my little turtle here will go with you.

You are in the right, doctor, cries Amelia.

I am sorry for it, said the doctor, for then, I assure you, you are in the wrong.

Indeed, cries Amelia, if you knew all my reasons, you would say they are very strong ones.

Very probably, cries the doctor, the knowledge that they are in the wrong, is a very strong reason to some women to continue so.

Nay, doctor, cries Amelia, you shall never persuade me of that. I will not believe that any human being ever did an action merely because they knew it to be wrong.

I am obliged to you, my dear child, said the doctor, for declaring your resolution of not being persuaded. Your husband would never call me a wise man again, if, after that declaration, I should attempt to persuade you.

Well, I must be content, cries Amelia, to let you think as you please.

FIELDING. *Amelia.*

ΒΟΗΘΟΣ. ΚΡΙΤΩΝ. ΑΜΕΛΙΑ.

ΒΟ. Εἶεν, ὦ δαιμονία· ταῦτ' ἐγὼ καὶ πάλαι ἠπιστάμην φήσοντα Κρίτωνα τονδί· ὥσπερ οὐδ' ἂν εἰκὸς εὖ οἶδ' ὅτι οὐδένα τῶν εὖ φρονούντων παρ' ἡμῖν ἄλλ' ἄττ' ἀντειπεῖν.

ΚΡ. Μή με διαβάλῃς, ὦ παῖ, προσρήσεσι ταῖς μηδέν μοι ἁρμοττούσαις προσαγορεύων.

ΒΟ. Πῶς λέγεις, ὦ γενναῖε; ἆρ' ὡς ἔμουγε σὲ διαβάλλοντος;

ΚΡ. Πῶς γὰρ οὐχί; ὅστις μάλ' ἀστείως ἠνίξω ὡς φρόνιμός τίς εἰμι· ἐπεὶ τήν γ' ὑπὸ τῶν πολλῶν φρόνησιν δοξαζομένην ἔγωγε κἂν ἐπαισχυνθείην φρονῶν· ἀγαπῶ μέντοι ὡς οὐδ' ἂν ὑφ' ἑνὸς δικαίως ἂν τοῦτο κατηγορούμενος. αὐτίκα γὰρ ἀποβολὴν νῦν δὴ ποιησάμενος τῆς ξυμβουλεύσεως πᾶν τοὐναντίον ὑπέδειξα.

ΒΟ. Μηδαμῶς· ἴσως γὰρ οὐδὲ γένοι' ἂν ἀποβεβληκώς.

ΚΡ. Γενήσομαι μὲν οὖν νὴ Δία νυνί γε· ἢ γὰρ σὺ οὐδ' ἂν ἴοις, ἢ κἂν τὸ φιλοττάριον ἡμῖν τόδε ξυμπορεύοιτο.

ΑΜ. Τυγχάνεις γάρ, ὦ Κρίτων, ἀληθῆ λέγων.

ΚΡ. Οὐδὲν μὴν ἥδομαι τυγχάνων· σὺ γὰρ οὕτως εὖ ἴσθ' ἁμαρτάνουσα.

ΑΜ. Ἀλλ', ὦ φίλε, εἰ πάντ' ᾔδησθα, οὐ ταῖς τυχούσαις μ' ὡμολόγησας ἂν αἰτίαις χρήσασθαι.

ΚΡ. Εἰκός τοι· γυναιξὶ γὰρ ἔστιν αἷς τὸ ξυνειδέναι ἁμαρτανούσας αἰτία γίγνεται οὐχ ἡ τυχοῦσα δὴ τοῦ ἐγκαρτερεῖν τῇ ἁμαρτίᾳ.

ΑΜ. Μὰ Δί', ὦ Κρίτων, τοῦτό γε οὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως σύ με διδάξεις, ὡς ἔστιν ὅστις ἀνθρώπων χρῆμ' ὁτιδήποτ' ἔδρασε δι' αὐτὸ τοῦτο, ὅτι ξύνοιδε διημαρτημένον· οὐ γὰρ μὴ πεισθῶ γε.

ΚΡ. Ἡδεῖα εἶ, ὦ φίλη παῖ, ἥτις οὑτωσὶ ἐπαγγέλλει μηδέποτ' ἂν πεισθῆναι· σχολῇ γάρ ποτ' ἂν ὁ Βοηθὸς φρόνιμόν μ' ἔτι ἄνδρα ἀποκαλοῖ, εἰ ταῦτα προειποῦσάν σ' εἶτα μεταπεῖσαι ἐπιχειροίην.

ΑΜ. Ἀμέλει γὰρ ἀγαπητά γ' ἡμῖν ἄττ' ἄν σοι δοκῇ οἴεσθαι.

R. D. A. H.

NOW the children there are not born as the children are born in worlds nearer to the sun. For they arrive no one knows how. A maiden, walking alone, hears a cry: for even there a cry is the first utterance: and, searching about, she findeth, under an overhanging rock, or within a clump of bushes, or, it may be, betwixt grey stones on the side of a hill, or in any other sheltered and unexpected spot, a little child. This she taketh tenderly and beareth home with joy, calling out 'Mother, mother'—if so be her mother lives—'I have got a baby, I have found a child!' All the household gathers round to see;—'*Where is it? What is it like? Where did you find it?*' and such-like questions, abounding. And thereupon she relates the whole story of the discovery; for by the circumstances, such as season of the year, time of day, condition of the air, and such-like, and especially the peculiar and never repeated aspect of the heavens and earth at the time, and the nature of the place of shelter wherein it is found, is determined, or at least indicated, the nature of the child thus discovered. Therefore, at certain seasons, and in certain states of the weather, according, in part, to their own fancy, the young women go out to look for children. They generally avoid seeking them, though they cannot help sometimes finding them, in places and with circumstances uncongenial to their peculiar liking. But no sooner is a child found, than its claim for protection and nurture obliterates all feeling of choice in the matter. Chiefly, however, in the season of summer, which lasts so long, coming as it does after such long intervals; and mostly in the warm evenings about the middle of twilight; and principally in the woods and along the river banks, do the maidens go looking for children, just as children look for flowers.

GEORGE MACDONALD. *Phantastes.*

Οἱ μὲν οὖν παῖδες οἱ κατ' ἐκεῖνο τὸ ἄστρον οὐχ ὡσαύτως ἔχουσι τῆς γεννήσεως πέρι καὶ οἱ ἐν τοῖς ἡλίου ἐγγυτέρω· ἀνεφάνησαν γὰρ οὐδεὶς οἶδ' ὅπως. παρθένος οὖν μόνη περιπατοῦσα οἰμωγῆς ἤκουσε· κἀκεῖ γὰρ τὸ τοιοῦτο προοίμιον φιλεῖ γενέσθαι· περιαθρήσασα δὲ ὑπὸ κατηρεφοῦς πέτρας ἢ κατὰ θάμνον, ἐὰν δὲ τύχῃ, ἐπὶ λόφῳ καὶ πολιοῖς λίθοις κείμενον, ἢ ὅπου ἂν ᾖ ἀδόκητόν τι σκέπασμα, ἐφηῦρε νήπιον βρέφος. μαλθακῶς οὖν ἄρασα καὶ περιχαρὴς κομίσασα οἴκαδε, εἰ ἄρα ἡ μήτηρ ἔτι ζῇ, ὦ μῆτερ, ἀνακράζει, βρέφος ηὗρηκα, κέκτημαι τέκνον. ἔπειτα περιστάντες οἱ οἰκεῖοι ἅπαντες ἵν' ἴδωσι, ποῦ γάρ; ποῖόν ἐστι; πῶς δὲ καὶ ξυνέτυχες αὐτῷ; καὶ μυρία τοιαῦτ' ἀνερωτῶσιν. ἡ δ' οὖν πάντα διηγεῖται, ὅπως ἐφηύρεν· ἐπεὶ τὰ ξυμβεβηκότ' αὐτῷ, οἷον πηνίκα τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ ἢ τῆς ἡμέρας εὑρέθη, ποίαν δὲ κρᾶσιν ἔχοντος τοῦ ἀέρος, πάντων δὲ μάλιστα τὰ τοῦ τ' οὐρανοῦ καὶ τῆς γῆς, οὔτε πρότερόν πω οὔτ' ἂν εἰσαῦθις τὴν αὐτὴν ὄψιν παρασχόντα, καὶ δὴ καὶ ὁ τόπος ὅπου ἐφάνη, πάντα τὰ τοιαῦτα κύρια μὲν τάχ' ἂν οὐ γένοιτο, ξύμβολα δὲ τοῦ ἤθους τῷ παιδὶ τῷ ταύτῃ ηὑρημένῳ. οἷς ἂν οὖν χρόνοις καὶ μεθ' οἵας ἂν εὐημερίας πρέπον τ' ᾖ καί που ὡς ἂν αὐταὶ ἀξιῶσιν αἱ νεάνιδες ἐπὶ παίδων ἔρευναν ἐξίασι. ζητεῖν μὲν γὰρ τὸ πολὺ οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν, εὑρίσκουσι μέντοι ἔστιν ὅτε ἄκουσαι, ὁπόταν ὅ τε τόπος καὶ τὰ παρατυγχάνοντα ἑκάσταις μὴ κεχαρισμένα ᾖ· οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ τοῦ παιδίου ἅπαξ φανέντος καὶ ἐπιμελείας τε καὶ τροφῆς ἤδη δεομένου τῇ εὑρούσῃ οὐδὲν ἔτι ἐγχωρεῖ ἀμφισβητεῖν. μάλιστα μέντοι τοῦ θέρους, διὰ μακροῦ μὲν ἐλθόντος ἐπὶ πολὺ δ' ἀκμάζοντος, καὶ οὐχ ἥκιστ' ἄκραν πρὸς ἑσπέραν, εὐδιεινὴν οὖσαν, κνεφαῖαι φοιτῶσι καθ' ὕλας καὶ ποταμοὺς ζητοῦσαι, ὥσπερ παῖδες ἄνθη, οὕτως αἱ παρθένοι τὰ παιδία.

R. D. A. H.

NOWE of the solace and comforte of the blessyd sowlys that byn scapyd her peynys and be at reste and of her euerlastyng ioys, sum what y wille telle you as y can and may. For no man may sufficiently. And whenne we were paste and gonne these thre placys of peynys as hyt ys aboue seyde and had beholde the grete peynys and dyuers tormentys of synnarys, we wente forthe farthir. And as we wente farther, there begunne to appere a lytyl and a lytyl more and more a full feire lyghte vnto vs and with al brake oute a ful plesaunte swete sauyr. And anone aftir we cam to a fylde the whiche was full of alle maner of feyre and plesaunte flowrys that gaue to us an oncredyble and inestymable conforte of ioye and plesure. Sothely in thys fylde we sawe and founde infynyte thousandys of sowlys ful iocunde and merye in a ful swete reste after her penauns and after her purgacyon. And hem that we founde firste in the begynnynge of that filde had apon hem white clothyng, but hyt was not very bryght nethyr wele schynyng. Notwithstondyng they had no spotte of blacknes or of any other onclennes on hem as yt semyd, saue thys as y seyd before they were not very bryght schynyng whyte. Trewely amonge these many y knewe the whyche sum tyme y sawe and knewe ful wele whenne they leuyd in thys world. Of the whyche shortely sum what y wille telle you and of other y purpose to cesse.

Reuelacion to a monke of Euyshamme (A.D. 1196).

ΤΑΙΣ μὲν δὴ μακαρίαις ψυχαῖς ταῖς τῶν πόνων ἀπηλλαγμέναις καὶ ἤδη λελωφηκυίαις ὁπόσαι μὲν παραμυθίαι τε καὶ εὐπάθειαι, ὁπόσαι δ' εἰς τὸν ἀεὶ χρόνον εὐφροσύναι προστετάχαται, βούλομαί τι ὑμῖν ἐφ' ὅσον ἂν δύνωμαι καὶ ἐξῇ διελθεῖν· ἀνθρωπίνης γὰρ οὔ τί που γίγνεται τὰ πάντα διηγήσεως. ἐπειδὴ μέντοι προϊόντες παρεκομίσθημεν, καθάπερ ἔφαμεν, τὰ τρία δικαιωτήρια καὶ ἐπείδομεν ὅσα τε καὶ οἷα τὰ δεινὰ κακοπαθοῖεν οἱ ἀδικήσαντες, εἰς τὸ πρόσω ἤδη ἐπορευόμεθα. πορρωτέρω δὲ τῆς ὁδοῦ γιγνομένοις κατὰ σμικρὸν ἤδη ὑπεφαίνετο καὶ μᾶλλον ἔτι καὶ μᾶλλον ἐξέλαμπεν αὐγή τις μάλα καθαρὰ εὐωδία θ' ἅμα προσέπνευσεν ἡδίστη. μετ' ὀλίγον δ' εἰς λειμῶνα παρεγενόμεθα ὅθεν ἐτεθήλει πανταχῇ παντοδάπ' ἄνθη χαρίεντά τε καὶ πάγκαλα, ὥσθ' ἡμᾶς ἀμήχανον ὅσον εὐφρανθῆναι καὶ ὑπερφυῶς ἄγασθαι. καὶ δὴ καὶ κατὰ τοῦτον τὸν λειμῶνα ψυχῶν κατελάβομεν μυριάδας ἀναριθμήτους πᾶσαν εὐφροσύνην εὐφραινομένας, ἅτε δίκην ἤδη δεδωκυίας καὶ ἀφωσιωμένας, καὶ ῥᾳστώνῃ τινὶ ἀποχρώμενας δαιμονίᾳ. ὅσαις μὲν οὖν τὸ πρῶτον ἐπιβαίνοντες τοῦ λειμῶνος ἐνετύχομεν, λευκὴν μὲν ἐφόρουν τὴν ἐσθῆτα, διαφανῆ δ' οὐ πάνυ τι οὐδὲ λάμπουσαν διαφερόντως· οὐ μὴν ἀλλ' οὔτε μελανίας οὔτ' ἄλλης ἀκαθαρσίας, ὡς ἰδεῖν ἐφαίνετο, κηλὶς ἐνῆν οὐδεμία, πλήν γ', ὡς εἴρηται, οὔπω φανοτάτην ὅ τι μάλιστα παρεῖχε τὴν λευκότητα. ἦσαν δὲ δὴ τοῦ χοροῦ τούτου πολλαί τινες αἷς ποτ' ἐγὼ μάλ' εὖ γνώριμος ἦ τῇδ' ἔτι βιούσαις, περὶ ὧν τὰ μὲν ἐάσω, τὰ δὲ διὰ βραχέων ὑμῖν ἔρχομαι διηγησόμενος.

R. D. A. H.

BUT the Divine Revenge overtook not long after these proud enterprises. For within less than the space of one hundred years, the great Atlantis was utterly lost and destroyed: not by a great earthquake, as your man saith (for that whole tract is little subject to earthquakes), but by a particular deluge or inundation; those countries having, at this day, far greater rivers and far higher mountains to pour down waters, than any part of the old world. But it is true that the same inundation was not deep; not past forty foot, in most places, from the ground: so that although it destroyed man and beast generally, yet some few wild inhabitants of the wood escaped. Birds also were saved by flying to the high trees and woods. For as for men, although they had buildings in many places higher than the depth of the water, yet that inundation, though it were shallow, had a long continuance; whereby they of the vale that were not drowned, perished for want of food and other things necessary. So as marvel you not at the thin population of America, nor at the rudeness and ignorance of the people; for you must account your inhabitants of America as a young people; younger a thousand years at least; for that there was so much time between the universal flood and their particular inundation.

BACON.

ΤΑΥΤΑ μέντοι μεθ' ὕβρεως μεταχειριζομένους οὐ διὰ πολλοῦ κατέλαβεν ἡ παρὰ θεῶν νέμεσις. ἐντὸς γὰρ ἑκατὸν ἐτῶν ἡ μεγάλη νῆσος ἡ Ἀτλαντὶς ἀφανισθεῖσα διηιστώθη, οὔ τί που ὑπὸ σεισμοῦ τινὸς ἐξαισίου, καθάπερ ὁ παρ' ὑμῖν διηγεῖται· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡ πᾶσα χώρα, ὡς εἰπεῖν, τοῖς τοιούτοισιν ἔνοχος· ἰδίᾳ δέ τινι φθορᾷ ὑδάτων κατακλυσθεῖσα. ἐπεί τοι κατ' ἐκείνους τοὺς τόπους ἔτι καὶ νῦν πολλῷ μὲν ἀφθονέστεροί γ' οἱ ποταμοί, πολλῷ δ' ὑψηλότερα τὰ ὄρη, ὥσθ' ὕδατα καθιέναι, τῶν παρ' ὑμῖν ἁπανταχῇ πέφυκεν. οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ μέτριόν τι τὸ βάθος ἐγένετο τῷ κατακλυσμῷ, μέχρι τριάκοντα πηχέων, ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πολύ, ὑπὲρ τῆς γῆς ἀναβαίνοντι. ὅθεν ἀνθρώπους τε καὶ θῆρας τοὺς μὲν πλείστους ἠφάνισεν, εἰσὶ δ' οἳ τῶν κατὰ τὰς ὕλας ἀγροικοτέρων οὐ πολλοὶ διεγένοντο· καὶ δὴ καὶ οἱ ὄρνιθες εἰς ὑψηλὰ δένδρα καὶ τὰ ὑλώδη πετόμενοι διεσώθησαν. τοῖς μὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποις, καίπερ πολλαχῇ τῶν ὑδάτων ὑπερέχοντα τὰ οἰκοδομήματ' ἔχουσι, βραχὺς μὲν ἐγένετο ἐπὶ πολὺ δὲ διατελῶν ὁ κατακλυσμός· ὥσθ' οἱ περὶ τὰ πεδία, ὅσοι μὴ ἀποπνιγεῖεν, σιτίων τε καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπιτηδείων ἐνδείᾳ διεφθάρησαν. μηδὲν οὖν θαυμάσητε, εἰ σπάνιοι μὲν οἱ τἀπέκεινα τοῦ πελάγους κατοικοῦντες, μηδ' εἰ ἄμουσοί τε καὶ ἀγράμματοι γεγόνασι. νομιστέον γὰρ τούς γ' ἐφ' ὑμῶν ὡς νέον τέ τι ἔθνος καὶ χιλίοις ἔτεσιν ὑστεροῦν· τοσοῦτον γὰρ ἐγγεγονέναι χρόνον αὐτοῖς ἀπὸ τοῦ τῶν πάντων κατακλυσμοῦ μέχρι τῆς αὐτόθι διαφθορᾶς.

R. D. A. H.

'NOTHING,' replied the artist, 'will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome. If you will favour my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but yourselves.'

'Why,' said Rasselas, 'should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good: every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness he has received.'

'If men were all virtuous,' returned the artist, 'I should, with great alacrity, teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea!'

JOHNSON.

ΑΛΛ' *οὐδέν τοι οἷόν τ' ἔσται, ἢ δ' ὃς ὁ δημιουργός, οὐδ' ἐπιχειρεῖν, εἰ χρὴ πάντας τοὺς ὁτιοῦν ἂν ἀντιλέγοντας πρότερον ἐξελέγξαι. ἃ δ' ἐπινοῶ ἐάν σοι ᾖ κατὰ νοῦν, ἐν ἐμαυτῷ πρώτῳ τὴν πεῖραν κινδυνεύσω πετόμενος. πάντων γὰρ ὅσα πτηνὰ τῶν ζῴων τὰς συστάσεις ἐπισκεψάμενος τὰ τῶν νυκτερίδων πτερά, ἅτε καμπτὰ μὲν συνεχῆ δὲ πεφυκότα, ῥᾷστ' ἂν ἡγοῦμαι τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ σχήματι προσαρμόσαι. οἷς καὶ παραδείγμασι χρώμενος εἰς αὔριον ἄρξομαι τῆς ἐργασίας, ἐλπίζω δὲ ἐντὸς ἐνιαυτοῦ μετεωρισθεὶς λήσειν τοὺς ἐχθρούς, εἴ τινες διώξουσιν. ἕτοιμος οὖν εἰμὶ ἐργάζεσθαι, ἐπὶ τούτῳ μέντοι, ἐφ' ᾧτε μηδενὶ τὰ τῆς τέχνης μηνύσετε, μηδ' ἄλλους τινὰς ἀξιώσετε πτερῶσαι.*

Καὶ ὁ νεανίας, *Τί δὴ τοὺς ἄλλους, ἔφη, τοσαῦτα φθονεῖς ὠφελεῖν; πάσας γὰρ δήπου τὰς τέχνας δεῖ τοῦ κοινοῦ ἀγαθοῦ στοχάζεσθαι· καὶ γὰρ ἕκαστος ἡμῶν πόλλ' ὑπ' ἄλλων εὖ παθὼν τὴν προσήκουσαν χάριν δίκαιός ἐστιν ἀνταποδοῦναι.*

Ὃς δέ, *Ἀμέλει, ἔφη, εἰ μὲν ἦσαν πάντες σπουδαῖοι καὶ αὐτὸς ἂν ἔφθην πάντας ἀναπτέσθαι διδάξας. νῦν δὲ ποία τις ἀσφάλεια τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς ἔτι ἂν εἴη, εἰ ἐπὶ τοῖς φαύλοις εἴη ἄνωθεν ἐκείνοις ἐπιέναι; ἐπεὶ πρὸς τοὺς ἐκ τῶν νεφελῶν ἐπιστρατευομένους οὔτε τείχη οὔτ' ὄρη οὔτ' αὐτὴ ἡ θάλαττα ἀσφαλὲς οὐδὲν παρέχεται. βαρβάρων γοῦν τῶν πρὸς βορρᾶν οἰκούντων τάχ' ἂν ἑσμός τις μετέωρος τοῦ δρόμου ἐπισχόντες, εἴ που γῆς κάτω κειμένης πάμφορόν τινα χώραν κατίδοιεν, εἶτα ἐπ' αὐτὴν τὴν πόλιν ἀηττήτῳ τῇ ὁρμῇ ἂν καταφέροιντο. εἰ δὲ τύχοι, κἂν εἰς τόνδε τὸν κῆπον, ὅπου ἐστὶ τεμένη βασιλέων μακάρων θ' ἕδραι, ἔθνη ἄττα γυμνά, οἷα πληθύει ἐπὶ τῇ ἐρυθρᾷ θαλάττῃ, ἐξαίφνης καταπτόμενα πάντ' ἂν πορθήσειε.*

R. D. H.

Philonous. Hylas.

Phil. But surely, *Hylas*, I can distinguish gold, for example, from iron: and how could this be, if I knew not what either truly was?

Hyl. Believe me, *Philonous*, you can only distinguish between your own ideas. That yellowness, that weight, and other sensible qualities, think you they are really in the gold? They are only relative to the senses, and have no absolute existence in nature...

Phil. It seems then, we are altogether put off with the appearances of things, and those false ones too. The very meat I eat, and the cloth I wear, have nothing in them like what I see and feel.

Hyl. Even so.

Phil. But is it not strange the whole world should be thus imposed upon, and so foolish as to believe their senses? And yet I know not how it is, but men eat, and drink, and sleep, and perform all the offices of life, as comfortably and conveniently as if they really knew the things they are conversant about.

Hyl. They do so: but you know ordinary practice does not require a nicety of speculative knowledge. Hence the vulgar retain their mistakes, and for all that make a shift to bustle through the affairs of life. But philosophers know better things.

Phil. You mean, they know that they *know nothing*.

Hyl. That is the very top and perfection of human knowledge.

BERKELEY.

ΦΙΛΟΝΟΥΣ. ΥΛΑΣ.

ΦΙΛ. Πῶς τοῦτο λέγεις, ὦ Ὕλα; ἐνδέχεται γὰρ δήπου οἷον χρυσόν γε καὶ σίδηρον διαγνῶναι ὀρθῶς. καίτοι τὸ τοιοῦτον πῶς ἂν δύναιτό τις μὴ καὶ ἑκάτερον ἐπιστάμενος ὅ τί ποτ' ἐστίν;

ΥΛ. Ἐνδέχεται γάρ, ὠγαθέ, τὰ μὲν ἑαυτῷ φαινόμενα διαγνῶναι, τῶν δὲ ἄλλων εὖ ἴσθ' ὅτι οὐδὲ ἕν. ἢ δοκεῖ σοι αὐτὰ ταῦτα ἃ αἰσθανόμεθα, τά τε ἄλλα καὶ δὴ τὸ ξανθὸν καὶ τὸ βαρύ, ὡς ἀληθῶς ἐνεῖναι ἐν τῷ χρυσῷ, ἀλλ' οὐχ ἕκαστον τῶν αἰσθητῶν τινὶ ἀεὶ εἶναι, αὐτὸ δὲ καθ' αὑτὸ οὐκ εἶναι;

ΦΙΛ. Οὐδὲν ἄρα ἄλλο, κατά γε τὸν νῦν λόγον, ἢ φαντασίαις παρακρουόμεθα, καὶ ταῦτα ψευδέσιν. αὐτίκα δὴ κρέασιν ἢ καὶ ἱματίῳ οὐκ ὀρθῶς ἂν εἴποιμεν οὐδὲν προσεῖναι τῶν δι' αἰσθήσεως φαινομένων.

ΥΛ. Ἀληθέστατα λέγεις.

ΦΙΛ. Οὔκουν ἄτοπόν ἐστι πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἐς τοσοῦτον ἥκειν τῆς εὐηθείας, ὥστε οὕτω δὴ ἐξαπατωμένους ὅμως ἃ ἂν αἰσθάνωνται ἀληθῆ ἡγεῖσθαι; καίτοι οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐσθίοντες οἱ πολλοὶ καὶ πίνοντες καὶ καθεύδοντες καὶ ὅσα τοιαῦτα ἐπιτηδεύοντες, μετὰ πολλῆς ῥᾳστώνης εὐτυχοῦσιν, ὥσπερ ἂν εἰ ἀληθῶς ἐπιστήμονες ὧν πέρι πραγματεύονται.

ΥΛ. Ἔστι ταῦτ', ὦ Φιλόνοε· ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἐν τῷ τὰ καθ' ἡμέραν πράττειν οὐδὲν ἴσως δεῖ ἀκριβῶς θεωρεῖν, ὥστε ἅμα μὲν τὰ ψευδῆ ἀεὶ δοξάζειν τὸν πολὺν συρφετόν, τὸ μέντοι παρὸν οὕτως ὅπως ἂν δύνωνται εὖ τίθεσθαι. οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ βελτίονα ἴσασιν οἵ γε φιλοσοφοῦντες.

ΦΙΛ. Τοσοῦτόν γε, οἶμαι, εἰδότες, ὅτι οὐδὲν ἴσασιν.

ΥΛ. Θριγκόν τοι λέγεις καὶ κολοφῶνα τῆς κατ' ἄνθρωπον ἐπιστήμης.

G. W. B.

Hylas. Philonous.

Hyl. Not so fast, Philonous; you say you cannot conceive how sensible things should exist without the mind. Do you not?

Phil. I do.

Hyl. Supposing you were annihilated, cannot you conceive it possible that things perceivable by sense may still exist?

Phil. I can, but then it must be in another mind. When I deny sensible things an existence out of the mind, I do not mean my mind in particular, but all minds. Now it is plain they have an existence exterior to my mind; since I find them by experience to be independent of it. There is therefore some other mind wherein they exist, during the intervals between the times of my perceiving them: as likewise they did before my birth, and would do after my supposed annihilation. And, as the same is true with regard to all other finite created spirits, it necessarily follows there is an *omnipresent eternal Mind*, which knows and comprehends all things, and exhibits them to our view in such a manner, and according to such rules, as He Himself hath ordained, and are by us termed the *laws of nature.*

BERKELEY.

ΤΛΑΣ. ΦΙΛΟΝΟΥΣ.

ΤΛ. Ἐπίσχες δή, ὦ Φιλόνοε· οὔκουν φὴς οἷός τ' εἶναι ὑπολαβεῖν ψυχῆς γε μὴ οὔσης εἶναι τὰ αἰσθητά, ἢ πῶς λέγεις;

ΦΙΛ. Οὕτως.

ΤΛ. Τί δέ; οὐδ' αὖ σοῦ γέ πως ἀφανισθέντος ὡς ἔτι ὄντα ὑπολάβοις ἂν τὰ αἴσθησιν ἐνδεχόμενα;

ΦΙΛ. Νὴ Δί', ἐν ἀλλοτρίᾳ γε ψυχῇ· τὰ γὰρ αἰσθητὰ ἀπαρνούμενος χωρὶς ψυχῆς μηδεμίαν οὐσίαν ἔχειν, οὐκ ἐμὴν λέγω τὴν ψυχήν, ἀλλὰ πάντων. τῆς γοῦν ἐμῆς δηλονότι ἐκτός ἐστι, ἐπεὶ μαθὼν ἤδη ξύνοιδα αὐτοῖς οὐδαμῶς αὐτῆς ἐξηρτημένοις. ἀνάγκη οὖν ἄλλην τινὰ εἶναι ἧπερ ἔνεστι μεταξὺ αἰσθανομένου ἐμοῦ, ὥσπερ καὶ πρὶν ἐμὲ γενέσθαι ἐνῆν, καὶ δὴ καὶ ἐνόντ' ἂν διατελοίη μηκέτι δὴ ἐμοῦ ὄντος. ἐπεὶ δὲ αὐτὸ τοῦτο καὶ ἐφ' ἑκάστης ἀληθές ἐστι τῶν γενομένων τε καὶ ὑποτεταγμένων ψυχῶν, λείπεται δὴ ἀγέννητόν τινα εἶναι ψυχὴν καὶ ἀθάνατον καὶ πανταχοῦ παροῦσαν, λέγω δὲ τοῦ δημιουργοῦ, ταύτην δὲ καὶ ἐπίστασθαι τὰ πάντα καὶ περιλαμβάνειν, καὶ ἡμῖν γε καθ' ὅν τινα τρόπον δέδοκται αὐτῷ εὔτακτά τε καὶ κόσμια ἀποφαίνειν, ὅθεν καὶ κόσμον τῷ παντὶ ἐπονομάζομεν.

G. W. B.

'AND now, sir, may I return your question, and ask who and what are you?'

'I was prefect of a legion this morning. What I am now you know as well as I.'

'Just what I do not. I am in deep wonder at seeing your hilarity, when you ought either to be behowling your fate like Achilles on the shores of the Styx, or pretending to grin and bear it, as I was taught to do when I played at Stoicism. You are not of that sect certainly, for you confessed yourself a fool just now.'

'And it would be long, would it not, before you made one of them do as much? Well, be it so. A fool I am; yet if God helps us as far as Ostia, why should I not be cheerful?'

'Why should you?'

'What better thing can happen to a fool, than that God should teach him that he is one, when he fancied himself to be the wisest of the wise? Listen to me, sir. Four months ago I was blessed with health, honour, lands, friends —all for which the heart of man could wish. And if, for an insane ambition, I have chosen to risk all these, against the warnings of the truest friend, and the wisest saint, who treads this earth—should I not rejoice to have it proved to me, even by such a lesson as this, that the friend who never deceived me before was right in this case too; and that the God who has checked and turned me for forty years of wild toil and warfare, whenever I dared to do what was right in the sight of my own eyes, has not forgotten me yet, or given up the thankless task of my education?'

KINGSLEY. *Hypatia.*

ΒΟΥΛΕΙ *οὖν, ὦ δαιμόνιε, ὃ νῦν δὴ ἤρου περὶ σαυτοῦ ἤδη ἐρωτώμενος ἀποκρίνεσθαι, ὅστις καὶ ὁποῖος ὢν τυγχάνεις;*

Ἀλλὰ τήμερον μὲν, ἔφη, ἔωθεν ταξίαρχος ἦ· νῦν δ' ὅ τι γεγένημαι ὡς πρὸς οὐχ ἧττον εἰδότα τί δεῖ λέγειν;

Ἀλλ' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀπορῶ· θαυμάζω γάρ σε ὡς περιχαρῶς ἔχεις, δέον ἢ οἰμώζειν τὴν τύχην, καθάπερ τὸν Ἀχιλλέα φασὶν οἱ ποιηταὶ ἐπὶ τῆς Στυγὸς ὄντα ὀλοφύρεσθαι, ἢ ἀμωσγέπως δοκεῖν ἀγαπᾶν, ὥσπερ τῶν ἐκ τῆς Στοᾶς ἤκουον διδασκόντων, ὅτε αὐτοῖς παιδιᾶς ἕνεκα συνεγιγνόμην. σὺ δ' οὐ δήπου ἐκείνοις γε σύμφωνος εἶ· ἀνόητος γοῦν ἀρτίως ὡμολόγεις εἶναι.

Ἀλλὰ γὰρ, οἶμαι, τόδε λέγεις ὡς σχολῇ γ' ἂν ἐκείνων τινὰ ἀναγκάσειας τοιαῦτα συγχωρεῖν. εἶεν δή· ἀνόητος δ' οὖν εἶναι ὁμολογῶ· εἰ μέντοι ἐς τὸν Πειραιέα σὺν θεῷ σωθησόμεθα, τί με κωλύει χαίρειν;

Πόθεν, ἦ δ' ὅς, *χαίροις ἄν;*

Ἆρ' οὐ τὰ μέγιστα εὐτυχεῖ, ὅστις ἄν, ἀνόητος μὲν ὤν, δοκῶν δὲ πάντων σοφώτατος εἶναι, θεοῦ τινὸς διδάσκοντος, τὴν ἑαυτοῦ οὐδένειαν κατανοήσῃ; σκέψαι δ' ἃ λέγω. ἦ γάρ, τέτταρές εἰσι μῆνες ἀφ' οὗ, μακάριος τῆς τύχης, ὑγιαίνων τε καὶ εὐδοκιμῶν, πλοῦτον καὶ φίλους καὶ πάνθ' ὅσων ἐπιθυμοῦσιν οἱ ἄνθρωποι κεκτημένος. εἰ δέ, φιλοτιμίᾳ τὴν διάνοιαν διεφθαρμένος, πάντα ταῦτα ἐτόλμησα παρακινδυνεύειν, ἀνδρὸς ἐμοὶ μὲν εὐνουστάτου πρὸς δὲ σοφίαν καὶ εὐσέβειαν οὐδενὸς ἐλάττους τῶν ἐνθάδε μὴ ἀξιώσας ἀντειπόντος ὑπακούειν, πῶς οὐκ ἂν ἡδομένῳ μοι ἀποδειχθείη, κεἰ δέοι τοιοῦτό τι παθεῖν, ὡς ὁ μὲν οὔπω πρότερον ἐμέ, φίλον ὄντα, παρακρούσας οὐδὲ ταῦτ' ἐσφάλη, ὁ δ' αὖ δαίμων ὅς με τετταράκοντα ἐτῶν ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοθι ἀθλοῦντα καὶ πολεμοῦντα ἀεὶ ἐκώλυε καὶ ἀπέτρεπεν ὅτε μέλλοιμι τὰ ἐμαυτῷ δοκοῦντα πράττειν, οὐδὲ νῦν ἐμοῦ ἀμνημονεῖ ἀλλ' οὕτως ἀχάριστον ὄντα παιδεύων διατελεῖ.

H. C. G.

Eudoxus. But it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen into any absurdity, or their actions succeede not as they would, they are alwayes readie to impute the blame thereof unto the heavens, so thinking to excuse their owne follies and imperfections. So have I heard it often wished also, (even of some whose great wisedomes in opinion should seeme to judge more soundly of so weighty a consideration) that all that islande were a sea-poole: which kinde of speech is the manner rather of desperate men farre driven, to wish the utter ruin of that which they cannot redress, than of grave councellors, which ought to think nothing so hard, but that thorough wisedome it may be mastered and subdued; since the Poet saith, "the wise man shall rule even over the starres," much more over the earth; for were it not the part of a desperate phisitian to wish his diseased patient dead, rather than to apply the best indeavour of his skill for his recovery? But since we are so farre entered, let us, I pray you, devise a little of those evils by which that country is held in that wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be recured.

Irenaeus. Surely, Eudoxus.

SPENSER. *A view of the State of Ireland.*

Οἱ δ' ἄνθρωποι, ἦ δ' ὃς ὁ Εὔδοξος, ἔθος ἔχουσιν τοιόνδε· ὅταν ἢ εἰς πλημμέλειάν τινα ἐμπίπτωσιν ἢ μὴ κατὰ νοῦν προχωρῇ τὰ πραττόμενα, ἕτοιμοί εἰσι τὴν αἰτίαν ἐπὶ τοὺς θεοὺς ἀναφέρειν ὡς τὴν αὑτῶν ἀβελτερίαν τε καὶ φαυλότητα ἀπολυσόμενοι. ἐγὼ γοῦν καὶ αὐτὸς πολλῶν ἤδη ἀκήκοα λεγόντων—ἐνίους δὲ δεινοὺς ὄντας περί τι βουλεύεσθαι ξυνετωτέραν τινὰ γνώμην ὑπὲρ πράγματος τηλικούτου εἰκὸς ἦν ἀποφήνασθαι—ἔλεγον μέντοι ὡς ἥδιστ' ἂν ἴδοιεν τὴν νῆσον ἐκείνην ὑποβρύχιον ἅπασαν γενομένην. καίτοι πρὸς ἀνδρῶν εἰς πᾶσαν ἀπορίαν καὶ ἀπόνοιαν ἐμπεπτωκότων τοιαῦτα λέγειν· ἃ γὰρ αὐτοὶ ἐπανορθῶσαι μὴ δύνανται, τούτοις ἐξώλειαν ἐπαρῶνται. ἀλλ' εἴ τις εἴη ὡς ἀληθῶς σύμβουλος, οὐδὲν ἂν οἰηθείη δυσχερέστερον ἢ ὥστε μετά γε σοφίας νικῆσαί τε καὶ ὑποχείριον ἔχειν. ἐπειδὴ γάρ, ὡς λέγει που ὁ ποιητής,

οὐδ' ἄστρ' ἀπειθήσει σοφῷ,

μὴ τί γε τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. ἐπεὶ καὶ ἰατρὸς εἰ εὐθὺς ἀποθανεῖν βούλοιτο τὸν νοσοῦντα ἀλλὰ μὴ πάντα καθ' ὅσον ἐνδέχοιτο τῇ τέχνῃ ποιοίη ὥσθ' ὑγιᾶ καταστῆσαι αὐτόν, ποῖός τις ἄν σοι φανείη; οὐκ ἄπορός τις εἶναι καὶ πάνυ ἀμήχανος; ἀλλ' ἐπειδὴ ἐνταῦθα τοῦ λόγου προβεβήκαμεν, φέρε δὴ βραχύ τι σκεψώμεθα περὶ τῆς χώρας ὁποίοις τοῖς νοσήμασι συνεχομένη οὐκ ἂν ἔτι δύναιτο, ὡς σὺ λέγεις, εἰς ἴασιν ἀφικέσθαι. Κάλλιστα, ἔφη, λέγεις.

J. D. D.

"I HOPE you like your fare," said the Armenian, when we had both eaten and drunk.

"I like your bread," said I, "for it is stale; I like not your wine, it is sweet, and I hate sweet wine."

"It is wine of Cyprus," said my entertainer; and, when I found that it was wine of Cyprus, I tasted it again, and the second taste pleased me much better than the first, notwithstanding that I still thought it somewhat sweet.

"So," said I, after a pause, looking at my companion, "you are an Armenian."

"Yes," said he, "an Armenian born in London, but not less an Armenian on that account."

He then proceeded to tell me that he had carried on the business of his father, and that he had considerably increased the property which his father had left him. He candidly confessed that he was wonderfully fond of gold, and said there was nothing like it for giving a man respectability and consideration in the world; to which assertion I made no answer, being not exactly prepared to contradict it.

And, when he had related to me his history, he expressed a desire to know something more of myself, whereupon I gave him the outline of my previous history, concluding with saying, "I am now a poor man, upon the streets of London, possessed of many tongues, which I find of no use in the world."

"Learning without money is anything but desirable," said the Armenian, "as it unfits a man for humble occupations."

BORROW. *Lavengro.*

ΕΠΕΙΔΗ δ' ἐφάγομέν τι καὶ ἐπίομεν ἀμφότεροι, ὁ Ἀρμένιος ἤρετο εἰ κεχαρισμέν' ἐστί μοι τὰ παρακείμενα· ἡδέως γὰρ ἂν πυθέσθαι. ἐγὼ δὲ τὸν μὲν ἄρτον ἐπῄνεσα, οὐδὲ πρόσφατον γὰρ εἶναι, τὸν δ' οἶνον, ἔφην, οὐκέτ' ἄσμενος πίνω· γλυκύτερος γάρ ἐστι καὶ τοὺς τοιούτους τῶν οἴνων βδελύττομαι. ἐκείνου μέντοι εἰπόντος ὡς Κύπριός ἐστιν ὁ οἶνος, τοῦτ' ἤδη πυθόμενος αὖθις ἐγευσάμην, γευσαμένῳ δὲ ὑπὸ μέν τι γλυκὺς ἐδόκει πολὺ μέντοι μᾶλλον ἢ πρότερον ἤρεσεν. ὀλίγον δὲ διαλιπὼν εἰς ἐκεῖνον βλέψας, Σὺ τοίνυν, ἔφην, Ἀρμένιος ἄρ' ἦσθα. Εἰμὶ γάρ, ἦ δ' ὅς, γεγονὼς μὲν ἐν τῇδε τῇ πόλει, οὐδὲν μέντοι ἧττον τούτου γ' ἕνεκα τοιοῦτος. ἐνταῦθα δὲ προϊὼν διηγεῖτό μοι ὡς τὴν τοῦ πατρὸς ἐργασίαν διαδεξάμενος τὴν οὐσίαν πολλῷ τινὶ πλείω ἢ παρέλαβε ποιήσειεν· τὰ δὲ χρήματα οὐκ ἀπηρνήθη θαυμασίως ὡς ἀγαπᾶν· μάλιστα γὰρ πάντων ἀξίωμα τῷ ἔχοντι καὶ δόξαν ἐν τῇ πόλει περιτιθέναι. ταῦτα δ' ἐγώ, ὡς οὐ πάνυ τι ἕτοιμος ὢν ἐξελέγχειν, διὰ σιγῆς ἤκουον. ἐπεὶ δὲ τὸν βίον διεξελθὼν ἔφη βούλεσθαι καὶ περὶ ἐμοῦ πλέον τι εἰδέναι, τά τ' ἄλλα, ὅσα μοι μέχρι δεῦρο συμβέβηκεν, ἐν κεφαλαίοις ἔλεγον καὶ ὡς νῦν ἀπορῶν τὴν πόλιν περιτρέχω πολλὰς μὲν γλώττας ἐπαΐων οὐ μὴν ἀπό γε τούτων οὐδ' ὁτιοῦν ὠφελούμενος. Ἀλλ' οὐ λυσιτελεῖ, ἔφη ὁ Ἀρμένιος, τῷ μηδὲν κεκτημένῳ πολλὰ ἐπίστασθαι· οὕτω γὰρ γένοιτ' ἄν τις ἄχρηστος πρὸς τὰ ταπεινὰ τῶν ἐπιτηδευμάτων.

J. D. D.

THUS, Philocles, continued he after a short pause, thus have I presumed to treat of Beauty before so great a judge, and such a skilful admirer as yourself. For taking rise from Nature's Beauty, which transported me, I gladly ventured further in the chase, and have accompanied you in search of Beauty, as it relates to us, and makes our highest good, in its sincere and natural enjoyment. And if we have not idly spent our hours, nor ranged in vain through these deserted regions, it should appear from our strict search, that there is nothing so divine as Beauty, which, belonging not to body, nor having any principle or existence except in mind and reason, is alone discovered and acquired by this diviner part, when it inspects itself, the only object worthy of itself. For whatever is void of mind is void and darkness to the mind's eye. This languishes and grows dim whene'er detained on foreign subjects, but thrives and attains its natural vigour when employed in contemplation of what is like itself. 'Tis thus the improving mind, slightly surveying other objects, and passing over bodies, and the common forms (where only a shadow of Beauty rests), ambitiously presses onward to its source, and views the original of Form and Order in that which is intelligent.

SHAFTESBURY.

ΚΑΙ ἐκεῖνος ὀλίγον τι ἐπισχών, Οὕτω μὲν δή, ἦ δ' ὅς, ὦ Φιλόκλεις, περὶ κάλλους ἐτόλμησα διεξιέναι παρὰ σοί, κριτῇ τε τοιούτῳ ὄντι καὶ ἐραστῇ οὕτως ἐπιστήμονι. ὁρμήσας γὰρ ἀπὸ κάλλους τοῦ τῶν φυσικῶν καὶ ἐνθουσιάσας ἐντεῦθεν, ἄσμενος ἤδη πορρωτέρω ἦα τῆς θήρας, καὶ ἀκολουθῶν μετὰ σοῦ καὶ τὸ πρὸς ἡμᾶς κάλλος συνεζήτουν, ὃ δὴ γίγνεται ἡμῖν τὸ τελειότατον ἀγαθὸν ἐὰν γνησίως καὶ κατὰ φύσιν αὐτοῦ ἀπολαύωμεν. εἰ δὲ μὴ μάτην διετρίψαμεν πονοῦντες μηδὲ ἄπρακτοι διηρευνήσαμεν ταῦτα τὰ ἔρημα χωρία, ἀκριβῶς ἂν ἡμῖν ζητήσασιν ἀναφαίνοιτο οὐδὲν οὕτω θεῖον ὂν ὡς ἐκεῖνο τὸ κάλλος ὃ μήτε σώματι ἐπὸν μήτε τινὰ ἔχον λόγον τε καὶ οὐσίαν ἀλλ' ἢ ἐν νῷ τε καὶ διανοίᾳ ηὕρηκέ τε καὶ κέκτηται αὐτὸ τοῦτο τὸ θειότερον, ὅταν ἑαυτὸ σκοπῇ, ἅτε μόνον ἄξιον ὂν αὐτὸ ἑαυτοῦ. ὅ τι γὰρ ἂν νοῦ κενὸν ᾖ, κενόν τε καὶ σκοτεινὸν τῇ νοήσει· αὕτη γὰρ μαραίνεται μὲν καὶ ἀμβλυώττει ὁσάκις ἐπέχει τις ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίοις, αὐξάνεται δὲ καὶ εἰς τὴν κατὰ φύσιν ῥώμην ἀφικνεῖται ὅταν τὰ ἑαυτῇ ὁμοῖα θεωρῇ. καὶ οὕτω δὴ ὁ νοῦς ὁ τῆς ἄνω ὁδοῦ ἀεὶ ἐχόμενος σμικρόν τι φροντίσας τῶν ἄλλων καὶ τά τε σώματα παρελθὼν καὶ ταῦτα τὰ φορτικὰ εἴδη, οἷς σκιὰ μόνον ἔπεστι τοῦ κάλλους, φιλοτιμεῖταί τε καὶ πρὸς τὴν ἑαυτοῦ πηγὴν ἁμιλλᾶται καὶ αὐτὸ τὸ παράδειγμα τοῦ τε πέρατος καὶ τοῦ κόσμου ἐν τῷ νοῦν ἔχοντι θεωρεῖ.

J. A.

BUT those whose minds are purified, and their thoughts habituated to divine things, with what constant and ardent wishes do they breathe after that their blessed immortality! Like exiles, they earnestly wish, make interest and struggle hard to regain their native country. Moreover does not that noble neglect of the body and its senses, and that contempt of all the pleasures of the flesh, which these heavenly souls have attained, evidently shew that in a short time they will be taken from hence, and that the body and soul are of a different and almost contrary nature to one another; that therefore the duration of the one depends not upon the other, but is of quite another kind; and that the soul set at liberty from the body is not only exempted from death, but, in some sense then begins to live, and then first sees the light? Had we not this hope to support us, what ground should we have to lament our first nativity, which placed us in a life so short, so destitute of good, so crowded with miseries—a life which we pass entirely in grasping phantoms of felicity, and suffering real calamities! So that, if there were not beyond this a life and happiness that more truly deserve their names, who can help seeing that, of all creatures, man would be the most miserable, and, of all men, the best would be the most unhappy?

R. LEIGHTON.

ΑΛΛΑ τοὺς κεκαθαρμένους δὴ τὰς ψυχὰς καὶ ταῖς διανοίαις συνειθισμένους πρὸς τὰ θεῖα πῶς οἴει συνεχῶς τε καὶ συντόνως τῆς προσηκούσης αὐτοῖς ἀθανασίας τε καὶ μακαριότητος ἐφίεσθαι; φυγάδες γὰρ ὥσπερ τῷ μεγάλῳ πόθῳ συνέχονται προσποιούμενοί τε φίλους καὶ θαυμάσια δρῶντες ὥστε οἴκαδε κατιέναι. ἔτι δὲ οἱ ἀμελοῦντες ὧδε γενναίως τοῦ τε σώματος καὶ τῶν αἰσθήσεων αὐτοῦ καὶ ἁπασῶν τῶν σωματικῶν ἡδονῶν ὀλιγωροῦντες ἅτε θεῖοι ὄντες τὰς ψυχάς, οὐ δῆλον ὅτι μέλλουσιν ἤδη ἐνθένδε ἀπιέναι; οὐκ ἐνταῦθά γε δηλοῖ σῶμά τε καὶ ψυχὴ ὡς οὐ μόνον ἀλλοίαν τὴν φύσιν ἔχουσιν, ἀλλὰ σχεδόν τι ἐναντίαν, ὥστε μὴ ἐξ ἀλλήλων ἐξηρτῆσθαι εἴτε διαμενοῦσιν εἴτε μή, ἀλλὰ πᾶν τοὐναντίον τὴν ψυχὴν λελυμένην ἐκ τοῦ σώματος ἀθανασίας μετέχειν ἤδη, καὶ τότε δὴ ἀναβιώσκεσθαί τέ πως καὶ ἀναβλέπειν; καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς ἐλπίδος ταύτης εἰ μὴ ὠχούμεθα, τί οὐκ ἀνωλοφυράμεθα τὴν κατ' ἀρχὰς ἡμῶν γένεσιν, ἣ κατῴκισεν ἡμᾶς εἰς βίον οὕτω βραχύν τε καὶ ἀγαθῶν μὲν ἄμοιρον, κακῶν δὲ γέμοντα, ὥστε διατελεῖν ἀεὶ εὐτυχιῶν μὲν ὑποβολιμαίων, γνησίων δὲ ἀτυχημάτων ἐπορεγομένους; τίς οὖν οὐκ ἂν ὁμολογήσειεν ὡς εἰ μὴ ἐκεῖ τις ἦν βίος τε καὶ εὐδαιμονία, ἃ πολὺ μᾶλλον τῶν τῇδε τὰ ὀνόματα ταῦτα ἐπονομάζεσθαι δεῖ, τῶν μὲν ἐμψύχων ἁπάντων ἦν ἂν ἀθλιώτατον τὸ ἀνθρώπινον γένος, αὐτῶν δὲ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ὁ βέλτιστος;

J. A.

I CANNOT think of heaven otherwise than as the perfection of every good thing which my mind conceiveth; the fulfilment of every pious purpose, the gratification of every devout wish, and the perfecting of this unfinished creature which I feel myself to be. I hope this body will not fail as it now doth, and languish, and stop short of the energetic purposes of the mind. I hope that the instruments of thought within the brain will not grow numb and refuse obedience to the will, and that the fountains of feeling in the heart will not subside and dry up when called upon too much. I hope that time will open its narrow gates, and admit a thousand acts and processes which it now strangleth in the narrowness of its porch. And I would fain add the wings of the morning, that I might travel with the speed of thought to the seats of my affections, and gratify them without constraint. And oh! I hope that in heaven the instability of virtue will be removed, and that there may be no commonplace talk about the 'golden mean,' but that the heart may drink deep and not be intoxicated with its affections,—the head think on and not be wearied with its cogitations. And I hope there will be no narrowness of means, no penury, no want; and that benevolence will be no more racked with inability to bestow.

EDWARD IRVING.

ΑΛΛ' ἔμοιγε ὁ ἐκεῖ βίος, ὁ μακάριος, οὐδὲν ἄλλο φαίνεται εἰκάζοντι ἢ ἁπάντων τῶν ἀγαθῶν ὅσωνπερ ἐνθυμοῦμαι ἀκμή τις ἐσόμενος, εἴ τι δ' εὐσεβὲς ἐνθάδε προειλόμην ἢ ὅσιόν τι ἐπόθησα, ταῦτα πάντα μοι ἀποτελῶν τε καὶ ἀποπληρώσων· ὥστε καὶ ζῷον τοῦτο τὸ ἀτελὲς (τοιούτῳ γὰρ ξύνοιδ' ἐμαυτῷ ὄντι) ὁλόκληρον δὴ ἐξεργασόμενος. καὶ γὰρ τὸ μὲν σῶμά μοι ἐλπίζω μήτ' ἀπερεῖν τότε ὥσπερ νῦν μήτ' ἀσθενήσειν, μηδὲ τῆς διανοίας κατὰ κράτος προθυμουμένης λελείψεσθαι· τὰ δὲ ὄργανα ἄττα δή ποτ' ἐστὶ τῆς φρονήσεως μηκέτι ἀμαυρωθέντα ἀπειθήσειν τῇ γνώμῃ, μηδὲ τὰς πηγάς, εἴ τινες ῥέουσι, τοῦ ξυλλυπεῖσθαί τε καὶ ξυγχαίρειν, ὡς λίαν ἐξαντλοῦντι ἐπιλείψειν. καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν χρόνον ἐλπίζω ὡς τὰς πυλίδας ἀναπετάσει εὐρυτέρας καὶ πράξεις τε μυρίας καὶ ἔργα τότε εἰσφρήσει, πάνθ' ὅσα νῦν ἐκθλίβεται ἐν τῷ στενοπόρῳ τῆς εἰσόδου· οὐ μόνον δέ, ἀλλὰ καὶ δύνασθαι βουλοίμην ἄν, εἴ πως ἐξείη, ὠκύτατα μεταπορευθεὶς κατὰ τὸν ποιητὴν 'ὡσεὶ πτερὸν ἠὲ νόημα,' τῶν ὁπουοῦν φιλουμένων ἀνεπιτάκτως ἑκάστοτε ἀποχρήσασθαι τῇ κοινωνίᾳ. καὶ θαυμασίως ὡς τῇ ἀρετῇ ἐλπίζω τὸ σφαλερὸν μηκέτ' ἐνυπάρξειν, τὸ δὲ φορτικὸν τοῦτο ὡς 'χρυσᾶ τοι μεσότης' τοὺς ἐκεῖ μηκέτι θρυλήσειν· ἀλλὰ τήν τε ψυχὴν τῶν ἐπιθυμουμένων ὥσπερ οἴνου τινὸς ἀεὶ ἀποπιμπλαμένην μήποτε μεθυσθήσεσθαι, καὶ ἐνεργοῦντά τε ἀεὶ καὶ σπουδάζοντα ὅμως μήποτε ἀποκαμεῖσθαι τὸν νοῦν. καὶ πολλὴ ἐλπὶς μηδένα τῶν ἐκεῖ μήτ' ἐνδεήσειν ποτὲ μήτε πτωχεύσειν μήτε περὶ τὰ ἀναγκαῖα ἀπορήσειν, τοὺς δ' εὐεργετεῖν σφόδρα βουλομένους μηκέτι τῷ ἐπιποθεῖν τε ἅμα καὶ ἀδυνατεῖν στρεβλώσεσθαι τὴν καρδίαν.

C. W. M.

IT would be well if the more narrow-minded portion, both of the religious and of the scientific education-mongers, would consider whether the books which they are banishing from the hands of youth were not instruments of national education to the full as powerful as the catalogues of physical facts and theological dogmas which they have substituted—as if science and religion were to be taught, not by imbuing the mind with their spirit, but by cramming the memory with summaries of their conclusions. Not what a boy or girl can repeat by rote, but what they have learnt to love and admire, is what forms their character. The chivalrous spirit has almost disappeared from books of education; the popular novels of the day teach nothing but (what is already too soon learnt from actual life) lessons of worldliness, with at most the huckstering virtues which conduce to getting on in the world; and for the first time perhaps in history the youth of both sexes of the educated classes are growing up unromantic.....The world may rely upon it that catechisms will be found a poor substitute for those old romances, whether of chivalry or of faëry, which, if they did not give a true picture of actual life, did not give a false one, since they did not profess to give any, but (what was much better) filled the youthful imagination with pictures of heroic men, and of what are at least as much wanted, heroic women.

JOHN STUART MILL.

Εἰ γάρ, ὦ φίλε, οἱ νῦν περὶ τά τε θεῖα καὶ τὰ τῆς φύσεως ἐπιστήμας δὴ καπηλεύοντες τῆς σμικροψυχίας ποτ' ἐκείνης ἀπαλλαγέντες ἐνθυμηθεῖεν μὴ ἄρα οἱ λόγοι, οὓς ἤδη τῶν νέων ἀπείργουσιν, οὐδὲν χεῖρον ἐπεκούρουν εἰς παιδείαν τῇ πόλει ὧν αὐτοὶ περὶ φύσιν τε καὶ θεοὺς διεξιόντες καταλέγουσιν, ἐκεῖν' ἀφέντες· ὡς ταύτῃ δὴ τὰ τοιαῦτα τῷ ὄντι διδασκόμενα, οὐχ ὅταν τις τῇ ψυχῇ ὥσπερ ξυγγενῇ ἐμφυτεύσῃ, ἀλλ' ἐὰν ἐν κεφαλαίοις τὰ ὡρμημέν' ἀπ' αὐτῶν εἰς τὴν μνήμην οἷον φορτία συσκευάσῃ. τὸ δ' οὐχ ὅσα οἱ υἱεῖς ἢ αἱ θυγατέρες ἔχουσιν ἀπομνημονεῦσαι, ἀλλ' ἃ ἂν ξυνειδῶσι στέργοντές τε καὶ σεβόμενοι, τὰ ἤθη τυγχάνει πλάττοντα. ἀτὰρ μὴ τὸ ἐλευθέριον σχεδόν τι ἠφάνισται ἐν τοῖς μαθήμασιν, οὐδὲ οἱ νῦν μυθοποιοῦντες οὐδὲν ἔχουσιν διδάξαι, εἰ μὴ οἷά τις αὐτὸς ἐκ τῶν πραγμάτων κάρτ' ἂν ταχέως μανθάνοι, δημώδη τινὰ φρόνησιν, καὶ μέγα ἡγεῖσθαι ἐὰν ταύτας τὰς φορτικὰς ἀρετὰς ἀριστεύσῃ τὰς ἐπὶ τὴν τοιαύτην χρησίμας εὐτυχίαν. ὥστε νῦν δή, εἰ καὶ πρότερον μηδεπώποτε, τῶν γ' εὐδαιμονεστέρων παρθένοι τε καὶ νεανίαι πᾶσαι καὶ πάντες ἀπειρόκαλοί τινες ἀποβαίνουσι. τόδε μεντἄν τις παντὸς μᾶλλον εἴη πεποιθώς, ὅτι φαῦλον δὴ τὸ χρῆμα τῶν τοιούτων ξυγγραμμάτων πρὸς τοὺς τότε μύθους θεῶν τε πέρι καὶ θείων ἀνθρώπων, ἀληθὲς μὲν ἴσως οὐ παρέχοντας βίου μίμημα, ὥσπερ οὐδὲ ψευδές, ἅτε τὴν ἀρχὴν οὐδὲν τοιοῦτον ἐπαγγελλομένους, πολὺ μέντοι ἄμεινον ἀπεργαζομένους, τοῖς γε νέοις τὰς ψυχὰς ἀναπληροῦντας εἰκόσιν ἀνδρῶν θ' ἡρώων, ὧν τ' οὐδὲν ἧττον προσδεόμεθα, γυναικῶν ἡρωινῶν.

R. D. A. H.

I MAY perhaps remind Professor Marshall that the whole course of the movement for the academic education of women is strewn with the wrecks of hasty generalisations as to the limits of women's intellectual powers. When the work here began, many smiled at the notion that women, except one or two here and there, could be capable of taking University honours at all. When they had achieved distinction in some of the newer Triposes, it was still confidently affirmed that the highest places in the time-honoured Mathematical and Classical examinations were beyond their reach. When at length a woman obtained the position of Senior Wrangler, it was prophesied that, at any rate, the second part of the Mathematical Tripos would reveal the inexorable limitations of the feminine intellect. Then, when this last prophecy has shared the fate of its predecessors, it is discovered that the domestic qualities of women specially fit them for Tripos Examinations of all kinds, but not for vigorous mental work afterwards. With this experience, while admiring the pertinacity and versatility of our opponents, we may be pardoned for distrusting their insight and foresight; and in any case we may hope that the University will not hesitate to allow to women who satisfy its intellectual tests unrestricted opportunities for cultivating whatever faculties they possess for receiving, transmitting and advancing knowledge.

E. M. Sidgwick.

ΑΛΛ' ἐκεῖνο ἂν ἴσως ἐξείη ὑπομιμνήσκειν τὸν Σπεύσιππον, ὅτι οἱ μὲν εἰκῇ τι καθόλου ἀποφηνάμενοι περὶ τῆς γυναικείας φύσεως ὡς ἄρα ἀτελεστέραν πως ἔχει τὴν διάνοιαν πολλάκις ἤδη κατατετόξευνται τοῖς λόγοις, αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες καταπατοῦσιν αὐτοὺς ἐπὶ τὴν Ἀκαδήμειαν ὠστιζόμεναι. πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ ἀρχομένων φιλοσοφεῖν τῶν γυναικῶν πολλοὶ δὴ κατεγέλων, ὡς ἀδυνάτου δὴ ὄντος τοῦ γένους ἐπὶ σοφίᾳ γε εὐδοκιμῆσαι, πλὴν εἰ μία γέ τις εἴη ἢ καὶ δύο τῶν ξυμπασῶν· ἐπειδὴ δὲ τῆς καινοτέρας ταύτης τῆς περὶ τῶν φυσικῶν φιλοσοφίας λαμπρότατα ἀνθήπτοντο, ἀλλ' οὖν τῶν γε παλαιῶν τούτων τῶν μαθημάτων, τῶν περὶ γεωμετρίαν τε καὶ διαλεκτικήν, οὐδέποτε ἂν ἐδόκουν ἐς τὸ ἄκρον ἀφικέσθαι, ὥς γε διισχυρίζοντο οἱ πολλοί. εἶτα χρόνος οὐ πολὺς διῆλθεν, καὶ γεωμετρικωτάτη τις γενομένη ὑπερέβαλεν ἄνδρας γυνή, οἱ δὲ σεμνυνόμενοι οὐκ οἶδ' ὅ τι περὶ τῆς φύσει ἀβελτερίας τῶν γυναικῶν μαντικώτατά πως προεῖπον ὡς οὐκ ἂν μὰ τὸν Δία τά γε τέλεα καὶ ἐποπτικὰ οὐδαμῇ οὐδαμῶς δύναιντο μυηθῆναι. τέλος δὲ καὶ τοῦτο αὐτῷ τῷ ἔργῳ ἐξελεγχθέντες κατανενοήκασιν ὦ γῆ καὶ θεοὶ ὡς πάντας μὲν καὶ παντοδαποὺς τοὺς περὶ σοφίας ἀγῶνας εἰκότως ἂν νικῷεν αἵ γε τὰ ἔνδον οὕτω σοφῶς οἰκονομοῦσαι, τῶν δὲ ἀγώνων ἀπαλλαγεῖσαι ἀπορραθυμοῖεν ἂν ἤδη πρὸς τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς γυμνάσια. ἐκ δὴ τούτων πῶς οὐ πολλὴ ἂν εἴη περὶ ἡμᾶς συγγνώμη, εἰ τοὺς ἡμῖν ἐναντιουμένους μακαρίζομεν μὲν τῆς φιλονικίας τε καὶ εὐτραπελίας, ὑποπτεύομεν δὲ ἀμβλύτερόν πως ὁρᾶν ἐάν τε τὰ νῦν κρίνωσιν, ἐάν τε τὰ μέλλοντα; ἀλλὰ τοῦτο μὲν δὴ ἔσται ὅπῃ ἂν τοῖς θεοῖς φίλον ᾖ· ὅσαι δ' ἂν τῶν γυναικῶν βασανισθεῖσαι τὴν διάνοιαν πανταχοῦ ἀκήρατοι ἐκβαίνωσιν, τίς οὐκ ἂν ἐλπίζοι ταῖς γε τοιαύταις τοὺς ἐκ τῆς Ἀκαδημείας πάνυ εὐμενῶς παρέξειν ἄφθονον τὴν ἐλευθερίαν, ὥστε καθ' ὅσον ἂν παρείκῃ καὶ διαδέχεσθαι αὐτὰς τὴν ἀλήθειαν καὶ λαμπροτέραν ποιεῖν καὶ τοῖς ἐφεξῆς καθάπερ λαμπάδα παραδιδόναι; J. A.

IT would seem that a more complete detachment of the scientific study of right conduct from its practical application is to be desired for the sake even of the latter itself. A treatment which is a compound between the scientific and the hortatory is apt to miss both the results which it would combine. Again, in other sciences, the more distinctly we draw the line between the known and the unknown, the more rapidly the science progresses: for the clear indication of an unsolved problem is an important step to its solution. But in ethical treatises there has been a continual tendency to ignore and keep out of sight the difficulties of the subject; either unconsciously, from a latent conviction that the questions which the writer cannot answer satisfactorily must be questions which ought not to be asked; or consciously, that he may not shake the sway of morality over the minds of his readers. This last amiable precaution frequently defeats itself: the difficulties thus concealed in exposition are liable to reappear in controversy; and then they appear not carefully limited, but magnified for polemical purposes. Thus we get on the one hand vague and hazy reconciliation, on the other loose and random exaggeration of discrepancies: and neither process is effective to dispel the original vagueness and ambiguity which lurks in the fundamental notions of our common practical reasonings.

H. SIDGWICK. *Methods of Ethics.*

ΕΜΟΙ μὲν οὖν φαίνεται δεῖν τοὺς περὶ τοῦ καλοῦ πραγματευομένους αὐτὸ τὸ καλὸν κατ' ἀκρίβειαν μᾶλλον θεωρῆσαι, τοῦ ὅπως πρακτέον ἀμελοῦντας. ταύτῃ γὰρ ἂν καὶ τοῦτο μᾶλλον, αὐτὸ καθ' αὑτὸ σκοπούμενον, κατορθοῦσθαι. οἱ γὰρ περὶ τῆς ἀρετῆς μὴ ἀξιοῦντες διαλέγεσθαι εἰ μὴ καὶ προτρέψουσί τινας εἰς αὐτήν, δυοῖν ἅμα στοχαζόμενοι τῶν ἀμφοτέρων ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ ἁμαρτάνουσιν. ἔτι δὲ κατὰ τὰς ἄλλας ἐπιστήμας, ὅσῳ ἂν ἀκριβέστερον τὰ καθ' ἑκάστην ἱκανῶς ἐξετασθέντα τῶν ἀδήλως ἐχόντων ἀφορισώμεθα διαιροῦντες, τοσούτῳ μᾶλλον ἐν αὐταῖς εὐποροῦμεν. ὅστις γὰρ ἂν τὰ ἀπορούμενα ἀποφαίνῃ καθ' ὅ τι μάλιστα ἀπορεῖται, συμβάλλεται ἤδη οὐχ ἥκιστα καὶ πρὸς τὸ φανερὰ γενέσθαι. οἱ δὲ περὶ τοῦ καλοῦ καὶ τοῦ μὴ λόγους ποιούμενοι εἰώθασιν ἑκάστοτε περιιδεῖν τε καὶ ὑπεξαιρεῖσθαι τὰ ἀδήλως ἔχοντα, ἤτοι λαθόντες γε ἑαυτοὺς καὶ πρὸς ἃ ἂν αὐτοὶ μὴ ἔχωσιν ἀποκρίνεσθαι τὴν ἀρχὴν οὐκ ἀξιοῦντες ἐρωτᾶσθαι ταῦτα, ἢ ἐκ προνοίας τοῦτο ποιοῦντες, ὅπως μὴ τὰ περὶ τῶν ἠθῶν δεδημευμένα ἧττον βέβαια παρέχωσι τοῖς ἀκροαταῖς. τοῦτο δὲ μετὰ πολλῆς εὐηθείας διευλαβούμενοι αὐτοὶ ὑφ' αὑτῶν ἐνίοτε σφάλλονται. ἃ γὰρ αὐτοὶ ἀποροῦντες οὐκ ἤθελον λόγῳ ἐνδεικνύναι, ἔστιν ὅτε ὑπὸ τῶν ἀμφισβητούντων ἀναμιμνήσκεται ἤδη οὐ κατ' ἀκρίβειαν ὁριζομένων, ἀλλὰ φιλονεικίας χάριν ὡς μάλιστα μεγαλυνόντων. καὶ ἐκ τούτων συμβαίνει ταῦτα τὰ ἀνάρμοστα τοὺς μὲν συναρμόττοντας σκοτεινῶς καὶ μετ' ἀσαφείας διαλέγεσθαι, τοὺς δ' αὖ ἐπὶ τὸ μεῖζον εἰκῇ τὰ πολλὰ ἀποφαίνειν. οὐ γὰρ εἰκὸς ἐκεῖνα ἃ περὶ τοῦ ὅ τι πρακτέον διαλεγόμεθα ὑποθέμενοι, γέμοντα πολλῆς ἀπορίας καὶ ἀσαφείας, ὑπὸ τῶν τοιούτων ἱκανῶς δηλοῦσθαι.

H. C. G.

THE first element of good government, therefore, being the virtue and intelligence of the human beings composing the community, the most important point of excellence which any form of government can possess is to promote the virtue and intelligence of the people themselves. The first question in respect to any political institutions is, how far they tend to foster in the members of the community the various desirable qualities, moral and intellectual; or rather (following Bentham's more complete classification) moral, intellectual, and active. The government which does this the best has every likelihood of being the best in all other respects, since it is on these qualities, so far as they exist in the people, that all possibility of goodness in the practical operations of the government depends. We may consider, then, as one criterion of the goodness of a government, the degree in which it tends to increase the sum of good qualities in the governed, collectively and individually; since, besides that their well-being is the sole object of government, their good qualities supply the moving force which works the machinery.

J. S. MILL. *Representative Government.*

ΕΠΕΙ *οὖν ἐν τῷ εὖ πολιτεύεσθαι πρῶτον τοῦτο θετέον, τὸ ἀγαθοὺς καὶ συνετοὺς εἶναι τοὺς τῆς κοινωνίας μετέχοντας, αὕτη δ' ἂν εἴη ἡ μεγίστη πολιτείας καὶ ὁποιασοῦν ἀρετή, εἰ τοὺς πολίτας ὅτι μάλιστα τοιούτους παρασκευάζοι. περὶ δὲ τάξεως πολιτικῆς σχεδὸν πρώτη ἑκάστοτε σκέψις ἐστί, μέχρι πόσου συμβάλλεται εἰς τὸ τοὺς μετέχοντας ποιούς τινας ἀπεργάζεσθαι κατά τε τὸ ἦθος καὶ τὴν διάνοιαν. ἴσως δὲ προσθετέον καὶ πρὸς τὰς πράξεις· οὕτω γὰρ ὑπό τινων ἤδη μᾶλλον διηκρίβωται. τὴν γὰρ ταὐτ' ἄριστα ποιοῦσαν πολιτείαν καὶ κατὰ τἆλλα εἰκὸς ἀρίστην εἶναι· καὶ γὰρ διὰ τὰς ποιότητας ταύτας μόνας, ἐφ' ὅσον ἂν αὐτοὶ τοιοῦτοι ὑπάρχωσιν, ἐνδέχεται ἀγαθὰς εἶναι τὰς τῆς πολιτείας ταύτης πράξεις. ἓν δὴ πολιτείας ὀρθῆς τε καὶ μὴ τεκμήριον τοῦτο, εἰ μᾶλλον ἢ ἧττον εἰς τὸ τοὺς ἀρχομένους βελτίους ὅλως καὶ καθ' ἕκαστον καὶ ἅπαντας ἀπεργάζεσθαι συμφέρει, οὐ μόνον ὅτι ἀρχὴν πᾶσαν τοῦτ' αὐτὸ δεῖ σκοπεῖν ὅπως οὗτοι εὖ ζῶσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὅτι διὰ τούτων ἀγαθῶν ὄντων πράττεται τὰ κατὰ τὴν σύνταξιν.*

W. E. H.

CURIOSITY, or love of the knowledge of causes, draws a man from consideration of the effect to seek the cause; and again, the cause of that cause, till of necessity he must come to this thought at last, that there is some cause, whereof there is no former cause, but is eternall; which is it men call God. So that it is impossible to make any profound enquiry into natural causes, without being enclined thereby to believe there is one God Eternall; though they cannot have any idea of him in their mind, answerable to his nature. For as a man that is born blind, hearing men talk of warming themselves by the fire, and being brought to warm himself by the same, may easily conceive and assure himselfe there is somewhat there, which men call *Fire*, and is the cause of the heat he feeles, but cannot imagine what it is like, nor have an idea of it in his mind such as they have that see it; so also by the visible things of this world and their admirable order a man may conceive there is a cause of them, which men call God, and yet not have an Idea or Image of him in his mind.

HOBBES.

THE third element which determines the productiveness of the labour of a community, is the skill and knowledge therein existing; whether it be the skill and knowledge of the labourers themselves, or of those who direct their labour. No illustration is requisite to show how the efficacy of industry is promoted by the manual dexterity of those who perform mere routine processes; by the intelligence of those engaged in operations in which the mind has a considerable part; and by the amount of knowledge of natural powers and of the properties of objects, which is turned to the purposes of industry. That the productiveness of the labour of a people is limited by their knowledge of the arts of life, is self-evident; and that any progress in these arts, any improved application of the objects or powers of nature to industrial uses, enables the same quantity and intensity of labour to raise a greater produce.

J. S. MILL. *Political Economy.*

ΔΙΑ γὰρ τὸ θαυμάζειν ἢ καὶ ἱστορίᾳ τῶν αἰτιῶν ἐπισπώμενοι ἐκ τοῦ ὅτι ἐφίενται τοῦ διότι· πρὸς δὲ τούτοις διὰ τί δὴ καὶ ἐκεῖνο, ὥστε ἀνάγκη ἐς τοῦτο δὴ τελευτᾶν ὅτι ἔστι τι αἴτιον οὗπερ οὐδὲ προυπάρχει τι ἀιδίου ὄντος· ὃ δὴ τὸ θεῖον ἐπονομάζουσιν. ὅθεν ἀδύνατον ἀκριβολογεῖσθαι τὰ φυσικὰ μὴ πειθομένους ὅτι ὑπάρχει ἀίδιόν τι καὶ θεῖον, εἰ καὶ αὐτοὶ μηδὲν ἐν νῷ ἔχουσιν ἀντίστροφον τῇ φύσει αὐτοῦ. ὥσπερ γὰρ ὁ τυφλὸς γεννηθεὶς ἑτέρων μὲν ἀκούσας ὅτι πρὸς τὸ πῦρ θερμαίνονται, αὐτὸς δὲ κατὰ ταὐτὰ πάσχειν ὑπαχθεὶς ῥᾳδίως ἂν πείθοιτο ὅτι ἔστι τι τὸ πῦρ καλούμενον, ὃ καὶ αἴτιον ὑπάρχει τοῦ θερμοῦ τε καὶ αἰσθητοῦ, ὅμως δὲ οὔτε τῷ προσέοικεν ὑπολάβοι οὔτ' αὐτὸς ἂν ὁμοιόν τι ἐνθυμηθείη τοῖς ἰδοῦσιν· οὕτω δὴ ἐν τοῖς φαινομένοις, θαυμαστῶς οὕτω διακεκοσμημένοις, ἴσως ἂν ἐννοοίη τις ὅτι ὑπάρχει αἴτιόν τι ὃ θεὸν ἐπικαλοῦντες ὅμως εἰκόνα ἢ καὶ εἴδωλον αὐτοῦ ἔχουσιν ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ οὐδ' ὁτιοῦν.

A. W. S.

Ο ΔΕ τρίτον διορίζει τὴν ἐπικαρπίαν τῆς ἐργασίας, τοῦτο δὴ λέγω τὴν ἐνυπάρχουσαν τέχνην τε καὶ ἐπιστήμην, εἴτε αὐτῶν τῶν ὑπηρετῶν εἴτε τῶν ἀρχιτεκτόνων. οὐδὲ γὰρ παραδείγματος δεῖ ὅτι τὴν τῆς ἐργασίας ὠφέλειαν προάγει πρῶτον μὲν ἡ τῶν τὰ ἐγκύκλια διαπονούντων χειρουργία· ἔπειτα ἡ σύνεσις τῶν περὶ ἐκεῖνα πραγματευομένων ὧν οὐ σμικρὸν μετέχει ἡ διάνοια· πρὸς δὲ τούτοις ὅσον δύναται τὸ τὰς φύσει δυνάμεις καὶ τὰ συμβεβηκότα γνωρίζειν οἷς καὶ προσχρῶνται ἐργαζόμενοι. ὅτι μὲν οὖν τοσούτῳ πλείω ἀποδιδόασιν οἱ δημιουργοὶ ὅσῳ καὶ μᾶλλον ἐπιστήμονές εἰσιν τῶν κατὰ βίον τεχνῶν τοῦτό γε φανερόν· οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ ἄν τίς τι τούτων προκόψῃ ἢ καὶ τεχνικώτερον προσχρῆται τοῖς τε φυσικοῖς καὶ ταῖς δυνάμεσιν, οὗτος ἀπ' ἴσης τῆς συντονίας ἔτι μείζω ἀπεργάζεται.

A. W. S.

THE first thing we should look at in our choice of friends is likeness of temper and disposition; for there are several humours which, though very good when single, yet will make but ill music when brought together. The next consideration is, how the person whom we make choice of have behaved himself to his other friends before. The third rule, which is indeed of such moment, that it may be justly thought to include all, is to observe whether he be a man governed by his passions or his reason. When this is done, we shall find it very proper to examine into his inclinations and see which way the bent and byass of his soul lies: whether they draw him to goodness and virtue, and such actions and enjoyments as are commendable and befitting a man of piety and honour, or whether to vile and unmanly pleasures, and such as none but shameless fellows and scoundrels abandon themselves to. We shall do well to observe farther, whether these desires and inclinations be tractable and gentle, such as are fit to be spoken with, and ready to hearken to reason; or whether they be violent and unpersuadable, such as mind nothing but their own gratification, and are deaf to all arguments that would draw them off from it: for men of such passions are always hot and peremptory, and by no means fit to make friends of.

G. STANHOPE.

ΠΡΩΤΟΝ μὲν οὖν, ὁπόταν φίλον τιν' ἑλώμεθα, τοῦτο προσήκει σκοπεῖν εἴ τις ἡμῖν τήν τε φύσιν καὶ τοὺς τρόπους προσέοικεν, ὡς οὐκ ὀλίγων ὄντων οἵτινες αὐτοὶ μὲν καθ' αὑτοὺς ἤθεσιν ἐμμελεστέροις κέκρανται, ἄλλοις δέ τισιν ὁμιλήσαντες οὐκέτ' ἂν ὁμοίως συνᾴδοιεν. ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τόδε σκεπτέον, ὃν μέλλομεν αἱρήσεσθαι ποῖός τις περὶ τοὺς πρότερον γέγονεν ἐπιτηδείους. τρίτον δ' ἐστίν, ὅπερ καὶ τοσαύτης σπουδῆς ἄξιον ὥστε καὶ τἆλλα πάντα νομίζων περιέχειν οὐκ ἄν τις ἁμάρτοι, πότερον τοῖς πάθεσιν ἢ τῷ λογισμῷ πείθεται. μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα τὰς τῆς ψυχῆς ὁρμὰς εὖ ἂν ἔχοι ἐξετάζειν, ὁποῖαί τινες οὖσαι πρὸς ὁπότερ' ἂν ἡγῶνται, εἴτε πρὸς ἀρετήν τε καὶ τἀγαθὸν καὶ πρὸς τὰς τοιαύτας τῶν τε πράξεων καὶ τῶν εὐπαθειῶν οἵας ἂν ὡς ἀνδρὶ εὐσεβεῖ καὶ δικαίῳ πρεπούσας ἐπαινῶμεν, εἴτε καὶ πρὸς τὰς φαύλας καὶ ἀνδραποδώδεις τῶν ἡδονῶν καὶ οἵαις οὐδ' ἂν εἷς ποθ' ἑαυτὸν παραδοίη μὴ μιαρός τις καὶ ἀναιδὴς ὤν. ἔτι δὲ τὰς ὁρμὰς ταύτας καὶ τὰς ἐπιθυμίας ἐννοεῖν ἂν ἁρμόττοι, εἴτ' εὐάγωγοί τινες καὶ ἥμεραι τυγχάνουσι πεφυκυῖαι καὶ οἷαι νουθετήσεώς θ' ὑπακούειν καὶ ὅπῃ ἂν λόγος αἱρῇ ῥᾳδίως ἀκολουθεῖν, εἴτ' αὖ σφοδραί τινες καὶ ἀπειθεῖς, ἄλλου μὲν οὐδενὸς εἰ μὴ τῆς ἑαυτῶν πλησμονῆς ἐντρεπόμεναι, τῶν δὲ λόγων τῶν ἀποτρεπόντων ἀτεχνῶς ἀνηκουστοῦσαι. μὴ γὰρ αἱ τοιαῦται φύσεις ἀεί ποτ' ἀκράχολοι καὶ αὐθάδεις οὐδὲ πάνυ τι πρὸς φιλίαν ὦσιν ἐπιτήδειαι.

R. D. H.

NOW just as the oldest Greek theorists supposed that the sport of chance had changed the material universe from its simple primitive form into its present heterogeneous condition, so their intellectual descendants imagined that but for untoward accident the human race would have conformed itself to simpler rules of conduct and a less tempestuous life. To live according to *nature* came to be considered as the end for which man was created, and which the best men were bound to compass. To live according to *nature* was to rise above the disorderly habits and gross indulgences of the vulgar to higher laws of action which nothing but self-denial and self-command would enable the aspirant to observe. It is notorious that this proposition—live according to nature—was the sum of the tenets of the famous Stoic philosophy. Now on the subjugation of Greece that philosophy made instantaneous progress in Roman society. It possessed natural fascinations for the powerful class who, in theory at least, adhered to the simple habits of the ancient Italian race, and disdained to surrender themselves to the innovations of foreign fashion. Such persons began immediately to affect the Stoic precepts of life according to nature—an affectation all the more grateful, and, I may add, all the more noble, from its contrast with the unbounded profligacy which was being diffused through the imperial city by the pillage of the world and by the example of its most luxurious races.

MAINE.

ΩΣΠΕΡ γὰρ οἱ παλαιοὶ τῶν παρὰ Ἕλλησι φιλοσοφούντων τὴν τύχην ὑπέλαβον προσπαίζουσαν ἐξ ἁπλῆς τὸ πρῶτον καταστάσεως τὸν κόσμον μεταβαλεῖν ἐς τὴν νῦν ποικίλην καὶ ἀνομοίαν, ὡσαύτως δὴ ὑπενόησαν οἱ τῆς ἐκείνων σοφίας κληρόνομοι ἀνθρώπους, εἰ μὴ δι' ἄκαιρόν τινα συντυχίαν, εἰς ἁπλουστέραν τὴν διαγωγὴν καὶ ἡσυχαιτέραν τὴν δίαιταν ἴσως ἂν μεταστῆναι. τὸ γὰρ κατὰ φύσιν ζῆν, ὡς ἐπὶ τοῦτο πεφυκότων ἀνθρώπων καὶ δέον αὐτοῦ στοχάζεσθαι τοὺς ἐπιεικεστάτους, ἐν τέλους εἴδει ἐνομίζετο. καὶ γὰρ ἐς αὐτὸ τοῦτο τὸ κατὰ φύσιν ζῆν ἀπετελέσθη ὁμολογουμένως ἡ πολυθρύλητος τῶν Στωικῶν πραγματεία, ἥτις κατεστραμμένης ἤδη τῆς Ἑλλάδος παρὰ τοῖς Ῥωμαίοις ἐς τοσοῦτον προὐχώρησεν, ἅτε αὐτὴ καθ' αὑτὴν τοὺς δυνατοὺς ψυχαγωγοῦσα ὅσοι λόγῳ δῆθεν τῆς πάλαι εὐηθείας ἐχόμενοι τοῖς ἔξωθεν νεωτερίζουσιν οὐδ' ἠξίουν ἐνδοῦναι. οὗτοι μὲν οὖν τὸ κατὰ φύσιν ζῆν εὐθὺς προσεποιοῦντο, τοσούτῳ δὲ χαριέστερον μὴ ὅτι γε δὴ γενναιότερον, ὅσῳ τῇ ἀπείρῳ ἀσωτίᾳ ἀντέκρουον ἥτις συληθείσης τῆς οἰκουμένης καὶ ἐνδεικνυμένων τῶν τρυφερωτάτων ἐν ἀρχούσῃ πόλει ἐπιπολάζειν ἤρξατο.

A. W. S.

THERE is another partiality very commonly observable in men of study, no less prejudicial nor ridiculous than the former: and that is a fantastical and wild attributing all knowledge to the ancients alone, or to the moderns. This raving upon antiquity in matter of poetry, Horace has wittily described and exposed in one of his satires. The same sort of madness may be found in reference to all the other sciences. Some will not admit an opinion not authorised by men of old, who were then all giants in knowledge. Nothing is to be put into the treasury of truth or knowledge which has not the stamp of Greece or Rome upon it. Others, with a like extravagancy, contemn all that the ancients have left us, and, being taken with the modern inventions and discoveries, lay by all that went before, as if whatever is called old must have the decay of time upon it, and truth too were liable to mould and rottenness. Men, I think, have been much the same for natural endowments in all times. Fashion, discipline, and education have put eminent differences in the ages of several countries, and made one generation much differ from another in arts and sciences: but truth is always the same: time alters it not, nor is it the better or worse for being of ancient or modern tradition.

LOCKE.

ΕΣΤΙ δὲ καὶ ἄλλο τι ἴδιον τῶν φιλοσοφούντων, πολλάκις καὶ τοῦτο γιγνόμενον, βλαβερόν τε καὶ καταγέλαστον οὐχ ἧττον ἢ τὸ πρότερον· πᾶσαν γὰρ καὶ παντοδαπὴν ἐπιστήμην ἢ τοῖς πάλαι μόνοις ἢ τοῖς καθ' ἡμᾶς προσάπτουσιν, ἄτοπα καὶ ἀνόητ' ἄττα πλημμελοῦντες. ποιήσεως μὲν οὖν πέρι τὴν ἐθελοδουλείαν ταύτην τοῖς παλαιοῖς χαριέντως που διεξελθὼν ἐπικεκωμῴδηκε Τίμων ἐν τοῖς σίλλοις· τέχναις δὲ καὶ ταῖς ἄλλαις ἁπάσαις ἔνεστι ταὐτὸν εἶδος μανίας. εἰσὶ μὲν γὰρ οἳ οὐδὲν ἀποδέχεσθαι ἐθέλουσιν, εἰ μὴ τοῖς γε πρότερον νενομισμένον ἔσται, τοῖς μακαρίοις δῆθεν καὶ θείοις εἰς ἐπιστήμην· ὡς δὴ παντάπασιν οὐδὲν ἐγχωρεῖ καταθεῖναι εἰς τὸν τῆς ἀληθείας τε καὶ ἐπιστήμης θησαυρόν, ὃ ἂν μὴ παρὰ τοῖς πάλαι τυγχάνῃ κεκομμένον. ἄλλοι δὲ παραπλησίᾳ χρώμενοι ἀτοπίᾳ καταφρονοῦσι πάντων τῶν παραδεδομένων καὶ τῶν νεωστὶ ἐπινενοημένων τε καὶ ηὑρημένων γιγνόμενοι ἐρασταὶ οὐδὲν ὅ τι οὐ τῶν προγεγενημένων ἐκβάλλουσιν, ὡς οἰόμενοι δὴ τά τε ἄλλα πάντα τὰ ἀρχαῖα καλούμενα καὶ σαπρὰ εἶναι διὰ χρόνον καὶ τὴν ἀλήθειαν αὐτὴν φθίνειν τε καὶ ἀπόλλυσθαι. τὸ δὲ ἀληθὲς οἶμαι ὧδ' ἔχει· τὴν μὲν φύσιν ἥ τι ἢ οὐδὲν διαφέρουσιν ἄνθρωποι ἀνθρώπων νῦν τε καὶ πάλαι· νόμῳ δὲ καὶ παιδείᾳ καὶ τροφῇ ἄλλοτε ἄλλων ἄλλοι ὡς μάλιστα διαφέροντες καὶ τέχναις τε καὶ ἐπιστήμαις τὴν ἀεὶ ἡλικίαν πολλῷ τῶν πρότερον ἤδη μετήλλαξαν· ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἧττον ἥ γε ἀλήθεια ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ μένει, καὶ οὔτε χρόνῳ ἀλλοιοῦται, οὐδὲ ἀμείνων γε ἢ χείρων αὐτὴ αὑτῆς τῷ παλαιὰ εἶναι ἢ νεωτέρα καθέστηκεν.

J. A.

THE fate of empire is grown a common-place: that all forms of government, having been instituted by men, must be mortal like their authors, and have their periods of duration limited as well as those of private persons. This is a truth of vulgar knowledge and observation; but there are few, who turn their thoughts to examine, how those diseases in a state are bred, that hasten its end; which would however be a very useful enquiry. For though we cannot prolong the period of a commonwealth beyond the decree of heaven, or the date of its nature, any more than human life beyond the strength of the seminal virtue, yet we may manage a sickly constitution, and preserve a strong one; we may watch and prevent accidents; we may turn off a great blow from without, and purge away an ill humour that is lurking within: and by these, and other such methods, render a state long-lived, though not immortal. Yet some physicians have thought, that if it were practicable to keep the general humours of the body in an exact equal balance of each with its opposite, it might be immortal; and so perhaps would a political body, if the balance of power could be always held exactly even. But, I doubt, this is as impossible in practice as the other.

SWIFT.

ΠΕΡΙ δὲ τῆς ἀρχῆς εἰς ὅ τι ἀνάγκη ἀποτελευτᾶν, τεθρύληται ἤδη ὑπὸ πάντων, ὡς τάς γε πολιτείας πάσας τε καὶ παντοίας, ἅτε καθεστηκυίας ὑπὸ θνητῶν τῶν νομοθετῶν, θνητὰς καὶ αὐτὰς δεῖ εἶναι, καὶ οὐχ ἧττον ἢ τοὺς ἰδιώτας μέχρι ὡρισμένου τινὸς χρόνου διαμένειν. καὶ περὶ μὲν τούτων κἂν οἱ πολλοὶ μαθόντες γνοῖεν· περὶ δὲ τῶν νόσων τε καὶ φθορῶν πῶς ἐγγίγνονται ταῖς πόλεσιν, ὀλίγοι ἐπισκοποῦσι, καίπερ χρησιμωτάτης οὔσης τῆς ζητήσεως. ἐπεὶ παρὰ μὲν τὸν θεῖον θεσμὸν ἢ τὸν φύσει ὅρον οὔτε πολιτείας ἔχομεν μηκύνειν περίοδον οὔτε τὸν ἀνθρώπινον βίον πλείω ἢ κατὰ τὴν σπερματικὴν δύναμιν, ἀλλὰ τὰς μὲν ἕξεις γε ἐνδέχεται τὴν μὲν νοσοῦσαν θεραπεύειν, τὴν δὲ ὑγιᾶ σῴζειν, τὰ δὲ ἀτυχήματα προορωμένους φυλάττεσθαι, ἐὰν μὲν ἔξωθεν μεγάλη τις πληγὴ καταλάβῃ, ἀποτρέποντας, ἐὰν δὲ φλέγμα τι νοσῶδες ὑπῇ, ἐκκαθαίροντας, καὶ ταύταις τε καὶ τοιαύταις ταῖς μηχαναῖς αὐτὴν τὴν πολιτείαν ποιῆσαι ἀθάνατον μὲν οὔ, μακρόβιον δέ. καίτοι περὶ τοῦ γε σώματος τῶν Ἀσκληπιαδῶν τινὲς ἔγνωσαν ὡς ἀθάνατον ἤδη ἂν ἦν, εἰ καθιστάναι ἐνῆν τὰ ἐν αὐτῷ ἐναντία, τό τε θερμὸν καὶ ψυχρὸν καὶ τὸ ξηρὸν καὶ ὑγρόν, ἀντίπαλά τε καὶ ἴσα ἑκάτερον ἑκατέρῳ· ὁμοίως δὲ εἶχεν ἂν ἴσως καὶ περὶ πολιτικὴν κατάστασιν ἢ ἂν ἀεὶ ἀντιπάλους τε καὶ ἴσους τοὺς ἐνδυναστεύοντας παρέχηται. κινδυνεύει δὲ καὶ τοῦτο ἀδύνατον εἶναι οὐχ ἧττον ἢ ἐκεῖνο.

J. A.

IT was consistent with this, and bespoke a very refined sense of policy in the Lacedæmonians (though by the way, I believe, different from what more modern politics would have directed in like circumstances), when Antipater demanded of them fifty children, as hostages for the security of a distant engagement, they made this brave and wise answer, "they would not—they could not consent; they would rather give him double the number of their best grown up men."—Intimating, that, however they were distressed, they would choose any inconvenience rather than suffer the loss of their country's education; and the opportunity (which if once lost can never be regained) of giving their youth an early tincture of religion, and bringing them up to a love of industry, and a love of the laws and constitution of their country. If this shews the great importance of a proper education to children of all ranks and conditions, what shall we say then of those whom the providence of God has placed in the very lowest lot of life, utterly cast out of the way of knowledge, without a parent,—sometimes, may be, without a friend, to guide and instruct them, but what common pity and the necessity of their sad situation engage:—where the dangers which surround them on every side are so great and many, that for one fortunate passenger in life, who makes way well in the world with such early disadvantages, and so dismal a setting out, we may reckon thousands, who every day suffer shipwreck and are lost for ever.

STERNE.

ΩΜΟΛΟΓΟΥΝ δὲ τούτοις ποτὲ οἱ Λακεδαιμόνιοι καὶ ἅμα δῆλοι ἦσαν ὡς ἀκριβέστατα στοχαζόμενοι τοῦ συμφέροντος τῇ πόλει, εἰ χρή τι ἐν παρέργῳ εἰπεῖν, ἄλλως ἢ οἱ νῦν πολιτικοὶ δοκοῦσί μοι περὶ ταὐτὰ ἂν ἐπιτεῖλαι· ἐπειδὴ γὰρ Ἀντίπατρος ἐξῄτει παῖδας εἰς τοὺς πεντήκοντα ὡς ὁμήρους ἐσομένους ὑπὲρ συνθήκης τινὸς ἐν τῷ ὕστερον χρόνῳ, ἐκεῖνοι ἀπεκρίναντο μάλα ἀνδρείως τε καὶ φρονίμως ὅτι οὐκ ἐθέλουσι συγχωρεῖν οὐδὲ δύνανται, ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον παραδώσουσι διπλάσιον τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἐκ τῶν ἀρίστων τῶν τελείων, ὡς ἕτοιμοι ὄντες, εἰ καὶ σφόδρα ταλαιπωροῦσι, πάντα μᾶλλον ὑπομένειν ἢ τὴν μὲν ἐπιχωρίαν παιδείαν ἐᾶν ἀπολείπειν, τὸν δὲ καιρὸν προέσθαι καὶ μηκέτι πάλιν ἀναλαμβάνειν, ὅπως εὐθὺς ἐκ παίδων μεταλήψονται οἱ νέοι τῆς εὐσεβείας καὶ ἄνδρες ἤδη φιλόπονοι ἔσονται καὶ τῆς πατρίδος τούς τε νόμους καὶ τὴν πολιτείαν ἀγαπήσουσιν. εἰ οὖν δῆλον ἐκ τούτων ὡς πολλοῦ ἄξιόν ἐστι τοὺς ὁποιουσοῦν τε καὶ ἐξ ὁποιωνοῦν καλῶς πεπαιδεῦσθαι, τί περὶ τούτων δεῖ λέγειν οἷς ἂν ἡ θεοῦ μοῖρα τὸν ἔσχατον τοῦ βίου κλῆρον ἀπονείμῃ; καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνοι, ἅτε τελέως που ἐκπεσόντες τῶν ἐγκυκλίων μαθημάτων, οὐδένα κέκτηνται πατέρα τὸν ἡγησόμενόν τε καὶ διδάξοντα, ἔστι δ' ὅτε ἂν τύχῃ οὐδὲ φίλον, πλήν γε ὅσων ὅ τε ἀνθρώπινος οἶκτος καὶ ἡ ἀναγκαία τύχη οἰκειοῖ, ὥστε τοσούτων τε καὶ τοιούτων πανταχῇ περιεστώτων τῶν κινδύνων ἤ τις ἢ οὐδεὶς εὐπλοίας τυγχάνει ἐν τῷ βίῳ, ἀτυχήσας τε πρῲ καὶ οὕτω πικρῶς ἀναχθείς, αἱ δὲ χιλιάδες τῶν ἄλλων ναυαγοῦσιν ἀνὰ πᾶσαν ἡμέραν καὶ εἰς τὸν ἀεὶ χρόνον ἀφανίζονται.

J. A.

A STAYED man is a man—one who has taken order with himself, and set a rule to lawlessnesses within him. Whose life is distinct and in Method, and his Actions as it were cast up before. Not loosed into the World's vanities, but gathered up and contracted in his station. Not scattered into many pieces of businesses, but that one course he takes, goes thorough with. A man firm and standing in his purposes, nor heaved off with each wind and passion. That squares his expence to his Coffers, and makes the Total first, and then the Items. One that thinks what he does, and does what he says, and foresees what he may do, before he purposes. One whose "if I can" is more than another's assurance, and his doubtful tale before some men's protestations. That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his conjectures oft true Prophecies. That makes a pause still betwixt his ear and belief, and is not too hasty to say after others. That can see the truth betwixt two wranglers, and sees them agree even in that they fall out upon. That speaks no Rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the spirit of Sack. A man cool and temperate in his passions, not easily betrayed by his choler: that vies not oath with oath nor heat with heat, but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. That can come fairly off from Captains' companies, and neither drink nor quarrel.

EARLE. *Microcosmographie.*

Ο ΔΕ στάσιμος ἀνὴρ ἂν εἴη οἷος λόγον αὐτῷ τῶν πραγμάτων δεδωκέναι, ὥστε τῷ ἀκρατεῖ τῆς ψυχῆς, εἴ τι ἔνεστιν, ὅρον θέσθαι. τῷ δὲ τοιούτῳ ἅπας ὁ βίος κατὰ κόσμον τινὰ καὶ λογισμὸν διοικεῖται, καὶ αἱ πράξεις αὐτῷ ὥσπερ προωδοποιημέναι ὑπάρχουσιν· οὐδὲ ἀνέδην τὴν τῶν ἄλλων ἄνοιαν διώκει, μᾶλλον δὲ ἐπὶ τὰ αὑτῷ προσήκοντα συντείνει τε καὶ ὅλος ἐστὶ πρὸς τούτοις. πολλὰ δὲ καὶ διεσπαρμένα οὐ μᾶλλον ἐπιτηδεύει ἢ ἕν τι μεταχειρισάμενος, τοῦτο καὶ ἔργῳ ἐπεξέρχεται. ἀμέλει δὲ βέβαιός τε καθίσταται καὶ ἐμμένει τῇ προαιρέσει, οὐδὲ ἄττει ὑπ' ἐπιθυμίας ὁτουοῦν ὥσπερ ἀνέμου φερόμενος· καί ἐστιν οἷος μηδὲν ὑπὲρ τὴν οὐσίαν δαπανῆσαι, τὸ δὲ κεφάλαιον τῶν δαπανωμένων λογισάμενος, οὕτω δὴ κατὰ μέρη διανέμειν· καὶ μὴ πρότερον πρᾶξαί τι πρὶν διαβουλευθῆναι· μηδὲ ἐπαγγέλλεσθαι μέν τι, περαίνειν δὲ μή· τὰ δὲ ἐνδεχόμενα ἐξετάσας, τότε μάλιστα προελέσθαι ὥστε διαπράττεσθαι· εἰπὼν δὲ ἄν πως δύνωμαι πλείω τῶν ἄλλων ἰσχυρῶς ὑπισχνουμένων ὑπηρετῆσαι· καὶ ἔστιν ἃ ὡς ἀμφίλογα προτιθέμενος πιθανώτερος γενέσθαι ἢ συχνοί τινες διισχυριζόμενοι. δεινὸς δὲ μηδὲν τῶν μελλόντων ὡς σαφὲς ἀποδέχεσθαι, ὅμως δὲ αὐτὸς πολλάκις θείᾳ τινὶ τύχῃ χρῆσθαι τεκμαιρόμενος· μηδ' ἀκοῇ εὐθύς, ἀλλὰ σχολῇ, εἰ τύχοι, ἀναλογισάμενος πεπεῖσθαι· μηδὲ λέγοντος ἑτέρου, ταὐτὰ προπετῶς εἰρηκέναι. πρὸς δὲ οὗτος ἀνθρώπων ἐριζόντων τό γε ἀληθὲς μάλιστα διακρίνει, καὶ καθορᾷ τὸ διάφορον αὐτοῖς μηδὲν ὂν καίπερ ἀγωνιζομένοις. καὶ ἥκιστα ἀλαζονευόμενος ἐν τοῖς λόγοις προδοσίᾳ ἂν ἔνοχος γένοιτο, οὐδὲ οἴνῳ ὑπαγόμενος ἂν μεγαλαυχοῖτο. ἐγκρατὴς γοῦν καὶ σώφρων ὤν, τῶν μὲν ἐπιθυμιῶν κρείττων διάγει, ὀργῇ δὲ οὐκ εὐχερῶς ἁλώσιμος, ὥστε πρὸς ἐπήρειαν ἐπηρείᾳ ἀντιτείνειν, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον πῦρ ἐπὶ πῦρ ἐγχεῖν. πολὺ δὲ τοὐναντίον πρὸς λυττῶντα ἄνθρωπον εὐκόλως ἀποκρίνεται, καὶ αὐτῷ τούτῳ νικᾷ. καὶ συγγενόμενος στρατιώταις μετρίως ἔχων ἀπαλλάττεται, μήτε μεθυσθεὶς μήτε λοιδορησάμενος.

J. S. R.

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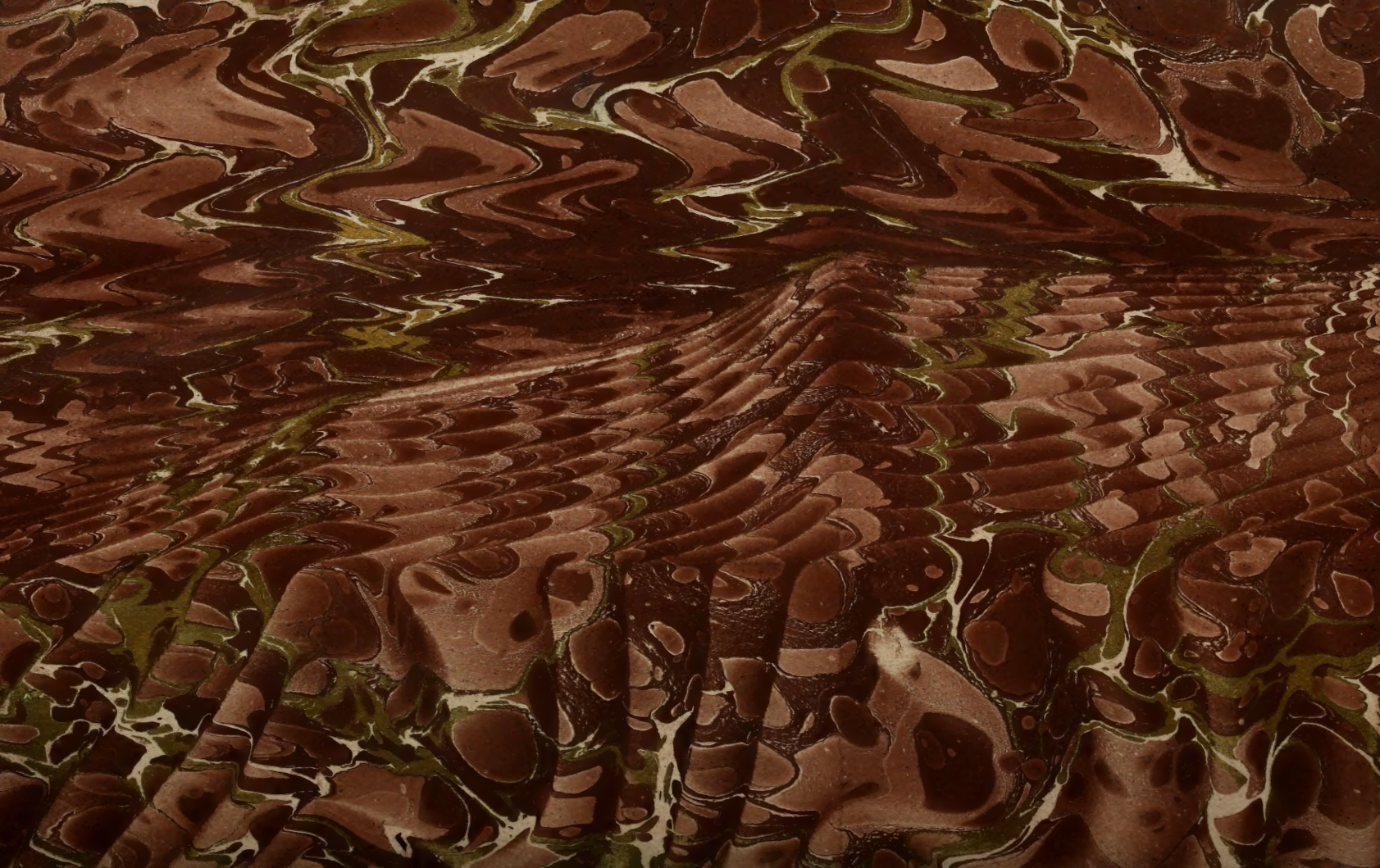

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